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the seven arts

volume 2

(May, 1917 – October, 1917)

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the seven arts

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In a Time of National Hesitation

By John Dewey

WERE I a poet, this should be, even at the dangerous risk of comparisons invited, an ode. But, alas, the passion as well as the art is lacking. I can but set down a blurred perception of immense masses stirring across great spaces. There is not even the assurance that the fogged outlines mark a thing beheld. They may be only felt, and felt with too much of an observing curiosity to find out what they mean to permit them to kindle into passion.

It is likely that our national hesitation will outwardly have been swallowed up in act before these words appear upon the printed page. But if I read the hesitation aright such a resolution of uncertainty will be but partial. We shall have decided a small thing, what to do, but the great thing, the thing so great as to cause and perpetuate our hesitation, may remain. We may still be uncertain as to our will to be. In the course of doing, we may, it is true, learn something of what we would be. But also it may turn out that even while doing deeds which are imperatively demanded of us our hesitation may grow into a greater doubt. For the hesitation which I see is that of a nation which knows that its time has not come, its hour not struck. The ripening forces have not yet matured, and like all vital processes they are not to be forced. The time of national hesitation is the time of slow and certain growth to an end which is not to be anticipated nor prevented. The day of fate carries and not till it arrives will the authentic direction be spoken. Meantime suspense.

This is not the usual rendering of our course. The most

vocal among us tell us that our hesitation is at best the provincialism of ignorance and at worst a slothful cowardice bred of mammon-serving peace; that we hesitate from inner division and distraction; because we are not a nation, but a boarding-house of aliens; because we have been corrupted by overmuch prosperity and a sentimentally humanitarian pacifism. Our fiber is gone: we are spineless. We have been told that we are justly the objects of universal scorn and contempt, that our national hesitation is a national humiliation. When a fellow-citizen said, after the dismissal of the German ambassador, that now for the first time in two years could he stand straight and look others in the eye, he only said what the more vocal elements have been reiterating day after day, week after week. Such has been the obvious, not to say clamorous, explanation of our prolonged and penetrating hesitation.

Such statements are not material for argument or disproof. One only sees what one sees, and it is hard to tell even that. But these accounts prove too much. We are told that the nation pauses for lack of leadership, when heaven knows our ears have ached from the roarings of those who have told us what to do and who have exhausted the fishwives' vocabulary in scolding us because we have not done it. We have bowed our heads, and allowed the tempest of words to pass over. We have waited listening for something, just what we have not known, but assuredly for something else than what platform and press are dinning into us. Hordes and aggregates of accident do not wait and hesitate in this fashion. They respond with a stampede. The strident tone of our critics in its increasing shrillness is evidence that the inertia, the solidity of a people was there; for only those who are fused into a single being can wait enduringly in the midst of such clamor and world stir. We have continued to be uncertain just because we were certain that our destiny had not declared itself. Those who have offered themselves as prophets have shown that they were rather historians, reminiscent of a colonial age out of which

the people, the masses, had slowly grown. Those who lamented the lack of leadership proclaimed by their laments that a fused people had assumed its own leadership and was waiting in silence to issue its directions. Never has the American people so little required apologizing for, because never before has it been in such possession of its senses.

If there has been such impressive unification, why the prolonged hesitation? Because though we have become a single body—hence the inertia which the unknowing have taken to be apathy—and are in possession of our senses, we have not yet found a national mind, a will as to what to be. It is easy to be stampeded; it is easy to be told what one's mind is, and humbly to accept on trust a mind thus made up. It is not easy to make up the mind, for the mind is made up only as the world takes on form. We have hesitated in making up our mind just because we would make it up not arbitrarily but in the light of the confronting situation. And that situation is dark, not light.

This is itself proof that a New World is at last a fact, and not a geographical designation. We no longer can be spoken to in the language of the old world and respond. We must be spoken to in our own terms. I do not say this in a complacent or congratulatory mood, but record it as a fact. It is a disagreeable fact to many, and especially disagreeable to those with whom we feel most friendly. It cannot fail to be in some measure disagreeable to ourselves that we should have attained a state which is bound to be intellectually and morally unpleasant to those who are our near spiritual kin and who have, as against anybody but ourselves, our warm sympathies and best wishes. That the gallant fight for democracy and civilization fought on the soil of France is not our fight is a thing not to be realized without pangs and qualms. But it is a fact which has slowly disclosed itself as these last long years have disclosed us to ourselves. It was not ours, because for better or for worse we are committed to a fight for another democracy and

another civilization. Their nature is not clear to us: all that is sure is that they are different. This is the fact of a New World. The Declaration of Independence is no longer a merely dynastic and political declaration.

For this reason I hold that a termination of hesitation so far as to engage in overt war against Germany will not be of itself a conclusion of our hesitation. There is such a thing as interests being affected vitally without a vital interest being affected. As I write, we seem to be on the point of arriving at the conclusion that we cannot aid, by means of a passive compliance, the triumph of a nation that regards its triumph as the one thing so necessary that all means whatsoever that lead to that triumph are not only legitimate but sacred. Such a future neighbor we do not wish to be developed, certainly not by our aid as passive accomplices. So far our hesitation gives way to action, because so far the situation has declared itself. We but meet a clearly proffered challenge.

But it is vain to suppose that thereby our deeper hesitation is concluded; that on this account we join with full heart and soul even though we join with unreserved energy. Not until the almost impossible happens, not until the Allies are fighting on our terms for our democracy and civilization, will that happen. And so we shall still hesitate, for the huge slow-moving body does not see its goal and path. When the President spoke his words as to the conditions under which the American people would voluntarily coöperate in fixing the terms of future international relationships, something stirred within, but the whole bulk did not respond, not even though the appeal was couched in that combination of legal and sentimental phraseology which is our cherished political dialect. At the Russian revolution there was a more obvious thrill. Perhaps through some convulsion, some rearrangement still to come, there will be a revelation of the conditions under which the world's future may be wrought out in patient labor and fraternal comity, a disclosure so authoritative that in it

we shall see and know ourselves and recognize our will. More likely there will be partial events and partial conclusions. But one thing has already happened. The war has shown that we are no longer a colony of any European nation nor of them all collectively. We are a new body and a new spirit in the world. Such at least is the impression which has been forming in me, unbidden and unforeseen, concerning the time of our national hesitation.

Memories of Whitman and Lincoln

By James Oppenheim

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd"
—W. W.

LILACS shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.
Spring hangs in the dew of the dooryards
These memories—these memories—
They hang in the dew for the bard who fetched
A sprig of them once for his brother
When he lay cold and dead. . .
And forever now when America leans in the dooryard
And over the hills Spring dances,
Smell of lilacs and sight of lilacs shall bring to her heart these brothers. . .
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

.˙.

Who are the shadow-forms crowding the night?
What shadows of men?
The stilled star-night is high with these brooding spirits—
Their shoulders rise on the Earth-rim, and they are great presences in heaven—
They move through the stars like outlined winds in young-leaved maples.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

.˙.

Deeply the nation throbs with a world's anguish—
But it sleeps, and I on the housetops
Commune with souls long dead who guard our land at midnight,
A strength in each hushed heart—
I seem to hear the Atlantic moaning on our shores with the plaint of the dying
And rolling on our shores with the rumble of battle. . .
I seem to see my country growing golden toward California,
And, as fields of daisies, a people, with slumbering up-turned faces
Leaned over by Two Brothers,
And the greatness that is gone.

.˙.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

.˙.

Spring runs over the land,
A young girl, light-footed, eager. . .
For I hear a song that is faint and sweet with first love,
Out of the West, fresh with the grass and the timber,
But dreamily soothing the sleepers. . .
I listen: I drink it deep.

.˙.

Softly the Spring sings,
Softly and clearly:

Memories of Whitman and Lincoln

"I open lilacs for the beloved,
Lilacs for the lost, the dead.
And, see, for the living, I bring sweet strawberry blossoms,
And I bring buttercups, and I bring to the woods anemones and blue bells . . .
I open lilacs for the beloved,
And when my fluttering garment drifts through dusty cities,
And blows on hills, and brushes the inland sea,
Over you, sleepers, over you, tired sleepers,
A fragrant memory falls . . .
I open love in the shut heart,
I open lilacs for the beloved."

. . .

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

Was that the Spring that sang, opening locked hearts,
And is remembrance mine?
For I know these two great shadows in the spacious night,
Shadows folding America close between them,
Close to the heart. . .
And I know how my own lost youth grew up blessedly in their spirit,
And how the morning song of the mighty native bard
Sent me out from my dreams to the living America,
To the chanting seas, to the piney hills, down the railroad vistas,
Out into the streets of Manhattan when the whistles blew at seven,
Down to the mills of Pittsburgh and the rude faces of labor . . .

And I know how the grave great music of that other,
Music in which lost armies sang requiems,
And the vision of that gaunt, that great and solemn figure,
And the graven face, the deep eyes, the mouth,
O human-hearted brother,
Dedicated anew my undevoted heart
To America, my land.

.˙.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

.˙.

Now in this hour I was suppliant to these two brothers,
And I said: Your land has need:
Half-awakened and blindly we grope in the great world. . .
What strength may we take from our Past, what promise hold
for our Future?

And the one brother leaned and whispered:
"I put my strength in a book,
And in that book my love. . .
This, with my love, I give to America. . ."
And the other brother leaned and murmured:
"I put my strength in a life,
And in that life my love,
This, with my love, I give to America."

.˙.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

.˙.

Then my heart sang out: This strength shall be our strength:

Yea, when the great hour comes, and the sleepers wake and
are hurled back,
And creep down into themselves
There shall they find Walt Whitman
And there, Abraham Lincoln.

.˙.

O Spring, go over this land with much singing
And open the lilacs everywhere,
Open them out with the old-time fragrance
Making a people remember that something has been forgotten,
Something is hidden deep—strange memories—strange mem-
ories—
Of him that brought a sprig of the purple cluster
To him that was mourned of all. . .
And so they are linked together
While yet America lives. . .

.˙.

While yet America lives, my heart,
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

The Song of Ariel

By S. N. Behrman

VIOLET, the winter dusk filtered down between the towering files of office-buildings and pressed against the golden light from a thousand windows. Behind the windows desks closed, weary clerks shuffled from their seats, dragged on drab coats over soiled shirt-sleeves and crowded into the dingy elevators which bore them to the street.

Dave Soule moved slowly up lower Broadway to the Subway. But before the entrance he stopped uncertainly, hesitant. For the first time in years he did not join the stream that flowed into it but moved on past. Then he stopped again. At home they would be expecting him. Supper was waiting. And he had promised Ann to come over immediately after. Sooner or later he would have to tell her.

Nevertheless he moved on up Broadway. He wasn't hungry and he must have a little time to think. What would he tell Ann? Already she had waited two years for him. The extra expense of keeping his invalid mother and fourteen-year-old sister in school had made it impossible for them to marry. And now he must tell her that they would have to put off their wedding again. The raise he expected that day had not been forthcoming. The head clerk had just told him so.

Soule moved on up Broadway with the crowd. Ahead of him Madison Square opened like a fan rimmed by fairy buildings glowing through the purple veiling of the dusk. Motors curved and squirmed, crammed busses bumped and waddled past. More of grotesquerie and magic here than in any city of olden times colored by the imagination of the antiquarian.

A tidal wave of humanity spewed from the spiring abodes of commerce and shot, fifty miles an hour by Subway and Elevated, to the infinite cubby-holes of the Bronx and Harlem.

But Soule, drifting along, was scarcely conscious of the teeming vistas through which he moved. With a few matter-of-fact words the man from whom he took his orders at the office had destroyed the planning of months. "How shall I say it to Ann?" he was asking himself. Uppermost in his mind was a perplexity about how to phrase to Ann this news, so unexpected, so fraught with disappointment. She had so counted on this. She lived in a home that she hated, with a step-mother and too many children. To sentence her to further imprisonment there when she had caught so near a glimpse of freedom, a home of her own,—how could he do it? And he himself who so wanted her—how could he go on this way? And yet he knew that he would go on; that he would refuse Ann when she asked him to let his sister go to work so they might marry. That he would never allow. Ella must keep on at school, must grow up educated, must be given the chance he never had—.

Symbolized in stone or in words Commerce and Industry are gods or goddesses (depending on whether strength or fecundity is the attribute emphasized); they have the titan limbs of a figure by Michelangelo; often they carry cornucopias, streaming bounties. But to the multitudes of lowlier workers in the service of these heroic deities such apotheosis must occasionally seem far-fetched. David Soule, known to be a faithful, earnest, unvaryingly reliable worker, was filled with a bitter resentment against his firm, against the whole fabric of his world. For the first time in his life he cursed the servitude that bound him.

But only for a moment. The habit of years reasserted itself and his mind reverted to its normal adjustment. Things were this way—there was nothing to be done.

He plodded on. Suddenly he found that he was no longer

thinking of his disappointment. He tried to prod it back, but his mind refused to focus. He was very tired: the long day, the uncustomary walk, the strain and worry, were telling on him. His mind was filled with a vague conglomerate of impressions; he was conscious of the rush about him, the occasional pretty face of a girl; he wondered at the confident, eager stride of some of the men. Behind the plate glass windows of motors profiles showed. But these impressions had no real meaning for him: actually they were as far-away, as mythical, as non-existent as things in a story. Were these people really living in the same world as he?

In front of a shop a knot of people was gathered. Mechanically Soule stopped too. Through the doorway came the full, rich sound of a woman's voice singing something on a phonograph. It was the *Vissi D'arte* from "Tosca." Something in the voice thrilled through Soule, stirring him out of himself. A painful nostalgia swept over him. The luxurious tones made him conscious of something beyond himself which he could never reach. . . . A vision of Ann came into his mind. He suddenly felt a great longing for her. So poignant and strange and overpowering was this new desire that he became for the moment faint and weak. The singer's voice rose powerfully, with a joyous mastery of strength. The melody fell over Soule as cascades of water play over a figure in a fountain. He wished that Ann were there so that she too might listen. Then she would understand what he was feeling. A great pity for her welled up in him—she meant so much to him, he wanted so much to make her happy and he could do so little! After a moment the singing stopped! It was as though a super-presence had been near him, touching him. He stood still, waiting. But the voice did not come again. Then he turned away and trudged wearily to the Subway.

Fred Rudnor, journalist, getting no answer to his knock on the door of Soule's sitting room, opened the door gently and peered within. Sitting at the table, hunched over a book, a

girl was reading aloud and Rudnor stopped still a moment to listen.

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

As she reached the last line the girl was startled by a pair of hands clasped suddenly around her eyes.

"Who is it?"

"Mr. Rudnor."

"Guessed it the first time." He relinquished his hold and patted her on the cheek.

"You're reading Lamb's Tales, I see."

"Thank you so much for it, Mr. Rudnor."

"Like it?"

"I *love* it. I'm on 'The Tempest'. Isn't Ariel lovely? Does the prince marry Miranda?"

"Should n't be surprised—"

"Really?"

"Surest thing you know."

The small head dove back to the book in a flurry of light brown curls.

"Where's David?"

"He hasn't come home yet. He's awful late."

"Guess I'll wait for him—how's mother?"

"About the same."

Rudnor sat down in a rocking-chair, tipped as far back as he could, and directed the smoke from his pipe at the ceiling. Just outside the frowzily curtained windows the elevated trains thundered; it was a room such as you may see any evening from the "L" platform. Only secondarily did it convey the sense of poverty: the salient impression was of a mean insignificance—furniture with chipped, varnished surfaces, a

glazed table-cover stamped with a pictorial presentment of the Brooklyn Bridge—the ugly factitiousness of the machine. On the mantel-shelf a vagariously tinted, papier-maché plant grew directly out of a round piece of wood, its tenderness protected from bacterial attack by a fly-speckled glass cylinder completely covering it. This ornament failed of decorativeness. But it achieved much more than that; it possessed the dignity and pathos of a symbol.

From the next room a querulous voice, calling her, disturbed Ella at her reading. Reluctantly, almost without lifting her head from the book, she rose and went out. Rudnor, left alone, improvised a little tune for Ariel's song. He was rather short and given to stockiness and had lively black eyes with a gleam of humor in them. He wore a shiny, black, loose-fitting suit and a soft-collared shirt with a carelessly made four-in-hand tie. To the Socialist meetings and the editors of the radical press in the city Mr. Rudnor was not unknown. Even the critics of immaculate Eastern journals had patronised his stories of East Side life. This amused Rudnor vastly.

Soule, looking tireder than usual, interrupted the tenth variation of Rudnor's song.

"Hello, Fred," he said listlessly.

"How are you, Dave?—where've you been?"

"Walking."

"What's up?"

"Nothing—"

"Everything all right at the office?"

"Expected a raise today. Didn't get it."

"Make much difference?"

"Puts Ann and me off again."

"Tough!"

"Hard on Ann."

"Hard on you too."

"Wait a minute—I'm going in to see mother."

"Eaten yet?"

"I'm not very hungry."

Soule went into the next room and Rudnor walked about the room, his face serious. Soule came back and slumped into a chair. Ella appeared at the door.

"Don't you want your supper, Dave?"

"I've had a bite down town. Go back to mother."

Rudnor looked out of the corner of his eyes at Soule staring ahead of him absently.

"What are you doing tonight?" he asked briskly.

"I was going over to see Ann. But I guess I won't. I'm thinking—"

"What?"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to stand in her way any longer."

"Beats all how the girls do want to get married! As a child wants a new toy—want to go with me tonight?" Rudnor broke in abruptly on his generalization.

"Where to?"

"I'm meeting some girls. We're going to Miller's for a dance or two."

"And a drink or two—"

Rudnor smiled. "It's not impossible. Want to come?"

"No."

"Why not! Do you good—"

"You know I don't do that sort of thing."

"The trouble with you is you lead too pious a life. You never have any fun."

"I'd be a nice one to go out with your crowd—when I'm going with a girl—"

"'Going with a girl' as you call it isn't doing you much good, Dave," said Rudnor quietly.

Soule seemed not to hear,—at any rate he made no response. Rudnor was emboldened to continue.

"The way I feel about it is this. Here you are thirty and over. Mother and little sister to support. You ought to be married but you can't. Now what's the answer—?"

"No use, Fred. It wouldn't be fair to Ann—"

"If girls like Ann weren't so damn respectable—"

"Cut that out!" said Soule sharply.

"All right. Sorry you won't join me in my Saturday night festivities. It's my one chance in the week to see you and the kid and I thought I'd step in.—You know she's bright, that sister of yours—"

Something lit up in Soule's face.

"Think so?"

"You bet she is. Well, I'll be running along. Really going to stay in tonight?"

"I don't know."

"Well, so long, Dave."

"So long, Fred."

Rudnor stopped at the door.

"If you should change your mind about tonight—"

"I won't."

"I was going to say—you might come over to Miller's. You'll be welcome. So long."

The door shut to. As he heard Rudnor's steps retreating in the hallway Soule rose suddenly and started for the door. Half-way he stopped short. After a moment he turned and went back to his chair, sitting motionless, staring at the floor.

A faint knocking roused him. "Come," he called, and turned. A woman stood in the doorway, a woman of about twenty-five, pale, thinnish, with tightly-coiled dark hair and tense eyes.

"Ann!"

"What's wrong, Dave?"

"Why—nothing—"

"I've been waiting for you. I thought perhaps your mother—she isn't—worse?"

"No."

"Then why—?"

"It's just that—I was coming over in a few minutes, Ann."

"I was sure it must be your mother. This is the first Saturday night in a year, I guess—something *is* wrong."

"It's that—"

"What?"

"That raise—"

"You didn't get it?" But she read the answer in his face.

Soule raised his arms in a helpless gesture.

"I'm sorry, Ann."

"Surely you don't mean—that we can't be married—even now?"

"If we wait a little longer—till the war is over—"

"Till the war is over!"

"I'm sorry, Ann."

There was a silence. She came close to Soule, her hands clenched at her sides, her eyes flashing.

"I wish she were dead!" she whispered passionately.

"Ann!" He threw a horrified glance toward his mother's room.

"I do. I do. Her life is over. She sits on there in that room, hanging on, eating up your money, robbing me of my chance—"

"You mustn't, Ann—"

"How long do you think I can go on this way?—while you keep spending your money for doctors and medicines that don't do her any good."

"You don't know what you're saying—"

"Don't I? When I came here tonight it was hoping she had died—so help me God!"

She stopped, staring at him defiantly. He looked back at her mute, agonized.

"I can't help it, Ann," he said finally, "I can't do anything. If you want you don't have to keep your promise to wait—"

She laughed bitterly.

"You're willing enough to break it off now, aren't you? After everyone knows I've been going with you and no one

comes near me—"

"You know I love you, Ann—like anything—"

"Then why don't you show it? If you let Ella go to work—"

"We've been over all that. Ella must have her chance. Besides—she's not strong. She couldn't stand the grind."

"I stand it!"

"But, Ann," he pleaded, "Ella's only fourteen—"

She came near to him and put her arms around his neck.

"Don't you love me any more, Dave?"

"You're all I've got, Ann,—you're everything—"

"We could be so cozy together—." Her upturned face almost touched his. He clasped her to his breast, his lips pressed against hers.

"I'll make you so happy," she whispered, "so happy."

"You darling—"

"I'll take such good care of you, dear—we'll be so cozy together—"

"Ann! Ann!"

"My boy!—You will do what I ask, won't you?"

"If I only—"

"I'm so tired of waiting, dear. We'll get married right away—promise me. I so want my own little place—and you. After all it will only be for a little while that Ella will have to work. As soon as you get your raise she can stop. Won't you, Dave—won't you?"

Her lips and the touch of her shut away from him the trouble and menace of the world.

"Yes," he whispered.

A laugh broke from her, a laugh almost fierce in its triumph. Something of its harshness broke the spell she had woven. He drew away from her sharply.

"We'll have to wait," he said.

"But you just promised—"

"It wasn't—fair," he said simply.

"Then this is good-bye."

"Ann—please—"

"You must choose between us—"

"But don't you see—?"

"It's between me and them," she said finally.

"I can't do differently, Ann."

"All right. I'm going."

She had reached the door. He called her name. She turned.

"Which is it to be?"

He said nothing but his arms lifted in the old helpless gesture.

"I hate you," she cried. "You hear—I hate you! I never want to see you again—"

He wanted to stop her, to run after her but could not. He stood motionless staring at the door through which she had disappeared. Then he walked uncertainly to a chair and sat down. His face worked convulsively with the effort to master himself. Suddenly a low cry escaped him, and he leaned forward over the table, his head bedded in his arms.

For a long time he sat so—till he heard an uncertain stumbling step on the stairs and a voice calling his name. He rose quickly and opened the door to admit a new Rudnor, a Rudnor with flushed face and eyes aglow.

"There you are, old man! Saw the light and thought I'd come in to find out if you'd changed your mind. Met Ann on the street. She snubbed me. What's the matter? Quarrelled? Well, don't mope. Life's too short to mope. Come on with me. Cheer you up. Two ladies waiting outside—what do you say?"

"Leave me alone, will you?"

"Oh, come. Don't be so upset. Lots of sweethearts in the world. Come on along with me. Saturday night! Life—joy—romance—"

"You're drunk."

"Not much. Just enough to soften the edge of reality. Just enough to make the world beautiful. Just enough to make the ladies beautiful. Even if they're thin and their noses are sharp,

a few drinks and they become round and misty and beauteous. Don't stand there like a stick. I tell you the ladies are waiting. A few drinks and the world will change—"

"All right," said Soule suddenly. "I'll come!"

"Get your coat."

"In a minute—"

He went into the next room and rushed out pulling his coat on as he ran.

"Let's go," he cried, "let's go."

Ella's voice calling her brother stopped them at the door.

"Where you going?"

But Soule had already disappeared and Rudnor followed him. Ella ran to the window and watched them till they were lost to her sight in the crowded street. Then she turned slowly away, a sadness in her eyes that made her look strangely old. The book Rudnor had given her was still in her hand. She sat at the table and started to read. But her attention wavered.

"Mother," she called.

"Yes."

"Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"I'll be in here reading if you want me."

Silence in the room save for the intermittent jangle of the "L" and the faint hum from the street. Lilting the lines in a hushed wistful voice she began reading aloud the gladsome song of Ariel:—

> "Merrily, merrily shall I live now
> Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Her voice trailed off—the book fell to her lap; she sat staring ahead of her, her eyes a-dream.

Bread-Crumbs

By Waldo Frank

WHICHEVER way she moved—if it was possible with a turn of her head—Mrs. Silvester looked out on the street. Three children were romping there. They rolled and screamed and twisted gaily. Behind their fragile note was the thick texture of the City.

"I'd give them more sensible clothes to play in," she decided, "if they was mine. And just as nice, too!"

It was closing time—early. But the day had been good, the five o'clock bake was gone, and Joseph Silvester's leg was troubling him again. So she had sent him home, and the boy away. And as she worked, absently dusting, tidying, locking up, her eyes and her heart dwelt with the romping children. The impress of them was not glad, but it was sharp. Their fascination hurt her.

Still aloof from what she did, she went to the cash-drawer and lifted out the day's receipts. And then, as if by force, she turned her eyes from the children to the money. She counted it. She was smiling vaguely at what it told of success and comfort.

The children's laughter lay above the gray street like a little field of flowers. The woman made a bundle of the coins and bills. Then, she took two quarters from it and slipped them into the pocket of her skirt. Then, she completed the package and bolted the door behind her. She brushed past the children without attention. Quite suddenly they were uninteresting and annoying.

It was a walk of three minutes to her flat—one on the

avenue, two on the block. The warm Spring evening tinged the clamorous movement of the City, made it somehow gentle and glad and clean. Its smile was stronger than the street's stridency. Helene Silvester went unconsciously along. The crowd that clotted and upset her way with its thick drab was nothing to her. It was like inconsequential mud beneath her feet. She walked through the Spring evening. She was aware of nothing else. A thought of what she had so inexplicably done in the store strove to be noticed. But the part of her that thought was mute and impotent. She did not care, she did not care to know that she had taken the two quarters. The impulse that had caused her deed kept her from questioning its purpose. It seemed sure of itself. Altogether it ruled her, so that she was in no way troubled.

She found her husband ailing. She cooked his supper, and then made him go to bed. It was too early for her to follow. She put out the light. She sat by the window of her front room. Her eyes and that part of her that dreamed took their course outward through the window.

She semed strangely strong and her reach had no sense of limitation. Directly before her was the brown mass of buildings, deep in a faint purple haze. Below, the street seethed with its myriad energy that drew in as it rose, and struck her like the sharpened crest of a wave. Her window had a slight square frame, and somehow she perceived herself within it, dull and small in her gray dress, with her cheeks pale against the air. And yet the sky welling above the street, which huddled like a swarming thing beneath it, was a more real measure. The sky seemed to catch her with its gleam that fell upon her window; seemed to carry her up and to unfold her. The frangent street was lost in the silence of her outspreading self. And now she no longer saw her little figure framed by the window. She saw a serene sweep of world, slowly murmurous; and of it she saw her life, a pulse in the wide rhythm . . .

She had been married five years and she had been unhappy. Their trade had thriven. She had seen children romping like flowers in gray soil. She had stolen two silver quarters from herself. And in six months, she was to have—at last—a baby of her own . . .

The great sky rocked the world like a calm mother cradling an infant. The torn noises of the open windows and the block became a cry. Helene Silvester sat without further thought. And then she roused herself. She had been slumbering away, her face sheer to the air. And in her silly dream, she and the sky were one, the playful turmoil of the street was a single voice for which she waited.

Carefully, the young woman closed the window.

"It might rain," was her thought.

Then, she went to bed.

The following day, Joseph Silvester remained at home. Helene kept the store herself. The curious impulse of the day before did not return. She brought back her little bundle of money undespoiled. But the two quarters had stayed where she had tucked them.

Joseph was feeling better, so there were two that evening beside the window. The silence was no less. Helene's thrill had become her monotone.

"I feel so glad—so glad . . . " she had said half-aloud. "It's two lives, husband: my own—and—" she stopped.

Joseph sat there, gripping his black pipe with white teeth. They showed behind the dark droop of his moustache. Also faintly as he puffed, his mouth showed and his lips were thin. He was a tall and heavy man. He was ten years older than his wife: a silent man, knotted by his power, stifled in his lack of an outlet. As he sat there, languid and slow, he was the portrait of a veteran, retired and cluttered up in the kind parsimony of the present. His energy was the sort that longs to slumber. Now, he blinked at Helene's words. They were

the nonsense that had made him love her.

"He'll be a good, strong lad," he said with effort—the reach of his imagination.

"Husband—husband!" she was disturbed by the prosaic forecast. A good strong lad—? Others had merited that term.

The silence came again. Outside, the street was a harsh pagan a-frolic in the shadow of a church. But Helene's spirit chimed on. She had been thinking of her son. And now, she was reminded of the two quarters she had stolen from herself.

Light burst on her act. She was not amazed by it, now that she understood. But she was caught by the glamor of her impulse, as it came to her, radiant with her deed. That silver was for her son! Everything that she did and had was hers and her husband's together. The child also would be theirs together; and the clothes he wore and the care of him and the hope for his success. But the money was not theirs; it was hers! It was a bond with her child that birth would not sever.

She went no farther in her planning. She had no will to sound the sense of it. Why steal for her child, when everything that was theirs would be his? It was indeed a mute, foolish, guilty impulse. But Helene knew she would abide by it. Merely, since it was foolish, she would put it away. Since it was guilty, she would protect it. Since it was mute, she would love it.

The next day a quarter went into her skirt. At the month's end, Helene secretly opened an account in her own name, at the nearest bank for savings.

By no other thing was her life stirred from the course of waiting and of working. There had been one reason for her unhappiness. And it was going; each day it was going farther. And in its stead, there were a thousand reasons for being glad. Every detail of existence was quick now with a new throb of gladness; was like herself with the early throb

of a new being. All life was tense and proud, was reticent and sweet with its sap of birth. She and all life were sisters. The baking and selling of bread, the brushing of her hair at night, the clothing of her breasts at dawn, the preparing of food, the gossip of her neighbors, the gentle pleasure of her husband—in everything was an unuttered song. A melody had come of the clatter and the travail of existence.

Helene walked through the cold sounds of life, outwardly quiet, inwardly a flame. But it was the flame that moved her. And the flame needed fuel. This was the reason of the now regulated theft.

The child was born in October. They baptized him William. It was Joseph's choice.

Helene's mood changed.

More and more, the business of the bakery devolved on her. During the early months of the child's life, Joseph was grumbling in his subterranean way. It was clear to Helene that she must overcome the tense hope of mothering more children. The peace of their life seemed to call for her unfailing presence. Joseph was lovable only when she allowed him to be passive. And only then did he appear to love her child.

He would say: "Work—worry—work—worry—for *him!*" when Helene had wished to stay at home. And such talk was unbearable to her. Besides, it seemed just that her husband should provide the color, the moral standard of their home; and that she should be its life. Gladly, she accepted whatever turn of events made him more the figure-head, herself more the burdened one. And it was not long before this unlevel distribution seemed a part of her comfort. For Helene was a woman with loyal faith in her own hands. Those whom she loved, she loved to feel dependent. Those whom she loved, she did not care to look on as dependable.

But with these full days she had changed. The wistful,

the dreamful in her grew more covert. All her activity was an outward feature of her dream. But as work amassed, that gentle strain retired from the surface. At marriage, she had been a girl with tender lines, frail almost—a soft curve to her forehead, and a petulant wave to her hair, and nervous hands. Now, she was ample, sturdy. She had seemed tall with her slenderness; she was now short with her solidity. Only the glamor of her tilted eyes and the elusive tremble of her lips remained as tokens of her nature. . . . And her eyes looked mainly at accounts; and from her lips came capable commands.

It was not hard for Helene to manage a safe arrangement for her secret Fund. It had become an altar with its daily offering. To serve it, Helene had taken over complete charge of the bakery's accounts. The store was entirely her husband's. But even Joseph knew that he no longer ordered it. His was the credit and the atmosphere. Helene held command; and, since the bakery throve, she took her tithe.

The boy grew also, and the boy's Fund, as she now always thought of it. Helene was a careful mother. She was not lavish in attentions which warp and spoil a child. Strictly she measured her boy's nature, and planted a word or a sentiment, where, in her absence, it would grow. In a real way, William was her own. It was her taste and intuition that took root in the soil of his will. And yet, a great part of the mother went yearning and hungry. Helene did not have enough of her son. Almost, it seemed that her son was not enough for her. There were periods of rebellion against the store; hectic flights of her passion beyond life's meticulous plod; times when it was hard not to be altogether mother. But Helene held herself. The bakery needed her; life gripped her and reined her in. Her eager arms straightened against their fever to enclose her son; guarded against the lover in her breast. She remained housewife, manager, the restrained and careful parent. But in such phases, she height-

ened the daily toll for her secret Fund. This was a way of outlet.

It had sprung from a mute source. It had grown to be a field for all the mute things in her—where they could play, where they could meet a sort of sun, where they could be.

For Helene would not have been so indispensable a help-meet, had she not been many more things first. Into this pent shell she crowded a maze of murmurous life. She was a symbol of the stifled city. Athrob with a deep stream of power, she ran a bakeshop; all woven up in a panoply of dreams the least of which had a bright tip in the stars, she robbed small coins from her own cash-box. Her vision was that the dun streets were strewn with pied and playing flowers, yet she lacked force to win the communion that she needed with her child, to dare the venture of another. In all things, it is her like that had turned the glad fields into dolorous cities; and that give their golden lilt to the shambled gutters.

The Fund grew then; and into it, swelling also, flowed her thought and her impulse. But the sign of all this was merely her more rapt interest in the Fund. She knew of nothing else. She was a quite ordinary woman. Yet, it was the Fund that made her cramped life bearable. It was a way of revolt and of adventure: a way of having a separate life and of doing a silent thing. It had been Romance; it became Reality.

Joseph sat in his rocker and it was Sunday and he was unable to suggest their going anywhere.

"Don't you feel like an outing?"

"I'm tired, Helene. You go—with the boy."

She did not think of the drouth of her husband's life. A dart of pleasure at the fruitful sum she had put away tinged through her. This was enough.

Joseph plied her with questions, in the store.

"We must get another place for the cakes. Why don't the

Martins never come here any more? By the way, Helene, can you send our William with that extra delivery to number 393? I forgot it with the boy's orders."

William went. Helene answered all the questions.

"Ten cents extra for my child's having to do errands," she adjudicated grimly, as she made her theft that evening. So the inner rebellion was sloughed off.

Life was a dead thing. But her live fingers worked on it. Its dross was quick with her spirit.

After ten years, there was the Fund grown to four figures!

And then, Helene fell sick.

Once more her life was unlit, unwoven dross. Its emptiness had a painful, echoing reverberation. And then, all of her limbs were lead; and her thoughts weighted her body which they had lifted up. And the air choked her breathing; and the pavements of the street struck hard against her walking. And her work was a tedium and love was an irony . . . It was the sort of illness Helene could be made to admit—the one sort. It sank her to her bed. And there it held her stricken for half a year, while the world slumbered and dreamed outside, and her spirit beat within. And only her hands were flecked with life, as if life had run down and low to that extremity.

Finally, she was washed up, a blanched shred of herself, with all of world and spirit to be made anew.

For twelve months, Joseph had the store and his son in his unaided hands. The task was beyond the man. Gradually, all these years, he had let his initiative dry away. He had settled into a state of half-decrepitude, of sweet inertia. It had been as much Helene's fault as his.

He strove heroically. He was all caught up in the stern business of command, and did not know that he was failing. He worked incessantly; he nursed his wife; he tried to be an active father; he got up at dawn. And while he worked, his

mind was stiff with fear and worry—mute to recording. . . . When Helene came to herself, the bakery had fallen off from its prosperity. And Joseph Silvester was in debt.

Her healing was a sharp, slow birth. Her illness had been a guilty night. While her senses slumbered there was her household fallen away! All of it was like a mad interlude from faithfulness.

But now she was able to sit in her chair, while Joseph laid the events before her. Not until then was he sure himself of what had happened. What he knew best was that he had fought hard, admitted no breach in his hope. He stood beside her, a large, gentle man with his hair greying and his eyes poignantly moist and his lank hands faintly moving.

"Sit down, dear," she had to tell him. He sank awkwardly, and faced her. They looked calmly at each other. They seemed closer together than they had been. This dread thing, life, had played them an irreverent trick. It had tried to lay silence on them. But they were above the silence.

"I tried, Helene, to keep strict accounts of the business. But I was worried—I was so tired!" He gave her a batch of crumpled papers, blurred over with his pencil.

"Here are bills; I haven't paid them yet." He gave these to her, also.

She took them. "Go back to the store," she said, "while I study these."

Joseph got up and lingered. At the door he spoke.

"Helene——"

"Yes, husband——?"

"I—I wanted to say—it don't matter—none of the trouble—now; when I see you gettin' well."

"Of course, it don't!" she answered. And then she laughed.

The story of the crumpled sheets was an easy one for her trained eyes to read. The business of the bakery was dwindling. At the first outlay due to her illness, Joseph had retrenched. He had forced a diminution of his sales by a cur-

tailment of his supplies. It had been the one way he knew of to save money. And it had its logical result. His trade had shrunk. He had let it shrink. At each reverse, he had cut down the amount and the quality of what he had to sell. The vicious process had gained momentum. Expenses had risen. Everything else had lessened. And for each drop, the foolish man had had no wiser answer than to add a willed retrenchment of his own.

Helene shook her head.

"It's my fault," she said. "If he had been that silly when I married him, he could never have had a bakery at all! I've spoiled him." And then, "I had no business getting sick."

She got up from her chair to see if she was strong enough to walk. A pain shot through her temples; her mind sickened in a swirl of nausea. But her feet held her. She walked the length of the room, three times. Then she sank down in her chair. She wanted to rest on her bed. She had resisted that. That had been giving ground, not gaining it.

"In a week, I'll be good," was her decision. It had no link with the pain in her temples.

She nursed herself carefully, meanwhile. She knew that she was preparing for a battle. And all of that week, she laid her plans, she went over the conditions she would have to cope with, she marshalled her resources. During that week no thought or fact of her life seemed to escape her. All of her was quickened by the sharp emergency of her affairs. All of her was attuned to meeting it. Yet, she did not dream, one moment, of touching her secret Fund.

"If only we had saved some money," Joseph said to her, with a low shake of his big head, looking away. "We should have, wife. We have been foolish."

"It is a pity, husband," was her answer.

And then, the battle.

Her eagerness swept her along. She was content, being

full-handed. She had no eye to gauge the direction of her struggle. But even hope had to stop to breathe; and in the pause Helene looked about her. What she found was strangely different from her hope.

The way of their life had been increase. Now, it was loss. To bring about that change, there had come a violent event—her illness. No effort seemed strong enough to turn them back to the old way. Helene learned that there was stubborn growth in a bad direction, even as in a good one. The tide was going out.

And while she labored, hands beating against the ebb, hope weaving a frail garb against the onslaught, her Fund was fat and peaceful with its interest.

There were five years of battle. Into it Helene flung all of her diligence and craft. For it her husband found a new bloom of obdurate resolution. They served merely to prolong the battle.

She had begun to fight, for her health's sake, too soon. She did not regain the full vigor she had lost. Once more, she was pale and thin, and her hands were nervous. Her work and worry ate up each new shoot of strength as it appeared. Again the dreamful fiber of Helene stood at the surface—stripped, like her life, of its substance. Without blossom of youth and lilt of growth, there she was as she had been at the naked outset. Only she had her son beside her, and the secret Fund in the bank for savings.

These, then, served in place of the hope and passion and power of fifteen years before. These alone remained. She clung to them with desperation. And her grip was that of a spent, scared creature in the dark. For Helene did not know what life was fashioning. But, although she did not understand, she thought no more of giving up her Fund than she did of giving up her boy. In some way, one group of feelings bound them.

And inexorably, failure had crept up.

They had worked body to body—she and her husband. The old easeful state of Joseph had shrivelled and gone away. He was a strong man, now. His will had burst forth. But the long sleep had atrophied his powers. He was intent on doing; he did not know what to do. He was more helpless in his blindness, because he was more active. His energies were new, but his skill was old. And, after all, even the Helene who had been, the woman merged into the substance of her will, with all of her vigor athrob and her strength unthwarted, had done no greater thing than this: to make a prosperous bake-shop prosper a little more.

But the blight of the year when she lay blighted also, had sunk too deep into the source of their affairs. About them had been too much life, strained to catch the sun where they drooped to the shadow. So now, at last, the time of deferring debts was over. The battle of five years swerved suddenly to a decision.

They sat facing each other, their hard stiff chairs against two walls. Joseph's rocker was empty. He was in no mood for it. Before them, in the center of the room, was a bare table. Their flat was darker, poorer than any they had occupied before. It was a Sunday afternoon. The morrow was the last day for paying certain creditors who had placed their ultimatum on legal paper. Joseph had the paper in his hands. It was his, because the property was his.

Beyond the window was a sordid street that stretched like a funnel to a little treeless park. Here their son was playing.

"Wife," Joseph said, "these are what's going to ruin us. Eight hundred dollars. If we could meet them——"

"The store is picking up."

"Yes; that's the sneering part of it. All of this fight, and the store picking up. And then—" he stirred the paper languidly, "then this."

"What can we do, Joseph?" Only her mouth moved as Helene spoke.

"Yes; that's it—what can we do, Helene?" He seemed to be tracing her words, with a tired care, in order to comprehend them.

"We'll have to go to work," she said.

The big man trembled. He rose partly from his seat. And then, gripping himself, he rested back.

"You mean a job—for *us?*" Still he seemed to grope, fingering over her words.

"What else is there to do!"

Helene left her chair. She wanted to walk.

"Sit down, wife." His tone was an unmistakable command.

Helene caught it, amazed, and her seat found her.

"Do you know what you've said, Helene? Do you know what that'd mean? Do you understand——?"

His voice was shaken, but it was strong. He had outstretched his hand. It also was both strong and shaken.

"Joseph," Helene said, "how can I help knowing? Have I been outside? You talk——!"

All of her feeling ravelled into pain. After his wreckage, had she not given the sinew of her body?

"Listen, Helene. I'm over fifty years old. I've been a sober man. I've been a decent man. Do you want me to go out, like a laborer, now? Could you stand for me to do that, Helene——?"

"I'll be going with you, Joseph."

"Listen some more, Helene. Have I ever harmed you? Have I ever interfered with all you wanted. I know you was clever. I know I was lazy. You was the boss, Helene. And when you was sick, don't you think I was ashamed how I spoiled what you had done? Do you think, wife, I liked to see myself for what I was? This is my fault. That ain't easy, knowing!"

"We're in it together, like one, husband. We'll face it."

His words hurt her. They had driven tears to her eyes. There was a tragic anger in this man's grief which she had never seen; which—of all of him—she could not master.

"You can stop it, Helene."

"What!"

He was standing over her. His big hands were clenched. And his body seemed alive in his flat clothes.

"I'm speaking, now! I watched you. I've known all along. I said nothing. Why should I? You deserved what you took. You would do no harm with it. I trusted you. I trust you, now, Helene. But save us! What's it all been piled up for, else? It's a heap of money, if you ain't spent it!"

His voice had been low. His words came ponderously. Helene was watching his clamped hands.

"Is it spent, Helene?"

"No, husband, it ain't spent."

Joseph lurched back, loosing his hands. "Thank God," he breathed.

"It ain't going to be spent! It ain't mine to spend! It's Willie's!"

Her words were quick. They were more shattering to him than all of his surprise had been to her. Rather than meet them, he contrived to doubt them,

"Then you don't understand."

"I do, husband. Who should understand, if I did not?"

"It's ruin! It's disgrace!" he was shouting now. "Here, with that bank-book!"

He thrust forth his palms. She was also on her feet.

"No."

"Here!" he once more lowered his voice.

"It's Willie's, I tell you."

"It's my money. Where did you get it from? My store—"

"You can't take it, Joseph."

"I don't mean to take it. You'll give it here."

They swayed close to each other. And then, she smiled.

She had mastered him again.

"Sit down, husband. And let's talk."

Bewilderment was foremost in his senses. Long he had known of this. But always he had had two habits: a profound respect for the woman that he loved, a profound silence for what was close-woven in his life. He was ready, with the wreck of that life upon him, to listen to her words. With another, doubtless, all his slumbering mute strength would have flamed high with passion and a blind violence. He sat now, his body strained and aquiver, while his wife spoke, slowly.

"I never guessed you knew. Well, you do know. I thought it was my secret. I'm glad you never spoke to me about it. Thanks for that, husband. Your speaking would have spoiled it. I don't know why," she shook her head, "but it would. And it's true. And it's three thousand dollars"— She paused.

He measured his hope with her words, not daring to know their strangeness one to the other.

"Joseph," she went on, "think what it is—all that money —think what it means. It's the difference between you and Willie; it's what you never had. I love you, but what are you? What are either of us? It's what is goin' to make him stronger, better!"

"You see us on the edge of nothing. And you insult your husband."

"I don't. But our life's done. We can plod through, somehow. What'll that money do for us? Pay our debts—yes; and run our bakery. What's that to Willie? And what can it do for him? The money can give him an education! It can send him to college! Oh, don't you see?"

"And we——?"

"We'll work. It's your store. It's my money. I don't have to pay your debts with it. But Joseph, am I forsaking you? Have I done that yet? I'll work with you, husband. I'm yours, even if this money ain't. I'll care for you. Oh, what won't I go through with you!"

"You can save us."

"At his expense?"

Her face had been soft. It hardened.

"No, I tell you! That's his. That's his chance. If we got to go down, so he can keep on goin' up—why down we got to go!"

She stopped. There was an austere ring in her voice.

Joseph looked at his wife. He came up close to her, in order to look close. She seemed, this moment, the clear, single summary of all that she had been to make him love her:—all this, in what appeared to him the moment of betrayal.

Still, he said: "You're heartless, wife. You steal from me; years, you been stealing from me. And now, you think of making your son better than I was."

"It's true."

"You don't care for me. All your love's there." He waved to the street.

"I'm yours, husband," was her answer.

"Is this honest—for them we owe to?"

Helene smiled: "It's his, now. We'll work to pay off, if that's your will."

"You mean it, Helene."

"What do we count, Joseph? *We* can work—until we die."

The man's face flamed a moment; and from the fire came hardness.

"Where's your love o' life? Are we that old?"

She smiled at him again—a smile this time flushed with a great knowledge that hurt. Her mind raced back. She saw three children romping in the street before the window of her shop. She saw herself, grasping two silver coins. And now, her hands moved vaguely in the direction of the window near which she stood.

"Where's your love o' life?" he had asked her. Her waving was her answer.

She sank into her chair. She held her head in her two

hands. She sobbed. For it seemed that she had understood.

Her husband wavered before the agony of her vision. He was disarmed. He, also, understood—but as one separate from life, seeing it, feeling its horrid beauty across a gulf. He stood there, silent.

And then, in Helene's grief-bathed mind the vision came, and her tears made it gleam. She saw herself and her husband. They were aged and bowed, and stained and stricken with dull toil. And they were clad as are the men and women who labor with their hands. And they were going forth through a black swamp. And before them was nothing. But behind them—impelling them to go, driving them on, was a child dressed all in white. It was their child.

From Chicago

By Sherwood Anderson

I AM mature, a man child, in America, in the west, in the great valley of the Mississippi. My head arises above the corn fields. I stand up among the new corn.

I am a child, a confused child in a confused world. There are no clothes made that fit me. The minds of men cannot clothe me. Great projects arise within me. I have a brain and it is cunning and shrewd.

I want leisure to become beautiful but there is no leisure. Men should bathe me with prayers and with weeping but there are no men.

Now—from now—from today I shall do deeds of fiery meaning. Songs shall arise in my throat and hurt me.

I am a little thing, a tiny little thing on the vast prairies. I know nothing. My mouth is dirty. I cannot tell what I want. My feet are sunk in the black swampy land but I am a lover. I love life. In the end love shall save me.

The days are long. It rains. It snows. I am an old man. I am sweeping the ground where my grave shall be.

Look upon me, my beloved, my lover who does not come. I am raw and bleeding, a new thing in a new world. I run swiftly over bare fields. Listen! There is the sound of the tramping of many feet. Life is dying in me. I am old and palsied. I am just at the beginning of my life.

Do you not see that I am old, oh my beloved? Do you not understand that I cannot sing, that my songs choke me? Do you not see that I am so young I cannot find the word in the confusion of words?

I.

While he is still young and pregnant with life it behooves the artist who would stand unashamed among men to make his contribution to the attempt to extend the province of his art. And as his struggle as an artist is and must be inseparably bound up with his struggle as a man, the attempt may fairly be said to fall under the head of an effort to extend the possibilities of human life.

Here is a field of thought that should make the fingers of the young artist tremble as those of a fine lover tremble at

the approach of his beloved. What to the living is more sweetly vital than life? Fearing as all true artists do and must the danger of the approach of that self-satisfaction that is death, he will find upon this road difficulties that destroy self-satisfaction. Knowing that all about him in the world are men and women striving to fasten upon him their own insanity of conformity, the young and valiant soul will find here a constant demand for sustained clear thinking that will be to him a tonic against the insidious poison of association with the weak.

The driving impulse toward this attempt is, I should say, something like this—that the artist, having taught himself to look keenly and constantly at himself must realize that of all the figures in the world his is the most fortunate. Standing upon the high place and watching the struggle of his soul upon the wall of life, the artist among all men, so standing, knows that his soul has at least the chance of success in that struggle.

In a quite practical way also the artist is one upon whom riches have been bestowed. Does he arise in the morning half ill of the perplexities of his life, a half hour of fine surrender to his art impulse shall restore him. By a bridge near a river he stands and is stirred by the sight of the giant mechanism by which the bridge is raised for the passage of a ship. His quick imagination sees the workers in the great factories making the mechanism. If by good fortune he has been at some time also a laborer he hears in fancy the crashing blows of the great hammers and sees the beauty of the bodies of men absorbed in physical tasks. What to him at the moment is the fact that the laborer is cheated of the reward of his labor or that his own coat is somewhat shabby? In a flash his craft has restored to him the sweetness of a day. One of a million little beauties of every street scene or of every country roadside has revealed itself to him.

By his side stand men who are waiting for the footway over

the bridge to be reëstablished that they may cross the river. One of them, a plumber, has a heavy wrench in his hand. He begins talking to a second man and speaking of the ship that is passing. He uses nautical terms, throwing them about with more zeal than skill. The artist turns quickly. A light dances in his eyes. He has seen behind the plumber who is young and muscular a pretty waitress. He knows that the young male is but swaggering before the female, that he is not trying to deceive the men in the crowd by his assumed knowledge of ships but is honestly striving to awaken admiration in the mind of the woman. One of the hundred little inter-plays of human relations with which each of the artist's living hours are colored has come to take his mind off the rather second-rate breakfast he must eat.

In all of the concerns of his life, in the perplexities of love, in the muddle of affairs that compel him to spend hours, to him divinely precious, in the treadmill of making a living, the craft of the artist, if he be a true craftsman, is as a strong arm protecting him.

And so the artist having within him youth and the courage that has made him an artist, begins to aspire, humbly and for the most part in secret to make to his own craft some returns for the riches that have been given to him. If he be a novelist (and you must get me as always thinking as a novelist although I know no reason why that should influence your judgment of the justice of my observations), if he be a novelist, I say, he will be at the first appalled by the difficulties of the task to which he has set himself. Old masters, men long dead, strong true men have put in his hand a tool so fitting to the work he wants to do that it seems at times absurd that he should strive to make for himself and for all the brothers of his craft who will follow him a better tool. The names of Fielding, Balzac, Tolstoy, Defoe dance before him. To attempt what they did not do seems a kind of sacrilege. If he be of a fine quality and set upon modesty the artist may make

the attempt but will make it in secret, not even speaking of the matter to his brother artists.

But the thing that I am asking for here is the attempt, the present day attempt, the American attempt, the attempt everywhere all over the world where the novelist with his ink pots and his lamps sits valiantly writing.

II.

The novelist is about to begin the writing of a novel. For a year he will be at the task and what a year he will have. He is going to write the story of Virginia Borden, daughter of Fan Borden, a Missouri river raftsman. There in his little room he sits, a small hunched up figure with a pencil in his hand. He has never learned to run a typewriter and so he will write the words slowly and painfully, one after another, on the white paper.

What a multitude of words! For hours he will sit perfectly still, writing madly and throwing the sheets about. That is the happy time. The madness has possession of him. People will come in at the door and sit about, talking and laughing. Sometimes he jumps out of his chair and walks up and down. He lights and relights his pipe. Overcome with weariness he goes forth to walk. When he walks he carries a heavy black walking-stick and goes muttering along.

The novelist tries to shake off his madness but he does not succeed. In a store he buys cheap writing tablets and, sitting on a stone near where some men are building a house, begins again to write. He talks aloud and occasionally fingers a lock of hair that falls down over his eyes. He lets his pipe go out and relights it nervously.

Days pass. It is raining and again the novelist is in his room writing. After a long evening of work he throws all he has written away.

What is the secret of the madness of the writer?

He is a small man and has a torn ear. A part of his ear has

been carried away by the explosion of a gun. Above the ear there is a spot, as large as a child's hand where no hair grows.

The novelist is a clerk in a store in Wabash Avenue in Chicago. When he was quite young he began to clerk in the store and for a time promised to be successful. He sold goods and there was something in his smile that won its way into all hearts. How he liked the people who came into the store and how the people liked him!

In the store now the novelist does not promise to be successful. There is a kind of conspiracy in the store. Although he tries earnestly he continues to make mistakes, and all of his fellows conspire to forgive and conceal his mistakes. Sometimes when he has muddled things badly they are impatient and the manager of the store, a huge fat fellow with thin grey hair, takes him into a room and scolds him.

The two men sit by a window and look down into Wabash Avenue. It is snowing and people hurry along with bowed heads. So much do the novelist and the fat grey-haired man like each other that the scolding does not last. They begin to talk and the hours pass. Presently it is time to close the store for the night and the two go down a flight of stairs to the street.

On a corner stand the novelist and the store man, still talking, and presently they go together to dine. The manager of the store looks at his watch and it is eight o'clock. He remembers a dinner engagement made with his wife and hurries away. On the street car he blames himself for his carelessness. "I should not have tried to reprimand the fellow," he says, and laughs.

It is night and the novelist works in his room. The night is cold but he opens his window. There is, in his closet, a torn woollen jacket given him by a friend and he wraps the jacket about him. It has stopped snowing and the stars are in the sky.

The talk with the store manager has inflamed the mind of

the novelist. Again he writes furiously. What he is now writing will not fit into the life-story of Virginia Borden, but, for the moment, he thinks that it will and he is happy. Tomorrow he will throw it all away but that will not destroy his happiness.

Who is this Virginia Borden of whom the novelist writes, and why does he write of her? He does not know that he will get money for his story and he is growing old. What a foolish affair. Presently there may be a new manager in the store and the novelist will lose his place. Once in a long while he thinks of that and then he smiles.

The novelist is not to be won from his purpose. Virginia Borden is a woman who lived in Chicago. The novelist has seen and talked with her. Like the store manager she forgot herself talking to him. She forgot the torn ear and the bare spot where no hair grew and the skin was snow-white. To talk with the novelist was like talking aloud to herself. It was delightful. For a year she knew him and then went away to live with a brother in Colorado where she was thrown from a horse and killed.

When she lived in Chicago many people knew Virginia Borden. They saw her going here and there in the streets. Once she was married to a man who was leader of an orchestra in a theater but the marriage was not a success. Nothing that Virginia Borden did in the city was successful.

The novelist is to write the life-story of Virginia Borden. As he begins the task a great humbleness creeps over him. Tears come into his eyes. He is afraid and trembles.

In the woman who walked and talked with him the novelist has seen many strange, beautiful, unexpected little turns of mind. He knows that in Virginia Borden there was a spirit that, but for the muddle of life, might have become a great flame.

It is the dream of the novelist that he will make men understand the spirit of the woman they saw in the streets. He

wants to tell the store manager of her and the little wiry man who has a desk next to his own. In the Wabash Avenue store there is a woman who sits on a high stool with her back to the novelist. He wants to tell her of Virginia Borden, to make her see the reality of the woman who failed, to make all see that such a woman once lived and went about among the women of Chicago.

As the novelist works events grow in his mind. His mind is forever active and he is continually making up stories about himself. As the Virginia Borden men saw was a caricature of the Virginia Borden who lived in the mind of the novelist, so he knows that he is himself but a shadow of something very real.

And so the novelist puts himself into the book. In the book he is a large, square-shouldered man with tiny eyes. He is one who came to Chicago from a village in Poland and was a leader in an orchestra in the theater. As the orchestra leader, the novelist married Virginia Borden and lived in a house with her.

You see the novelist wants to explain himself also. He is a lover and so vividly does he love that he has the courage to love even himself. And so it is the lover that sits writing and the madness of the writer is the madness of the lover. As he writes he is making love. Surely all can understand that.

III.

Consider the tantalizing difference in the quality of work produced by two men. In the first we get at times an almost overwhelming sense of proficiency in his craft. The writer, we feel, knows art forms, knows construction, knows words. How he slings the words about. His sentences stay in the mind. Word clings to word. Almost every one of his lines is quotable.

And this other fellow. His words do not cling, his art forms become at times shapeless, he stumbles, going crudely

and awkwardly forward.

And how breathlessly we follow. What is he doing that he holds us so tightly? What is the secret of our love of him, even in the midst of his awkwardness?

He is revealing himself to us. See how shamelessly and boldly he is trying to tell us of the thing that is a never-ceasing marvel to him—the march of his own life; the complete story of his own adventure in the midst of the universal adventure.

It is Sunday evening and I am dining alone in a restaurant. The day is cold and cheerless and since morning I have been at work in my room.

I have been revising a book that is partly good, partly bad. That it is at all bad has chilled the fires in me. The thing should not have been bad. What a fine figure I was as the labor leader. How strange and wonderful my thoughts as I went through the city nights, hurrying from place to place, stirring the soul of labor. And how feebly I have expressed my thoughts. In the restaurant I jab at the table-cloth with my fork. "I should have done more with myself in so fine a role."

In the restaurant, that faces Wabash Avenue, my thoughts wander away from the book and I begin to think of an incident that happened on the evening before.

Some two weeks before that evening I had met a woman in another restaurant. She was an Englishwoman with a long thin face and when I came upon her she sat at a table with a party of friends. One of the party beckoned and I went to sit at the table. I sat by the Englishwoman.

At the table the entire party was in a playful mood. Wine went about. Someone sang a song. From all sides a great clatter of voices arose.

Between the Englishwoman and myself much laughing talk went on. Here and there we turned, laughing and shouting at the people seated at the table.

And then in a moment all was changed. A new quality came to color our brief acquaintanceship. There amid the noise and the laughter our two minds ran out to meet each other.

I cannot remember the details of that change. I had said something of England and its position in the world, something to the effect that England would always succeed, that English national stupidity insured success. "All successful things are stupid," I declared, looking at the woman.

The Englishwoman looked away. When our eyes met again her eyes were troubled. "Ah!" I thought quickly, "she has the rare gift of earnestness. There is wisdom in this woman. She knows that life is too short to be spent in half moods. A moment ago she was completely in fun, now she is as completely in earnest."

Hastily I withdrew my poorly digested comments concerning her native land and we talked. For five, perhaps for ten minutes, we got at each other. Like two wide-eyed children in a world full of unaccountable peoples and impulses, we talked of England, of America, of our own lives, of the strangeness and loveliness of our minds, meeting and embracing in that great noisy place.

"We must talk a whole evening away," I pleaded. "After these few moments we would be fools not to do that."

The hand of the woman, lying on the table, trembled. Perhaps my hand trembled also. Even now as I sit writing of the woman, my hand, that plays back and forth on the paper, shakes with the memory of her.

We walked in Jackson Park here in Chicago, going along the paths in silence. Thoughts arose. In so brief a time there had been built up in each of us a background of much thinking. Already our two lives were colored, each by the other. After a time words came. She was lonely in America and talked of her own country and of a wide moor that ran away toward the sunset beyond her own town. On Sundays she had

gone upon the moor with the people with whom she lived and whom she loved. With a man she loved she had walked hand in hand and had talked as she and I had talked in the restaurant.

In the park it was cold and we met no people. Presently we got upon a wide open space. The dreary persistent wind roared in distant trees. In the night the open space was mysteriously vast.

Again we walked along in silence. I put out my hand and in it she put her own hand.

And then the old human problem presented itself to the woman and me. We had stopped beneath a small tree. Away in the distance a street car ran past the front of the park. It seemed immeasurable miles away. The cold wind beat about her slender figure.

I took the woman into my arms. In her face as it looked up into mine was all of the loveliness of woman. How men have ached and prayed and fought and whipped themselves to long lives of endeavor because of the unworldly beauty in the eyes of woman. Oh, there was unspeakable loveliness in her. How I longed for beauty within myself, beauty with which to match that beauty, that quiet, submissive, waiting loveliness in her.

With an impotent cry I turned and taking her by the hand led her back to walk again upon the gravel paths.

We talked then. How the words welled up in me. "Never," I cried, "shall I find beauty to match your beauty; your lover—he must have been very wonderful." Aimlessly I stumbled about, saying words, trying to make her understand how truly in my poor way I also loved her.

In the restaurant I pay my bill, and go out into the street. What matter if my hands tremble and I have forgotten to eat? What matter if the Englishwoman, met in that other restaurant, sailed for home two days after our meeting? What

matter if, on that Saturday evening, I suffered from a headache and walked alone in the windswept park? What matter if I never in all my life knew such a woman?

Is my story for all these reasons the less true? Is the moment in which I look down into the loveliness of a woman's soul less a part of my life because it happened in fancy there in the restaurant in Wabash Avenue?

Again and again I proclaim the richness of life that men miss. Have you not also walked in the street reconstructing the conversations, the meetings, the brief awkward moments through which you have passed?

You were making literature then. In the actual moment you had been crude and awkward and so as you walked muttering you reconstructed the moment, made it more lovely, more alive with meaning.

In the street as you walked the sentences you made were filled with meaning, your desires honest, your acts noble.

What care I whether or not you get money from the stories of your true life and whether or not you gain fame? Do you not see that as you, in your turn, dine in your Wabash Avenue restaurant I would have your hours touched with the beauty that has come to me here after this dull working day?

IV.

I am walking in the street at evening of a summer day. The rush of people homeward bound has passed and something of the jaded weariness of their faces remains in my mind. I go heavily along by an iron railing that guards a network of railroad tracks. The tracks run away between rows of grey brick buildings into Chicago's West Side. Beside the tracks is the river that flows from the lake into the land and that carries away the sewage of the city. The river is like a drain that takes the fetid matter from a wound and the city is a wound upon the prairie.

As I walk my mind becomes heavy and dull. I have passed

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the middle age of life and I begin to measure the courage left to me as a traveler in a desert might look at the water in a water-bottle. I become afraid and tremble. Over a distant bridge that mounts high above the river and the tracks passes a long procession of wagons pulled by weary horses. From the wheels of the wagon dust arises. Behind the cloud of dust burns the sun, also flushed with weariness.

In a kind of desperation I begin letting my mind play with my own life, with what I have seen of the lives of others. Things seen, and that have been lying like spermatozoa in the sack of my mind, grow and are fertilized by the facts of my own journey through the world.

I am a boy who came to Chicago from a little place in Missouri. Like most boys raised in the hill country I was lean and strong. I was uneducated but much solitary riding of horses over lonely hills had led me into the habit of letting my mind play. It was a custom of mine to talk aloud and to sing at the top of my voice as I went along and at times it was difficult to restrain these impulses as I walked among the crowds in the city streets.

In the city I lived on the West Side with my sister who later went wrong and was lost in the maze of the life here. Our younger sister who is now married to a printer and lives in a suburb called Austin lived with us. She had blue eyes and a tiny hesitating voice and on Sunday mornings walked hand in hand with me in Washington Boulevard chattering away and asking questions that I could not answer.

What a struggle we had, the three of us, there in the city. For a long time I could not get work and we got into debt so that I had to write to my uncle for money. He sold three hogs that would have littered in the spring and sent the money to me. Sometimes I smile now as I think of that letter. How the words must have been misspelled and how amusing the arrangement of words. It might have been printed in a comic paper. Later, you see, I went to night school and rose in the

world.

But I am thinking of that first winter. I worked with other men on a pile-driver that drove piles for the foundation of a warehouse. The warehouse is now finished and stands near the mouth of the river where the boats come in from the lake. All day the waves washed against the long flat boat on which stood the engine that lifted a heavy weight only to let it drop again on the head of the log we were driving into the soft river mud. At first the log sank rapidly, a foot or more with each blow, but later it went slowly inch by inch.

How cold it was on the boat. In the morning I liked it out there. The slapping of the waves against the boat, the heavy thump of the weight on the head of the log and the puffing of the engine made it possible to talk aloud.

I talked out everything that came into my mind. Close beside the engine I stood and the words rolled out of me. In the midst of the many noises there was a great silence, so I talked into that, telling of my hopes, my dreams, my strangely impossible ambitions in life.

There was a woman of thirty-five who sang in the choir in a church on our street and I talked of her. When she sang on Sunday mornings she sometimes put her hand on the little railing of the choir loft and, from the seat where I sat with my younger, blue-eyed sister, I could see her fingers peeping out. When I talked of her hands, out there in the noisy place on the boat, I sometimes took off my gloves and looked at my own hands. They were strong but the skin was very coarse and in places the skin was broken so that red angry flesh looked through. The skin at the edge of the wounds was like the white of a fish. The water did that.

I am thinking of the winter nights when I came away from the boat, going to my place on the West Side. I went along the railroad tracks just below where I am standing now. It was dark and only the lights at the switches, the red and green

railroad lights, lighted the way.

On the boat at the edge of the lake I did not talk and sing after three o'clock in the afternoon. Those were the bad hours, from three until six, when we quit and went along boards to a wharf. From the wharf we stumbled up to a spur of the railroad tracks. Once I fell off the boards and had to be fished out of the water but even that did not increase my numbness.

All day the waves that beat against the boat sent a fine spray of water over us and this froze into ice. When the wind was off shore, however, it was not so bad. In the morning the heart beat stoutly but after three o'clock the feet and the hands and even the balls of the eyes became cold. I could not think of the woman who sang in the church choir after three o'clock and sometimes as I went along the tracks that ran into the West Side I could not see very well. How odd that a train did not hit me! I stepped away from trains like a horse that cannot be induced to run its head against a tree, even in the pitch darkness.

From the place by the railing at the edge of the tracks on the summer evening I return across the city to my own room. I am vividly aware of my own life that escaped the winter on the boat. How many such lives I have lived. Then I only made a dollar and a half a day and now I sometimes make more than that in a few minutes. How wonderful to be able to write words. I am enamored of myself because I can write words and can make my living by it. Now perhaps I could have the woman who sang in the choir and perhaps I would not take her if she offered.

In my room I sit thinking of courage—of the courage of men. The balls of the eyes of the boy on the track were numb and he could scarcely see. In the two rooms where he lived with his sisters there was a tiny coal stove by a window. It

was put there to stop the cold from coming through the cracks in the window sill and that necessitated a long stove-pipe having many joints. The pipe was fastened with wires and often at night it fell down scattering black coal soot on the bed where the boy lay. He could not eat when he came home but lay on the bed until his heart beat strong again and warmth came back into his body. At nine o'clock he arose, washed, had his supper, and returned again to sleep beneath the long stove-pipe.

On my desk in my room there is a black leather note-book with leaves that may be taken out. When the leaves are all written full I take them out, fasten them with rubber bands, and put them away. Then I fill the book with new white leaves.

In my room when I come back from standing by the tracks I think how I was afraid because I have reached middle age. There is a cunning satisfaction in my heart because I think that when my body is weary I shall take the leaves from the rubber bands and go on writing year after year as though I were yet alive.

There is satisfaction in this thought until another thought comes. Not as I stood weary by the tracks, but now, as I think of the hoarded leaves of white paper in the rubber bands, has the coward appeared. To myself I say, "Am I to be less stout-hearted than the boy who stumbled half frozen along the tracks?"

And so, although the night is warm I have a fire in the fire-place in my room. One by one I burn the white leaves I have saved.

Are we, who write stories, who paint pictures and who act upon the stage to go on forever hoarding our minor triumphs, like frugal merchants who keep a secret bank account; are we to be less courageous than our brothers, the laborers?

Tomorrow I am afraid that my courage will have failed.

And so, tonight, although it is warm here, I have a fire in the fire-place in my room.

V.

It is three o'clock of a winter's afternoon and I am lying in a nook among rocks on the side of a mountain in Missouri. I am clad in heavy boots that lace to the knees and they are covered with frozen mud. In a road far below an old Ozark mountaineer is riding a donkey to a distant town. He is a tall old man and his feet hang to the ground. I am in a sheltered place and the cold wind does not reach me, but across the prospect of barren hills it goes, shouting and roaring. Beyond the road that lies at the foot of the hill there is a river and along this there comes presently a raft upon which stands a man with a pole in his hand. He is singing a ballad of a country girl who went away to a distant city and there became the plaything of evil. There is a penetrating quality of beauty in the raftsman's voice and my mind is carried away by it.

I begin reconstructing the life of the country girl of the song. She is tall and strong and very lean like the girls I have seen at the doors of the cabins along the roads that run through the hills. There is in her a kind of wild beauty, tempered by ignorance. She stands within the door of the cabin also singing, and outside the door, clad in a worn man's overcoat, is an old woman who smokes a pipe. As she sings the mountain girl looks at the old woman, who is hideous. The hunger for beauty, that will presently destroy the girl, that echoes in the heart of the lonely raftsman on the river among the hills, comes up and possesses me. I turn about in my nook and stare long and hard at the cheerless hills. The oak trees have retained last year's leaves and these are now a dull red. I see death here as I have seen it so often in faces of men in the cities, but here the note of beauty has remained in the midst of death. The dull red leaves that rattle in the

wind are the visible signs of it. It plays in the minds of the raftsman and the girl and in my own mind.

Again I begin the endless game of reconstructing my own life, jerking it out of the shell that dies, striving to breathe into it beauty and meaning. A thought comes to me.

When I was a boy I lived in a town in Ohio and often I wandered away to lie upon my back, thinking, as I am doing now. I reconstruct and begin to color and illuminate incidents of my life there. Words said, shouts of children, the barking of dogs at night, occasional flashes of beauty in the eyes of women and old men are remembered. I wonder why my life, why all lives, are not more beautiful.

Away to the city I take myself and I am sitting beside a woman in a room upstairs in a cheap apartment house. I am a grown man now, alive with vigor, and I am determined I shall make love to the woman. She has a tall boyish figure and strange grey eyes. Something in the eyes madden me. I rush to the woman, take her into my arms, and kiss her passionately. See, I have killed something that was lovely in the eyes of the woman. I have done my share toward putting that keen plaintive note into the voice of the ignorant raftsman. It was beautiful to make love to the woman but in making love I also killed beauty.

Again a turn of my mind. Back I come to these papers. I begin to see myself, to see all writers in a new aspect. My fingers tremble to begin explaining my thoughts.

When I was a boy in the Ohio town I was given a conventional American education which included not a few rather dreary hours in what is called God's House. As I grew older and pushed out into the world I no longer thought of the church and a peculiar, insistent something kept me from going there.

Since my twentieth year—and I am now, as I lie in the nook on the hillside, a man near forty—I have not been inside

a house of worship. Before coming to the mountains I secured small editions of the four books by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and these I have carried in my pocket and read as I lay on wind-swept peaks, or sat at night by a campfire near some chattering river's shore. I had been curious concerning the telling of that same old story by the four men who, like the man of whom they talked, were artists, no doubt the most worthy among the hundreds who told the story.

On the mountainside thoughts crowd in upon me. I begin to sense the inner purpose of these papers. They are a kind of challenge to myself and to all writers. Why should we not begin, many of us, to tell in our own way and out of our own lives, that same story? Why should there not come from among us, men also worthy to stand up beside the old artists, a Henry Rodgers from Wisconsin or a Seth Williams of Virginia, to stand with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? It is not necessary that our man resort to the subterfuge of hiding behind the names of the disciples, the fishermen, and the collectors of taxes who went up and down with Him. Is there not in some one of us a testament, an inner story of struggle and failure, that, because of its truth, shall be found worthy to stand beside the story of another day, yes, even beside the masterful presentation made by John?

How afire I am, thinking of the fine courage of this thought. I want to tell my brother writers of it. My mind does not suggest that the stories as presented by our four predecessors are bare of the touch of life that is in the hand of the true artist. I am thinking only that time, the droning voices of the preachers, and the changing life of man has taken away some flavor that must once have been there. Have we not come into a new age filled with the stirrings of new life? Will we not forever be so coming? Why in our strivings should we be less bold than they? May we not, by the courage and nobility of our presentation of the inner story of our

lives hope finally to outdo them; outdo them in the truth of the presentation of the artist who must fail to the minds of our age?

On the hillside I arise from my nook and the wind plays about my shoulders. The dreariness has gone out of the day. I am looking forward to the coming of the new artist who will give us what the old men did not completely give, the beautiful and stirring story of the spirit that failed, just as the artist himself shall fail and who, like the Christ, on that dramatic night in the garden, must come at last to the facing of truth and know that he must always fail, that, even in keeping alive the memory of his struggle, all men shall fail.

Down the hillside to my own cabin I come, my mind saluting the four who tried so faithfully to tell the story of failure in the old past. I salute the four but, with the dream of the new men before me, I do not bow down to them. Firmly I stand upon the right of the new brood of writers to attempt all, to tell the story of struggle and failure so vividly that there shall come from among them many disciples; perhaps, in his turn, one so daring, so bold, and so faithful in his facing of failure, that he also shall be called the Christ.

Holy Russia

RUSSIA is born. Before her birth we knew her—we who have never seen her face. In her books she came to us: and in her youth: and in her martyred men—practical men—men by whose hands youth's Dream could come alive. We knew Russia, and loved her. We welcomed her, when she was yet unborn.

We understood when they told us of tyrannies and pogroms and corruptions. These were facts. These surely will long be facts. We possessed Russia's truth. We knew her to be unborn. We had learned a lesson well from Russia: from the voice of her art in the world, and the glow of her youth in the world,—where they had been cast out.

The youth came to us. They had been tortured. They had been thrust into cells so small that they could neither stand in them nor rest. They had been stripped of their speech. Their sisters had been taken away from them. And they had bought escape, not with the truth that they were clean and clear, but with a piece of gold. So they came to us, loving Russia.

They came to us, and we welcomed them. We gave them honor. We healed their bodies. We brought them new comrades—new sisters and new brothers. And over there, they had been despised and destroyed. Yet, always, they came to us, loving Russia.

We read their books. Terrible Russian books. Books of pestilent prisons: of poverty and disease. Suffering lay like

black grass over the grey plains of Russia. Suffering and death and sin. But the books came to us, bringing love of Russia. Deeper and greater than these—love for Russia.

We heard their songs. Songs of the Volga, songs of the murmurous moujiks—their interminable sleep and their fierce dreams in grovelling corners. And we heard the music of their masters: weaves of passion, panoplies of rebellion, hot interludes from peace. And the songs brought love with them: love of the rolling Russian mist over the soil; love of the suppliant Russian village; love of the vast, mastered Russian heart. Love for Russia.

We heard the voices of their prophets. Russia was dying! Russia was mad! The souls of Russia were transfixed on crosses. The souls of Russia were bloody and dead. Russia was fetid with the strewn carcass of her Dream. A dead Christ rotted in golden Russian cloth! Yet the hands of the prophets brought pity and peace, and brought love. Love of the Russians. Love for Russia.

Men and women, martyred and driven forth, came to us lingering and backward. Their arms were strained toward the land whence they had come. Their eyes were longing toward their agonies. And in their eyes was love.

Russia with her hate brought love: with her scourges branded love: with her poisons brewed love: with her massacres gave birth to love. What mystery was Russia?

O the loving wisdom of Russia's men and women! O the loving knowledge of Russia's books. O the song mothered by the songs of Russia. Russia has come to life. And the love of her flayed youth is clear. The gladness in the gloom of her tales, the prayer within her angry symphonies, the hunger of the sorrow of her prophets—all of the love of hating Russia is made manifest!

Road and Hills

By Stephen Vincent Benét

I shall go away
To the brown hills, the quiet ones,
The vast, the mountainous, the rolling,
Sun-fired and drowsy!

My horse snuffs delicately
At the strange wind;
He settles to a swinging trot; his hoofs tramp the dust.
The road winds, straightens,
Slashes a marsh,
Shoulders out a bridge,
Then—
Again the hills.
Unchanged, innumerable,
Bowing huge, round backs;
Holding secret, immense converse:
In gusty voices,
Fruitful, fecund, toiling
Like yoked black oxen.

The clouds pass like great, slow thoughts
And vanish
In the intense blue.

My horse lopes; the saddle creaks and sways.
A thousand glittering spears of sun slant from on high.
The immensity, the spaces,
Are like the spaces
Between star and star.

The hills sleep.
If I put my hand on one,
I would feel the vast heave of its breath.
I would start away before it awakened
And shook the world from its shoulders.
A cicada's cry deepens the hot silence.
The hills open
To show a slope of poppies,
Ardent, noble, heroic,
A flare, a great flame of orange;
Giving sleepy, brittle scent
That stings the lungs.
A creeping wind slips through them like a ferret; they bow and dance, answering Beauty's voice . . .

The horse whinnies. I dismount
And tie him to the grey worn fence.
I set myself against the javelins of grass and sun;
And climb the rounded breast,
That flows like a sea-wave.
The summit crackles with heat, there is no shelter, no hollow from the flagellating glare.

I lie down and look at the sky, shading my eyes.
My body becomes strange, the sun takes it and changes it, it does not feel, it is like the body of another.
The air blazes. The air is diamond.
Small noises move among the grass . . .

Blackly,
A hawk mounts, mounts in the inane
Seeking the star-road,
Seeking the end . . .
But there is no end.

Here, in this light, there is no end . . .

Poems from the Arabic

By Kahlil Gibran

(Kahlil Gibran was born on Mt. Lebanon, in Syria. As a young man he went over into Europe, living especially in Paris, where he came under the personal influence of Rodin. He is at present making his home in New York. He is both painter and poet. His poetry is written in Arabic, and is known very widely among the millions who read that language. He is as much the poet of the Near East as Tagore is of the East. THE SEVEN ARTS *has from time to time published several of Mr. Gibran's poems, translated by himself. The following group, selected from his play, "The Madman," is brought together to give a fuller grasp of his great power.*—ED.)

The Two Hermits

UPON a lonely mountain, there lived two hermits who worshipped God and loved one another.

Now these two hermits had one earthen bowl, and this was their only possession.

One day an evil spirit entered into the heart of the older hermit and he came to the younger and said, "It is long that we have lived together. The time has come for us to part. Let us divide our possessions."

Then the younger hermit was saddened and he said, "It grieves me, Brother, that thou shouldst leave me. But if thou must needs go, so be it." And he brought the earthen bowl and gave it to him saying, "We cannot divide it, Brother, let it be thine."

Then said the older hermit, "Charity I will not accept. I will take nothing but mine own. Half the bowl is mine. It must be divided."

And the younger one said, "If the bowl be broken, of what

use would it be to thee or to me? If it be thy pleasure let us rather cast a lot."

But the older hermit said again, "I will have but justice and mine own, and I will not trust justice and mine own to vain chance. The bowl must be divided."

Then the younger hermit could reason no further and he said, "If it be indeed thy will and if even so thou wouldst have it let us now break the bowl."

But the face of the older hermit grew exceeding dark, and he cried, "O thou cursed coward, thou wouldst not fight."

My Friend

MY friend, I am not what I seem. Seeming is but a garment I wear—a care-woven garment that protects me from thy questionings and thee from my negligence.

The "I" in me, my friend, dwells in the house of silence, and therein it shall remain forevermore, unperceived, unapproachable.

I would not have thee believe in what I say nor trust in what I do—for my words are naught but thy own thoughts in sound, and my deeds thine own hopes in action.

When thou sayest, "The wind bloweth eastward," I say, "Aye, it doth blow eastward"; for I would not have thee know that my mind doth not dwell upon the wind but upon the sea.

Thou canst not understand my seafaring thoughts, nor would I have thee understand. I would be at sea alone.

When it is day with thee, my friend, it is night with me; yet even then I speak of the noontide that dances upon the hills and of the purple shadow that steals its way across the valley; for thou canst not hear the songs of my darkness nor see my wings beating against the stars—and I fain would not have thee hear or see. I would be with night alone.

When thou ascendest to thy Heaven I descend to my Hell

—even then thou callest to me across the unbridgeable gulf, "My companion, my comrade," and I call back to thee, "My comrade, my companion"—for I would not have thee see my Hell. The flame would turn thy eyesight and the smoke would crowd thy nostrils. And I love my Hell too well to have thee visit it. I would be in Hell alone.

Thou lovest Truth and Beauty and Righteousness; and I for thy sake say it is well and seemly to love these things. But in my heart I laugh at thy love. Yet I would not have thee see my laughter. I would laugh alone.

My friend, thou art good and cautious and wise; nay, thou art perfect—and I, too, speak with thee wisely and cautiously. And yet I am mad. But I mask my madness. I would be mad alone.

My friend, thou art not my friend, but how shall I make thee understand? My path is not thy path, yet together we walk, hand in hand.

The Three Ants

THREE ants met on the nose of a man who was lying asleep in the sun. And after they had saluted one another, each according to the custom of his tribe, they stood there conversing.

The first ant said, "These hills and plains are the most barren I have known. I have searched all day for a grain of some sort, and there is none to be found."

Said the second ant, "I too have found nothing, though I have visited every nook and glade. This is, I believe, what my people call the soft, moving land where nothing grows."

Then the third ant raised his head and said, "My friends, we are standing now on the nose of the Supreme Ant, the mighty and infinite Ant, whose body is so great that we cannot see it, whose shadow is so vast that we cannot trace it, whose voice is so loud that we cannot hear it; and He is omnipresent."

When the third ant spoke thus the other ants looked at each other and laughed.

At that moment the man moved and in his sleep raised his hand and scratched his nose, and the three ants were crushed.

God

IN THE ancient days, when the first quiver of speech came to my lips, I ascended the holy mountain and spoke unto God, saying, "Master, I am thy slave. Thy hidden will is my law and I shall obey thee forevermore."

But God made no answer, and like a mighty tempest passed away.

And after a thousand years I ascended the holy mountain and again spoke unto God, saying, "Creator, I am thy creation. Out of clay hast thou fashioned me and to thee I owe mine all."

And God made no answer, but like a thousand swift wings passed away.

And after a thousand years I climbed the holy mountain and spoke unto God again, saying, "Father, I am thy son. In pity and love thou hast given me birth, and through love and worship I shall inherit thy kingdom."

And God made no answer, and like the mist that veils the distant hills he passed away.

And after a thousand years I climbed the sacred mountain and again spoke unto God, saying, "My God, my aim and my fulfillment; I am thy yesterday and thou art my tomorrow. I am thy root in the earth and thou art my flower in the sky, and together we grow before the face of the sun."

Then God leaned over me, and in my ears whispered words of sweetness, and even as the sea that enfoldeth a brook that runneth down to her, he enfolded me.

And when I descended to the valleys and the plains God was there also.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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I OPENED my Walt Whitman the other night, after a hard day, full of confusion. War had just been declared, and I found one mood replacing another. At one moment it seemed America's Folly, the tragic loss of her rôle as peacemaker. At another, I thought of how impossible it is for this country to do anything, to say anything, without striking the attitude of a savior. We are trying to make this war, I thought, a social workers' affair; we are standing up as the world's Big Brother. But in another mood it seemed to me as if we were being pushed into an experience we need, no matter what name we give it: that now at last we transcendentalists, Christian Scientists, intellectuals, we optimistic Ameri-

cans, were going to know of a reality a little deeper. But then again I saw an amateur nation tangled in the skein of European dynastic politics, giving up its growing independence to be an instrument in the hands of keen transatlantic statesmen. These thoughts, and their feelings, and many others went through me in successive waves; and I wondered whether what I experienced was not typical of a widespread confusion.

AS I said, I opened my Walt Whitman in the evening. I turned naturally to "Drum-Taps": I wondered what he felt in 1861 and onward—in those years when at last the nation was drawn into one super-personal purpose from its individual tasks and desires. What struck me first was the note of intense conviction:

"Rise O days from your fathomless deeps, till you loftier, fiercer, sweep . . .
Something for us is pouring now more than Niagara pouring,
Torrents of men . . .
How the true thunder bellows after the lightning—how bright the flashes of lightning!
How Democracy with desperate vengeful port strides on . . .

"I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire—on the water and air I waited long;
But now I no longer wait, I am fully satisfied, I am glutted,
I have witnessed the true lightning, I have witnessed my cities electric,
I have lived to behold man burst forth and warlike America rise."

I caught in this terrible martial music, the savage splendor of a great action, a national heroism. Every human drop in that storm was charged with electricity. It seemed something other than the account I read in the papers of how the House of Representatives listened to the speeches that led to our present decision. "Members lounged in their seats, even 'joshed' some of the speakers, and had to be admonished that they were not 'at a vaudeville performance, but in the midst of a solemn duty.'"

I FOLLOWED Walt Whitman on, and read this:

"Long, too long America,
Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are,
(For who except myself has yet conceiv'd what your children en-masse really are?)"

These words might, of course, have been written today. If war is that experience which brings national greatness, who can explain the barren epoch behind us since the Civil War? It is a period spiritually burnt-out, as if all the fire had gone into that conquest of the rebellious South. It is the period of the glorified Captain of Industry and the rise of Christian Science. It contains not one name of preëminence in art or letters, in statesmanship or leadership. Evidently war wearies everyone except the practical man. But then our Industrial Captains, most of them, were already at work while the rest of the nation fought and bled.

ONE poem more of Whitman caught me. He wrote it after the dark years when he went down into the war-hospitals, with his baskets of fruit, and like a simple comrade, wrote letters home for dying boys, and kissed their eyes shut as they died in his arms. The poem is called "Reconciliation."

"Word over all, beautiful as the sky,
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time be utterly lost,
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I draw near,
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in the coffin."

It helps little that we grieve over the immaturity and foolishness of human nature; that we marvel at man, who even yet can only learn through bitter experience and great sorrow; who even yet must have his enemy dead though he dies himself in the attempt; who even now, after so much of anguish in his uninterrupted thousands of years of war, can only rise over the dead bodies of men divine as himself, needy as himself, foolish as himself. So it is, and so, like those before us, we must go into the great fires, learning what was learned before, in the hope of the peace to be.

J. O.

American Optimism

By Leo Stein

THE obviously insistent fact about the expressions of the American spirit is their optimism. The stories, read by the upper ten million of the community, the plays they see, the things they say, the phrases on their lips, all correspond. And what is true of them is in an almost equal measure true of those who aim at finer and more carefully selected things. Not only the cheap literature, but the better and the best, is predominantly optimistic. The contradictory note is on occasion struck, but it becomes at once a matter for comment, and is by most critics noted, as un-American. There is of course in general a recognition of much and many evils, but beneath there is a sanguine hope. Every book almost, that is not frivolous, ends on the note of amelioration, and when, as in some of the modern poetry, there is no positive temper of expectancy, the spirit is that of enthusiastic, all-including, and impartial observation. Things either can be made good or else the moral values are ignored in recognition of the values of mere existence. To be, and to be alive, is then considered a sufficient justification. What, on the other hand, one rarely finds, is the note of utter tragedy, the note of stoicism, of mere acceptance, of renunciation. The optimism is inveterate and all but universal. It is also, it must be admitted, in general ignorant and biased. It accepts much without a rigorous examination of credentials, and minimizes the obstacles that it finds. In spots it shows itself courageous in acceptance, though on the whole it does avoid the test of a close examination of the facts that it should confront. Its cheerful carelessness is

therefore something less than convincingly heroic, and its prevailing blindness makes one doubt its full validity; and one is forced to ask whether the courage is not in part a result of just that blindness. Could American optimism hold its own, if it would fairly measure the facts it has before it? Has it a deeper justification than inexperience? Do time and progress tend toward its endorsement or its refutation?

This note of persistent optimism in American letters, even at their best, contrasts sharply with the temper of the world's classic literature, in which the optimistic accent even when present is rarely dominant or exuberant. Rather one finds in it when it plumbs deeply the spirit of life and is not crushed by what it finds, the note of resignation, of noble submission to an overmastering fate. There is despair, there is serenity that surmounts despair, there is stoicism that accepts, there is ecstasy that exults in the mystery-enclouded, scarcely-revealed splendors of the divine wisdom, but in general for the life of man there is the felt term, the tomb that marks the boundaries of mortality, and confines the noblest flights of the spirit. The order of life is delimited and fixed, and the soul of man can, for a short while only, rejoice in the garden. Against the fate that ever threatens to turn paradise into a desert, there is a refuge in a heaven beyond, a life beyond life, where the spirit is made whole, from the bruises of this world of pain. Tragedy has at all times except the present, and especially the present of America, been looked on as the supreme expression in art, the deepest, fullest manifestation of man's sense of his life's meaning, the statement of his closest and most naked contact with the problem of his destiny. The only great transcendence of the tragic was the resurrection, the upspringing on the farther side of the tomb's horizon, the compensation for the woeful journey through the world. From lightning and tempest, from plague, pestilence and famine, from battle, murder and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us, was the prayer of those who lived under an earlier order. To them nature was

inexorable and supreme, the rule of things mysterious and inflexible, and they themselves the moment's tenants of the clay, beaten upon by all the forces of the world, and held upright only by the benignant finger of God. Such has been man in his deep and self-revealing moments.

To keep the balance true he has had the feeling of the flesh. If his tragedy was full of agony and despair, his comedy was not deficient in joy and radiance. The sculptors of Greece and the painters of Italy, of France and Flanders loved the body's sensuous magnificence as those of Holland the body's indulgence. Tragedy was only in small part the artist's concern, for the chisel and brush were better suited to illustrate the pleasures than the lacerations of the soul. The pageantry of earth was their greater theme, and they were soaked in the sunshine and shadow of a world of sense. Their subject was the obverse of the spiritually tragic realm of the great poets, and only rarely, as with Michelangelo, did they wrestle with the spirit's agony. For the poet as for the philosopher, nature was in large part the spirit's vestment and the means to its interpretation, for both laid their stress upon its inner meaning; but to the painter and the sculptor, nearer in spirit to the constructive genius, the engineer, the builder, and the man of science, nature was treasured more for its bodily values and for the beauty of its outward side.

Of this sensuousness, as of the tragic spirit, there is but little in American art. Its world of plastic forms is thin and bloodless, and its tragedy is only make-believe—a sighing reminiscence. It has been optimistic in the main and sensuously reticent—in matters of the spirit, and the flesh as well, it has stopped short of full acceptance of the facts before it. Optimism, as Walt Whitman has shown, can be robust; perhaps in time it may become both robust and rich, and wise. Its future hopes depend upon this consummation.

The optimism that prevailed in former days in America was very different from that which we know today, and

differently conditioned. It took its rise when the decline of the New England Puritanism that had carried heavily, and painfully, its burden of sin, permitted the emergence of a more expansive spirit. Puritanism, as long as it continued to be seriously regarded, was essentially a denial of the spiritual value of opportunity, since it really meant that as long as destiny held the keys of salvation, no freedom and success could be genuinely real. It was only with the rise of Unitarianism and the greater range of spiritual experiment that culminated in the typical literature and social endeavor of New England that the optimism born of the American opportunity came into being. Men were then free for inner expansion, in consonance with their practical conditions. They came to realize the significance of their economic possibilities, and pitied Europe because of its kings, its crowds, and its poverty. In striking contrast, free land and free opportunity were to make of America, or for that matter had made of America, a uniquely favored world. Of course there were plenty of drawbacks and limitations, but these were more than compensated for by the sense the people had of citizenry in a chosen land, and the free movement determined by the vast ranges of unoccupied soil intensified the feeling of option and independence.

In Benjamin Franklin, the first important American writer, political and economic optimism voiced themselves, but there was in it nothing of the American scale. Except for the greater opportunity due to the fact that everything was still in the making, and to a certain freshness due to the variety of interests in a community in which a man of conspicuous practical intelligence had plenty of scope, Franklin was sufficiently typical of the highest grade of self-made man in any Anglo-Saxon society. It was the opportunity that seems singularly American, rather than the man and his ideas. With Emerson, however, this was not so. He conceived the type of American optimism as something quite particular, and though himself

a New England villager, he had the vision of the American continent. He felt the originality of the occasion, and of the opportunities that it offered, and he demanded the freedom to avail himself of it. His thoughts were those of a philosophical idealist, conditioned by the economic, political and social outlook of America, not that America only which his countrymen had up to then discovered, but, more extensively, that which the American scene made possible. He felt so strongly the greatness of the occasion, the fulness that life offered to him who would put out his hand and take, that he on the whole ignored the difficulties of the enterprise, and assumed a perfectibility that he could not prove.

Next came Walt Whitman, the Parsifal of American literature, who drew in eloquent terms the picture of the perfect America, not perfect in the sense of perfected, but perfect rather in the sense that all of it was good. The imperfect equally with the perfect he sang, and everything was good for the mere reason that it was. He radiated with delight over the great length and breadth of the continent, over everything that grew on it, or walked or scampered across its surface. Never before had there been such an undescriminating ecstasy, such an exuberant wallowing in the actuality, not of existence as such, but of the existence of things. Things were good, any old thing, and the more things there were the better, and hence a large part of his verse is not even description—it is a mere catalogue of things, a list of all the things that memory could recall or fantasy suggest in enlargement of the original theme.

This tone, which Walt Whitman made effective in art for the first time, had long been characteristic of American political and social oratory. The notion of munificent plenty and all of it admirably and wonderfully American—the little red school house with its range of democratic promise outreaching far the hopes of the old world, the hampered generations of Europe, with their limitations in the present and

the future, contrasted with the optimism-inspiring reaches of America—all this was continually held up to view.

There was, however, an important difference in the reception accorded to the Fourth of July oratory, and that accorded to the poetry of Whitman. The oratory really represented public sentiment on matters social and political, whereas Walt Whitman's self-styled "barbaric yawp" represented nothing that the public recognized or wanted. What stood between him and his countrymen was simply the fact that in matters of the soul's utterance, Americans did not want America. They hungered for romance, for the grace and charm of Europe, for its color and its emotional riches. Lectures and clubs for the dissemination of culture were found throughout the land, and culture always meant the culture of Europe. The attitude toward it was largely sentimental and its passion was attenuated in transmission, for people did not really feel their own identity in kind with the men and women overseas. They yearned for Europe as a Mecca, as the bearer of emotional values utterly different from the commonplace of home, and in their more acceptable art they echoed its expressions. America was felt to be too new, too raw, to be the matter and stuff of beauty, and when as in the case of Cooper and Irving the American scene was utilized, it was done in the spirit of related English forms. Hawthorne's tragedy was romantically remote and sentimental rather than real. Except in spots our literature has been in spirit a translation. Americans felt themselves to be, culturally, expatriates, and their souls yearned for their spiritual home. They could not yet conceive of freedom otherwise than as political or economic.

In the course of time, however, it was found necessary to revise the primitive attitudes towards the economic and social freedom, and the optimism that they had inspired, for this older optimism had gone on the assumption that America had shortcircuited many of the deepest difficulties of Eu-

ropean life. It assumed that such economic and social troubles as afflicted America were the results of crudity, of hurry, and of imperfect assimilation; but that all this would correct itself in time, and that in the main America was safe. But after the decades of expansion and corruption succeeding the Civil War, things got worse instead of better, and in the nineties many persons, who before had been self-confident, began to doubt whether America was really the paradise that had been so extensively advertised. It began then to be felt that the Topsy period was over and that America would not grow to beauty, virtue and goodness, unless some one took it in hand. This was the period of Bryanism and of the beginnings of sustained efforts to achieve administrative reform. Even the Constitution, which, till then, had enjoyed an almost undisturbed reverence, fell under suspicion, and the Fathers began to totter a little on their altars. A newer optimism was grafted on the old, but its roots had grown in a very different soil, and it had had a very different history.

This root was science, and the history was that of invention and discovery. I am of course not at all concerned to trace this history, but only to consider some of the ways in which its progress affected the temper of the last century and our own. And this was done not merely by the positive achievement of the sciences, and by the products that they put at man's disposal, but rather by the way that the mere fact of solving difficulties which up to then had either not been looked upon as matters for solution or had been utterly beyond solution, altered the character of thought and feeling with respect to man's range of faculty and his relation to nature.

Before the end of the eighteenth century science had been essentially a subject for men of science, and except for its philosophical implications, of very little interest to others. Outside of a few applications of mathematics and astronomy to navigation and to engineering, its results affected very little the daily life of men. Opinion and authority, modified

by the results of direct rule-of-thumb practical experience, ruled men's lives. But with the invention of the steam engine and the discovery of modern chemistry, conditions were entirely changed, machinery and innumerable substances of value to industry became rapidly available, and from then on, instead of haphazard and occasional progress, the advance in the mastery and control of material conditions became orderly and continuous.

The natural consequence of this has been the greatly increased power over nature that has in large part determined specifically the temper of our time; and since the wireless and the aeroplane have been invented and radium discovered, it is almost impossible for skepticism to prevail against our quite unlimited confidence in the range of scientific understanding and utilization.

But though the rate of scientific progress has vastly outstripped all that the wildest prophecies could have anticipated, another of the benefits from the machine that was as hopefully expected has not been realized at all. The social benefits that were so confidently predicted have failed of realization, and a disillusioned century learned that not alone the engine, but the engineer also, would have to be transformed, in order that a social revolution should keep society advancing at a rate proportionate to the progress in mechanics. The mastery of matter was triumphantly achieved, but a victorious science was halted at the threshold of society; and its pretended advance into that further field was only the pseudo-science of political economy. In reality, authority, tradition, prejudice, continued to rule, as they had always done.

This was the social tragedy of the nineteenth century, that such increase of power should have come about and that so little should have been achieved to make intelligent direction of that power possible. There was no lack of interest in the subject, but those who took one side or those who took an-

other in the endless controversies that arose were helpless to adduce decisive reasons. Nothing was available except opinion illustrated rather than proved by fact, and even if at some moment the movement was in a right direction, it could never be depended on to continue so. What opinion can at one moment do it can in the next moment undo, and so the older cultures were a series of progressive and recessive movements, wherein the beliefs developed, at one moment, were overthrown and rendered invalid and incapable of function by beliefs that happened to come after. Good theories could be overwhelmed by bad, good practices forced from the field by worse, because these were for temporary reasons more in harmony with some prevailing conditions or emotional trends.

To this continual flux of capricious alteration, science opposes a vital contrast. Its results are verified and in part experimentally determined, and eventually embodied in utilities. They prove their value or their lack of value in use, and either go into the scrap-heap as unavailable or else remain in service on their merits, and it is only in so far as genuine test and understanding can be rendered applicable to things that the irresponsible mutations of opinion can be succeeded by the cumulative reasonableness of growth. The early optimists of the nineteenth century did not reckon with the fact that unilluminated egotism would defeat the nobler aspirations that had no warrant except nobility, and that the road to better things could not be successfully charted simply because of the possession of more perfect instruments. Science which had been embodied only in material utilities and had left man individually and socially as he had always been, had fulfilled only the lesser of its possibilities. The greater and more important task was still before it.

It was already in the middle of the last century, the time of Ruskin, Dickens and Carlyle, that the failure of a society built up on machines and political economy was getting to be recognized, but though many fulminated against it they developed

nothing that could effectually oppose it. Mechanical invention was a fact, absolute and irremovable, not to be done away with but to be supplemented by increase of knowledge and such a mastery of conditions as should make an effectual science of society possible; and the beginnings of such an extension of our understanding were already on the way. It was by no direct road that one could pass from mechanics to sociology, and the approaches attempted from philosophy and ethics did not lead to much. Another and more humble subject which had come to be attacked with serious effort, and which the biological sciences were then transforming, offered a more effective opening. This was hygiene which has since then in its various aspects come to stand quite in the forefront of contemporary interest, which has in many ways, by its conquests, revolutionized our attitudes, and is as yet only on the threshold of its achievement. Indeed so infinitely various and so dominating are the influences of hygiene on the conduct of life in our time that ours might well be called the age of hygiene, of constant and deliberate concern with health. The services of the medical profession have been at all times great in forwarding the subjects with which they were but indirectly concerned, but in no field has their co-operation had a tithe of the importance that it has had in making possible a real and serviceable science of society.

However, it is not our affair to follow these achievements but to take count of some of their significant consequences in the life of the contemporary spirit. And in fact these consequences are enormous. Hygiene has freed the human spirit from some of its most oppressive horrors and rendered less fearful others that it could not utterly remove. Death and decay, the loss of power, and the loss of life, these have been endless themes of thought and objects of solicitude. "How death came into the world and all our woe," the mystery of pain, the aspirations of eternal youth . . . than these no matters have more profoundly stirred the minds of men. Nothing

has more deeply worked on their imagination than pestilence, that terror that walked by night and ravaged away the life of thousands. The image of death has shadowed the life of man and has moved him to many of his richest utterances and therefore there is no irrelevance in bringing into close connection with the consideration of contemporary feeling, in which are rooted all creative impulses, the influence of that hygienic progress which has made disease, especially the imaginatively most appalling forms, plague and in general, infectious disease, recede and become less and less a terror. We have now, thanks to Lister, Pasteur, and a host of others, reached the point where in our normal life neither death, disease or pain is felt, as genuinely impending, and their incidence is occasional and not constant. They have come to mean in turn adventure and regret rather than passionate fear and horror, and our spiritual atmosphere has altered accordingly. Many things have changed because of this, although we do not always recognize the close connection. The removal of an ancient incubus has made possible new constructions, that would have found no place on the old blood-encumbered soil.

Among these products are America's only creative contribution to religion, the new thought creeds of which the best-established is Christian Science. The older religions offered compensations for the pain and death that weighed so heavily upon mortality, when sin also was made effectively awful because its wages were death, but now that dangers of all kinds are normally becoming more remote, that disease is more controlled, and death no longer felt to lurk in ambush, we feel less need of the ancient comforts. Optimism in the present takes the place of resignation, tempered by a distant hope, and the new thought religions build their temples where Calvary once stood. The religious cheerfulness that wars upon neurotic symptoms and despises the lumbering steps of a material science, stands on the ground which that science has prepared.

And what is true of religion is true likewise of philosophy,

which in this country has two characteristic tendencies. Pragmatism, the immediate child of scientific method, is, in its moral aspects, a philosophy of risk, and differs from the older philosophies, which were predominantly philosophies of assurance. When life was more dangerous, men sought in philosophy tranquillity and security or at the least an ideal progress, and only now when the unsought risks are relatively small have they substituted for the ideal of the peace that passeth understanding, the ideal of the turmoil that invites the soul.

And with the other movement in philosophy, the realistic, it is likewise true that its acceptance of the facts, its feeling for the objective real, so strikingly accordant with the tendency in much modern literature to accept reality simply and to describe it, is a recognition of the lack of terror in the facts. The realist, unlike the pragmatist, rejoices less in movement and adventure than in mastery and control. Realism means the spirit of fact predominant, and the sheer acceptance of reality.

So far then as hygiene, the control of pain and disease cooperating with the products of mechanical science, has helped to build up and sustain the characteristic cheerful hope of progress and increasing mastery, it has acted as a powerful determinant of contemporary life. It has let the sun and air into the recesses of disease and as a consequence a large amount of mental sun and air have followed.

But individual hygiene is a limited field and is a pathway to greater and more important conquests. Its masters were already men of scientific training, and therefore in some measure prepared for scientific methods. Besides they had at their command familiar sciences, chemistry and biology. But for the larger fields of social hygiene, neither the knowledge nor the men were to be had. And yet it was in this field that most was yet to be accomplished if the possibilities growing out of the achieved mastery of matter were to be realized. The hopes that grew and flourished in the early days of scien-

tific progress and invention were disappointed, for the society that wielded the instruments that science had devised, were controlled entirely by the methods of authority and opinion. A democracy however, a true democracy, must be more free than that; it must have better ground for action than tradition, and cannot trust to the wisdom of the men possessed of talent for political leadership to determine what its course should be. Nor is majority opinion adequate for such determinations, for though the tyranny of a majority may be in some sense more democratic than some other kind of tyranny still it does not truly serve as a solution.

A true democracy might be defined as a society where men have opportunity according to their talents, and rewards according to their services, and to discover the value of such services we need to know the worth of things. We cannot judge this worth by reliance on traditional taboo or primitive feeling, but only by long and carefully, critically studied effort. Only a social science that through knowledge leading to mastery can give us social health and clarify intentions, can give us also unity of purpose, that unity in matters on which men must agree, in order to live and work harmoniously together. Unless we can get that, authority and opinion which divide will rule, rather than understanding which unites.

Nothing has pointed out more sharply than our experience in social hygiene how far the values of opinion must yield to knowledge, how many things, generally considered matters of irreconcilable opinion, have proved in the long run to be matters of determinable fact. And so our social legislation and eventually a thousand other things that democracy requires and which may ultimately justify our optimism, will depend on ever widening circles of enlightenment. The notion of method and of ordered intelligence in affairs of public interest has become a very real issue, and though of course it is not commonly thought of in terms of science, yet it continually implies the science that it disregards. Our political

reformers are not usually scientific men, but the new spirit of investigation, the conviction that it is possible by methodic and impartial effort to find right ways of doing things, has communicated itself far beyond the confines of the laboratory. The conception of the expert who experiments and learns instead of the amateur who guesses and prefers, is a contribution from the scientific spirit, and has helped to overcome the pessimistic hopelessness of those who realised that impulses expressing themselves merely in terms of authority and opinion, have their flux and reflux, without any assurance of eventual stable progress. But with knowledge in application something is progressively gained and fixed.

It has been characteristic of this country that a great part of the social amelioration which in Europe is matter for the attention of a paternal bureaucracy has required initial effort from the public, and that this interest and occupation has helped to give to those who read, and that means all the more or less educated millions, an acquaintance with the facts of the social and material world about them. There is in consequence no lack, in books and magazines, of vigorously effective description, in which the color, form, and outward aspect of body and mind are illustrated. This reportorial work is admirable, yet no one reading this literature can escape the conviction that in spite of its buoyancy, its husky energy, and its wide-flung intelligence, its interest in fact is only an interest in externals and that beneath the surface it is traditionally elementary. The outer aspect for mind and body both is realistic, but within we find the spirit of the fairy tale.

The fairy tale employs elementary situations, and deals with the large, basic objects of desire: wealth, power, love, and life. It deals with these in terms of simple conflicts between patently hostile agents. The hero ends in the possession of riches, kingdom, princess and eternal felicity. It is a perfectly coherent scheme, and the simplicity of the formulation is entirely in harmony with the simplicity of the desires. There

is in consequence no effect of triviality. But in the American story this coherence is lost. The souls of hero and heroine are only a trifle more complicated than those of the fairy tale, but the scene has become realistically elaborate. North, South, East and West, all classes and all occupations are pictured for us, and the picturing is admirably done. Unfortunately these simple souls do not belong in a world so complex and so strained. The scene is studied from the life, but the people are, in Kipling's phrase, "just-so" people, cast in a simple mould of spiritual consistency, and undisturbed by inner contradictions. Their conflicts, when they have them, are sometimes as deep as are the outer layers of the skin, and one can go quite to the bottom without danger of drawing blood. The soul of man is treated as though it were a simple thing, as though what one did not know would never hurt one, as though an optimistic faith required the sustaining force of ignorance and fatuity.

However modern science is showing with quite convincing power that it is precisely what we do not know that can hurt us most, and if we are to have a valuable democratic society and a significant democratic art we must learn to realize this terrifying truth. Nor must it be supposed that democratic is here used as a mere catch-word. It has a definite relevance and an intimate relation to the tendencies of modern social movement.

A democratic art in the conditions of modern life must differ profoundly from most of the art of former times, for that has been in the main of two kinds: peasant art and aristocratic art. A peasant art implies a stationary society, one where by slow and gradual modifications, motives derived from any source whatever were made effective and specifically relevant to the traditional feeling of the craftsmen that produced them. The craftsman himself was furthermore one of the group for whom he worked, and through the intimacy that prevailed between the workman, the material and the

public, there developed that appropriateness, that rhythmic coherence, which we find so commonly in the art of peasants, barbarians and traditional workmen in general. We find there the same naively direct rhythmical adjustment that we find in children's drawings, and which can only be achieved when the disturbance due to complex solicitation of experience can be withheld. We all know how the child whose drawings are so marvellously just may show no taste whatever in selection, and that the peasant is notoriously at fault outside of his customary range.

We cannot have a peasant art. We have no stationary society, comparatively remote from foreign influences, nor is the desire for such a thing at all reasonable. The peasant and his art also belong to the past, to a time that can never more return; besides that, always, except among barbarians, it implied its opposite: an aristocratic art.

An aristocratic art depends upon the existence of a leisure class, a group of men born to consume the fruits of toil. They themselves produce nothing except occasional lyrics, but they are patrons and critics. Their need of a luxurious extravagance as part of their class manifestation leads to a corresponding need of variety and novelty. They require art to deck their own superiority and the artist to produce it. The artist is a craftsman and therefore drafted from the ranks of the middle classes, to which he is moreover so often maladjusted. In former times he was directly dependent on the aristocrat, but in time this close connection was dissolved, and there grew up the normal correllate of the aristocratic patron, i.e., the bohemian artist. Peasantry, aristocracy, whether noble or bourgeois, and bohemia, these are, roughly speaking, the conditions of modern European art production, and those that we, with very moderate success, have sought to acclimatize among us. The purpose has essentially miscarried, for we have in America neither the peasantry, the aristocracy, nor the bohemia, nor do we really tend toward

their production. If we are to have a native art we must look elsewhere.

Our culture and our social tendencies, our larger hopes and aspirations, point rather toward broader, leveling characters. We tend rather toward the large appeal and wider distribution. The smaller currents of esotericism, of delicate selection and choice exclusion, are not things of primary importance. They are pleasant as minor poetry is pleasant, but if they are to count in larger measure they must find a way for their currents into the main stream of national life. The kind of thing that we are energetically and commonly doing, but doing badly, must be done well. The parochialism of our soul's outlook must be enlarged, and we must get more insight and more understanding. The range of intelligent investigation must be extended, and we must add to the courage that is leading us to grapple with the hygiene of society, the greater courage that is needed to grapple with the hygiene of the soul.

This means, I take it, that just as hygiene of the body necessitated the admission of intelligence, and then of light and air, those greatest of purifiers and antiseptics, as hygiene of society required investigation, progressively more fearless and circumstantial, into those hidden regions, obscured behind a veil of social, economic and political conventions, which passed for those who profited and for those too supine or too stupid to protest, as necessary, so the soul's hygiene will require the admission of light and air into our individual depths. Hypocrisy means their exclusion, and whether conscious or unconscious, is the stupifier of the soul. We cannot move backwards to the innocence of childhood, and therefore we must move forward to a full maturity. We must learn to face the complexity of our inner life. A European with his older culture and his more mature experience is familiar with it. He knows that the only escape from hypocrisy is the recognition of his own inner multiplicity. He

knows and has adapted his life to this variety of outlook, and he knows that he must have numerous standards, social, political and economic, if he is going to be honestly and truthfully oriented with reference to the vicissitudes of daily life. He is not afraid to let his right hand know what his left hand is doing, because he knows that the complexity of human relations is so great that what the left hand may be justified in doing the right hand may refuse to do, or do it differently. His recognition of his differences makes self-criticism possible, for self-criticism is nothing but the criticism of one of our selves by another. The American, however, pretends to a simplicity that is not real. He manages to think his right hand and his left identical and consequently remains extraordinarily ignorant of both. He cannot genuinely criticise himself, for his false consistency hides his soul from his own observation, and makes for hypocrisy in act and triviality in art. A man who cannot see himself from within can see himself only as reflected in a mirror, and then, of course, he can see nothing but the outside.

If we would reach a true simplicity, that ideal simplicity whose shallow substitute assails us from the pages of an anæmic literature, we must boldly take the last step to attain healthy-mindedness. We cannot go back to a peasant simplicity which as Americans we never had, and the only alternative is full self-consciousness. We must in some way do for ourselves the thing that we are seeking to do with reference to our social structure, that is, we must seek to clarify our individual depths. We should have profited more largely for our art if we had gained this knowledge through the stress and agony of painful growth, but since we failed to get it that way, we must get it any other way we can. And we are getting it in characteristic wise. What our experience did not teach us, for that experience was quite blunted against the armor of our optimistic complacency, we are about to learn from science. The newer individual psychology, especially

identified with the name of Freud, is telling us a number of things which in part at least we should have known, and it is probable that one of the reasons why it is being accepted so much more easily here than in the centers of a wiser and more reflective civilization, is that, on the whole, we feel rather less attainted by it. We feel it as discoveries in a new and interesting field rather than as something that tears deeply at our vitals. When we have learnt the lesson we may fairly expect some importantly new orientations. In life, our optimism will have to reckon with many radical difficulties that we have hitherto ignored, and in art we then shall find that the things we now produce are inept even for their own trivial purposes. However, if we succeed, upon the basis of such knowledge, in adding to the description of mere outward things an equally successful presentation of the inner, we shall produce a picture of our time, which even in the absence of transcending genius will be vital and sufficient.

And on another range of interest, a deeper insight would have important consequences, for it is not only in regard to spiritual depths that expression in America has been inhibited by the failure to plumb the soul's demand. It was a similar uncritical simplicity of thought and shallowness of feeling that justified the identification of the flesh and the devil. No chance was given to follow either of the two alternative correctives: that of the peasant or barbarian who can indulge freely both the senses and the spirit and find no contradiction or incompatibility, because his mind makes no demand for classification and consistency; or, on the other hand, that of a finer critical insight and experience which makes distinctions with a richer understanding. Our crude uncritical criticism and our dull middle-class moralities, intelligent in form without intelligence in substance, with neither frank brutality nor beautiful refinement, which sought to rule the future with the preconceptions of the past, and chained the deeper levels of the spirit while whipping the surface into an agitated

foam, blown up with wind; these have limited our sensuous, as they have limited our intellectual, life. Only a criticism that is intelligent and that ignores pre-established boundaries, and is prepared to drop its searchlight into the deepest recesses of our lives can set us free. There is already notable progress in that direction and our fondness for the dance, the pageant, for more light and color, and greater stretching out into the open spaces, are happy symptoms. They are some first fruits of that greater knowledge, almost the greatest critical insight, that all things are good when not displaced, and that the business of education is not to do away with things, but to find places for them. It is not chaining energy but harnessing it that is desired, and only life when running freely can measure the fulness of its possibilities.

It is not then optimism nor materialism either, as we often hear, that is the crying fault of American life and art, but shallowness. Its superficiality has kept its optimism from the ultimate test, but has not disproved it. And the growing materialism is a fiction. Wherever there is wealth and luxury available, people seek it. Therefore the increase in luxury is only evidence that more can be obtained. There is, however, tremendous increase of interest in physical well-being, in general welfare, and it is often pointed out that even the churches turn more and more to questions of social betterment than to salvation. But materialism is not a matter of geography, and the good old heaven was no less essentially material because it was not to be reached by flesh-encumbered men. For most of us today, heaven, if there be a heaven, must be found on earth, and there are proportionately more people in this country today and their number is growing daily, who give themselves to making such a one as they can manage to conceive. It is such action, when there is no crisis that compels even the money-changer in the temple to turn patriot and lover of his kind, that is the test of social idealism, and this country does not seem to fall short of reasonable

expectation. Nor is it of importance that some time ago proportionately more people were interested in Browning clubs than could be gathered together for that purpose today. Browning was for them a way of making larger contacts with life, and the membership was almost confined to women. Today there are a greater number of contacts that women have with living processes in society, which has made it possible for them to leave Browning where he belongs; that is, on the shelf, except, of course, when one is moved to take him down and read him.

Art is a comment, an expression, an extension of life, experience, and not a substitute for it, and it should not be taken with exaggerated seriousness. Real progress in art appreciation comes of dissatisfaction with that art which fails to answer individual needs. Therefore to create a need, and not a mere snobbish desire for profounder and spiritually richer things, we must enrich the soul. When people really need good art, and good art is available, they will take it, but if they take it for any other reason it does not make much difference. If, therefore, the search for social health leading to further social liberation will make the American mind more eager and more apprehensive, we may with confidence await the growth of a larger and more vital audience and an art production to supply their wants.

Albert P. Ryder

By Marsden Hartley

ALBERT P. RYDER* possessed in a high degree that strict passivity of mental vision which calls into being the elusive yet fixed element the mystic Blake so ardently refers to and makes a principle of, that element outside the mind's jurisdiction. His work is of the essence of poetry; it is alien to the realm of aesthetics pure, for it has very special spiritual histories to relate. His landscapes are somewhat akin to those of Michel and of Courbet. They suggest Michel's wide wastes of prodigal sky and duneland with their winding roads that have no end, his ever-shadowy stretches of cloud upon ever-shadowy stretches of land that go their austere way to the edges of some vacant sea. They suggest, too, those less remote but perhaps even more aloof spaces of solitude which were ever Courbet's theme in his deeper hours, that haunting sense of subtle habitation, that acute invasion of either wind or soft fleck of light or bright presence in a breadth of shadow, as if a breath of living essences always somehow pervaded those mystic woodland or still lowland scenes. But highly populate as these pictures of Courbet's are with the spirit of ever-passing feet that hover and hold converse in the remote wood, the remoter plain, they never quite surrender to that ghostliness which possesses the pictures of our Ryder. At all times in his work one has the feeling of there having lately passed, if ever so fleetly, some bodily shape seeking a solitude of its own. I recall no other landscapes impressed with a more terrific auster-

*Albert P. Ryder died March 28th, 1917.

ity save Greco's incredible "Toledo," to my thinking a finality in landscape creation.

There is quietude, solace, if you will, in Michel, in Courbet, but there is never a rest for the eye or the mind or the spirit in those most awesome of pictures which Ryder has presented to us, few as they are; for the Ryder legend is akin to the legend of Giorgione. There is always splendor in them but it is the splendor of the dream given over to a genius more powerful than the vision which has conjured them forth. It is distinctly a land of Luthany in which they have their being; he has inscribed for us that utter homelessness of the spirit in the far tracts that exist in the realm of the imagination; there is suffering in his pictures, that fainting of the spirit, that breathlessness which overtakes the soul in search of the consummation of beauty.

Ryder is akin to Coleridge, too, for there is a direct visional analogy between "The Flying Dutchman" and the excessively pictorial stanzas of "The Ancient Mariner." Ryder has typified himself in this excellent portrayal of sea disaster, this profound spectacle of the soul's despair in conflict with wind and wave. Could any picture contain more of that remoteness of the world of our real heart as well as of our real eye, the artist's eye which visits that world in no official sense but only as a guest or a courtly spectator? No artist, I ought to say, was ever more master of his ideas and less master of the medium of painting than Ryder; there is in some of his finest canvases a most pitiable display of ignorance which will undoubtedly shorten their life by many years.

I still retain the vivid impression that afflicted me when I saw my first Ryder, a marine of rarest grandeur and sublimity, incredibly small in size, incredibly large in its emotion—just a sky and a single vessel in sail across a conquering sea. Ryder is, I think, the special messenger of the sea's beauty, the confidant of its majesties, its hauteurs, its supremacies; for he was born within range of the sea and all its legends have hovered

with him continually. Since that time I have seen a number of other pictures either in the artist's possession or elsewhere: "Death on the Racetrack," "Pegasus," canvases from The Tempest and Macbeth. In that strange little world of chaos that was his home, his hermitage, so distraught with débris of the world for which he could seem to find no other place, I have spent some of the rarer and lovelier moments of my experience with this gentlest and sweetest of other-world citizens; I have felt with ever-living delight the excessive loveliness of his glance and of his smile and heard that music of some far-away world which was his laughter; I have known that wisdom which is once and for all wisdom for the artist, that confidence and trust that for the real artist there is but one agency for the expression of self in terms of beauty, the eye of the imagination, that mystical third somewhere in the mind which transposes all that is legitimate to expression. To Ryder the imagination was the man; he was a poet painter, living ever outside the realm of theory.

He was fond of Corot, and at moments I have thought of him as the heir and successor to some of Corot's haunting graces; but there was all the difference between them that there is between lyric pure and tragic pure. Ryder has for once transcribed all outer semblances by means of a personality unrelated to anything other than itself, an imagination belonging strictly to our soil and specifically to our Eastern geography. In his autographic quality he is certainly our finest genius, the most creative, the most racial. For our genius, at its best, is the genius of the evasive; we are born lovers of the secret element, the mystery in things.

How many of our American painters have given real attention to Ryder? I find him so much the legend among professional artists, this master of arabesque, this first and foremost of our designers, this real creator of pattern, this first of all creators of tragic landscape, whose pictures are sacred to those that revere distinction and power in art. He had in him that

finer kind of reverence for the element of beauty which finds all things somehow lovely. He understood best of all the meaning of the grandiose, of everything that is powerful; none of his associates in point of time rose to just that sublimated experience: not Fuller, not Martin, not Blakelock, though each of these was touched to a special expression. They are more derivative than Ryder, more the children of Barbizon.

Ryder gave us first and last an incomparable sense of pattern and austerity of mood. He saw with an all too pitiless and pitiful eye the element of helplessness in things, the complete succumbing of things in nature to those elements greater than they that wield a fatal power. Ryder was the last of the romantics, the last of that great school of impressive artistry, as he was the first of our real painters and the greatest in vision. He was a still companion of Blake in that realm of the beyond, the first citizen of the land of Luthany. He knew the fine distinction between drama and tragedy, the tragedy which nature prevails upon the sensitive to accept. He was the painter poet of the immanent in things.

Music and the Electrical Theater

By Carl Van Vechten

IN an article called "Music for Museums" I once complained of the unvaried fare offered to us by the programme makers of the symphony concerts, a monotonous round of the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, the overtures of Weber, and excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. There should be laws restricting orchestral organizations to one Beethoven symphony a season, I asserted, and I berated orchestral conductors for their tendency to give the old masters places that should be reserved, at least on occasion, for the younger generation. Since then the conductors themselves have apparently seen the error of their ways, for during the current season (1916-17) we have found Mr. Damrosch and even Mr. Stransky (in so far as he has been able so to do without upsetting the conditions of the famous Pulitzer will, which stipulated that the music of Beethoven, Liszt, and Wagner should be frequently performed at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society) vying with each other in an effort to discover unperformed works in dusty attics or on the shelves of the music shops and libraries, and to give early hearings to new music by modern composers.

Up to date, to be sure, they have ignored a good deal that we might conceivably listen to with pleasure, but they have provided us with specimens previously unheard, at least in these benighted parts, of the art of Haydn and Mozart; Richard Strauss's *Macbeth,* long buried, has been dug up, and the new *Alpine Symphony,* still-born, has been played; a suite from Strawinsky's earliest ballet, *The Firebird,* and

several movements of a symphony by Zandonai have been added to the repertory of the concert room; and d'Indy's *Istar,* which we have long prayed for, has been revived, together with a more ancient treasure, Raff's *Lenore Symphony,* once as popular as Tschaikowsky's *Sixth Symphony.* These are steps, tentative to be sure, in the right direction, and although a good deal of this music, some of us, at the cost of burning in hell, would refuse to hear twice, it is certainly pleasanter to hear it once than to listen to the standbys and battle horses of the ordinary concert season, year after year, a procedure which always makes me cry out with Shakespeare's duke, "Enough; no more—'Tis not so sweet now as it was before."

Dr. Muck in Boston does not agree with me. He even brings his men to New York to play Schumann's *Rhenish Symphony* and Rimsky-Korsakow's *Scheherazade,* calling the result a programme! This strikes me as insolence; but it is the efficient kind of insolence, like the rape of Belgium, which there is no gainsaying. The concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall are always sold out and Dr. Muck could, if he so desired (and I am expecting something of the sort), make up a programme consisting of the *Beautiful Blue Danube* waltz and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* without any appreciable effect on the box office.

There is, of course, the necessity, as it is considered, of educating the children. They must, according to the accepted theory of education, hear what has been done before they hear what is being done, but it does not seem necessary to turn the best orchestra in this country (one of the best anywhere) into an educational institution. It is too disheartening to realize, as some of us must, that the orchestra of orchestras, which one might hope to find exploiting new tonal combinations for our delectation, is becoming a museum where rare old bits of tune may be inspected and reheard.

Hope has appeared, however, in an unlooked for quarter.

The extreme popularity of the cinema theaters could not have been foreseen a few seasons ago, nor could any of us have foretold that symphony orchestras of a size and quality which compare more than favorably with some of our established organizations would play sweet music in these temples of amusement from late morning till midnight. The accompaniment to the pictures is scarcely as yet a matter for congratulation, but the accompaniment is only a small part of the duty of an orchestra in a theater devoted to electrical dramas. Now a concert at a moving picture show is often a much more serious matter than an old Theodore Thomas popular programme. Symphonies, concertos, rhapsodies, arias, overtures (from those of *Dichter und Bauer* and *Guillaume Tell* to those of *Lohengrin* and Tschaikowsky's *1812*) all figure in the scheme. At one of these theaters more music is performed in one day than an assiduous concert-goer could hope to hear in three in the concert halls. The duration of a symphony concert is about two hours with a short intermission, that of a song recital about an hour and a half, but an orchestra, or an organ, or a piano, furnishes a pretty continuous flow of melody in a moving picture theater from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. In the large houses soloists are sandwiched in between pictures; and sometimes these soloists are better performers than those one hears under more holy auspices—frequently they are the same. The violinists play Kreisler, and the Beethoven *Romances,* and pieces by Drdla and Vieuxtemps and de Bériot and Paganini and Mendelssohn. . . . Yes, the first movement of the *E minor concerto* sometimes figures in moving picture theater concert programmes where, at the present day, I am inclined to believe it belongs.

This might be regarded as poetic justice. It is true, however, and a fact that cannot be ignored. It strikes me that from this time on we should hear precious little about "concerts for young people," "educational concerts," "popular

concerts," and the like. In the circumstances the directors of our best orchestras can find no flimsy excuse for playing too much Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, or Wagner, or any of the works of Grieg, Liszt, Mendelssohn, and Tschaikowsky. Brahms, by the peculiar veils of his art, is protected for the moment from the moving picture theater (Bruckner seems to be protected from any theater at all), although the violinists occasionally perform his gypsy dances, and almost any day I expect to hear between Douglas Fairbanks and Charley Chaplin some deep-voiced contralto sing the *Sapphische Ode* or the *Vergebliches Ständchen.* The importance of the musical accompaniment to the film and of the intermediate concert numbers is obviously recognized by the managers of such theaters as the Strand and the Rialto and the electric picture theaters on Second Avenue. The close attention with which the music is followed and the very violent applause which congratulates each performer, often exacting recall numbers, are ready proofs of the pleasure it gives. What is known as "cheap" music is seldom played. In fact, there is so much of an air of the concert room about these performances that I am afraid they would bore me even if the music were less familiar to my ears. I should prefer, on these occasions, more informality, more excursions into the rhythmic realms conjured up for us by Lou Hirsch and Irving Berlin. Nothing of the sort need be hoped for. The music performed is what is known to the less tone-educated multitudes as "classic."

Any intelligent child, with a little direction from a musical elder, can pick up the routine of the concert and opera world in a ten weeks' course at the Rialto or the Strand. Such unavoidable songs as the prologue to *Pagliacci* and the subsequent tenor air from the same opera; all three of Dalila's airs; the waltz from *La Bohême;* the prayer from *Tosca, Celeste Aida, Cielo e Mar, O Paradiso, Danny Deever, Les Filles de Cadiz;* the habanera from *Carmen, Dich Theure*

Halle, The Two Grenadiers, Dost Thou Know That Fair Land? from *Mignon;* the jewel waltz from *Faust,* the page's song from *Les Huguenots,* the *Miserere,* the prayer from *Cavalleria Rusticana,* the Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria, Depuis le Jour* from *Louise,* the gavotte from *Manon, Pleurez mes Yeux* from *Le Cid,* the drinking song from *La Traviata,* the *Ave Maria* from *Otello, Plus Grand dans son Obscurité* from Gounod's *La Reine de Saba,* and *Che Faro Senza Euridice?* will be as familiar to his little ears as *Dixey* or the stolen strains of *America.*

In like manner he will accustom himself to the delights of Kreisler's *Caprice Viennois* and *Tambourin Chinois,* Beethoven's two violin *Romances,* the Bach air arranged for the G string, the *Preislied* from *Die Meistersänger,* arranged by Wilhelmj, Pierné's *Serenade,* Dvorak's *Humoresque.* As for the concert repertory he will hear the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Oberon, Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Tannhäuser, Sakuntala, Semiramide* and such concert pieces and tone-poems as the *Danse Macabre, Phaëton, Mephisto Waltz, Les Préludes,* some of the orchestrated rhapsodies of Liszt, Rimsky-Korsakow's *Caprice Espagnol,* the *Arlésienne* suite, the *Peer Gynt* suite, a number of Strauss waltzes, Massenet's *Elégie,* the entr'actes from *The Jewels of the Madonna,* certain ballet airs of Glück, etc.

Having gone thus far, why not go a little farther? If one must become acquainted with Wagner in the concert hall at all, why not in the electric picture theater? There are no excerpts in the present concert repertory that could not as well be played there; the *Funeral March* from *Götterdämmerung,* the *Lohengrin* prelude, the *Good Friday Spell* from *Parsifal,* the *Ride of the Valkyries,* and all the rest of them should be doled out to the youngsters seeking tone-knowledge and to those oldsters who insist upon hearing them divorced from the text and the stage action, between the actualities and the feature film. And while you can scarcely ask Dr. Muck or Mr.

Damrosch to pay Beethoven the compliment of giving him up altogether for the time being, his music might be played less by the organized orchestras in view of the hearings it would receive at the hands of the moving picture societies. The first two symphonies, at any rate, could be left to their mercies. Mendelssohn, as a symphonist, might also be given into their keeping, as also Grieg and Liszt, for the most part, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky and Massenet, a good deal of Saint-Säens, Glazunow and Elgar, certainly Elgar—if the moving picture audiences would permit it. There is another field for the Strand Philharmonic Society, for the band of the Academy of Music: the exploitation of the American composer who, one complains, never gets his chance at a hearing. The conductors of these concerts might introduce new music by George W. Chadwick, Henry Hadley, Arthur Farwell, Edgar Stillman Kelley, and Ernest Schelling.

If anything so nearly pleasant as this happens in the musical world,—think of the space there would be on the programmes of our august societies for the new music our curious ears are aching to hear! Think of the resurrections of works by Mozart, Haydn, César Franck, that one never does hear. Perhaps Debussy's *La Mer, Nocturnes,* and *Images* (*Iberia, Gigue,* and *Rondes de Printemps*), all too infrequently played, would become more familiar. I should like to listen at least once to Albeniz's *Catalonia* and Turina's *La Procession du Rocio,* which Debussy has compared to a luminous fresco. . . . Spanish music altogether is unknown in our concert halls. . . . We could hear more Sibelius and Moussorgsky . . . a little Borodine . . . John Carpenter . . . Schoenberg's *Five Pieces* . . .Strawinsky's *Scherzo Fantastique* and the *Sacrifice to the Spring.* Why not even *Petrouchka?* Ornstein's *The Fog,* Ravel, Dukas (has *La Péri* been played here?), d'Indy, Chabrier, Korngold, Reger, Loeffler. . . .

Our Critics

By Van Wyck Brooks

IT is a curious fact that of the various minds now at work in the field of criticism in this country those who have been permitted to speak for the American people *ex cathedra* have never in any serious way occupied themselves with our own contemporary literature. This is only natural in the pundits of our criticism, like Mr. Paul Elmer More and Mr. Irving Babbitt, who see in the whole of modern literature from Rousseau down scarcely anything but a progressive record of spiritual disintegration and collapse. And perhaps it is not surprising in such sensitive minds of the older generation as Mr. W. C. Brownell, author of so many fine essays about France and England and our own past, or Mr. G. E. Woodberry, who has responded to so much that is living in a still more or less contemporaneous world. The remarkable thing is that it is just as true of those more complacent and sometimes all too complacent critics of the middle generation who feel themselves in life apparently by no means alien to the virile American scene. There is Professor William Lyon Phelps, for example. Professor Phelps continually pats our American novelists on the back, treating them as good fellows in print just as he treats them in the flesh, no doubt; but why does he never dream of applying values to them as he applies values to Russian fiction? And then, strangest of all, there is Mr. J. E. Spingarn, the freest of amateurs, the patron of aesthetic radicalism. Wrapped up as he is in his web of critical theory, Mr. Spingarn appears to be less inclined even than

the critics with whom he is theoretically at war to play an active, public part in the secular conflict of darkness and light.

It is certainly remarkable, this apparently general determination not to be practical on the part of so many dissimilar minds; and it is all the more remarkable because criticism has ever been, in other countries, precisely the most practical of the literary arts. Since the days when Socrates, its august founder, sat in the market-place and played the midwife to so many inarticulate minds, it has been the joyous prerogative of criticism to be on the spot when thoughts are being born. Not to mention any names that the most academic of our critics can possibly gainsay, is it not the glory of Lessing that he established a sort of norm of the German character, descending into the thick of reality and building, by creation and controversy alike, amid the shifting sands of pedantry and exoticism, an impregnable base for the superstructure of a civilization to come? As for Sainte-Beuve, he lived in an age and a society that required no such drastic re-statements of fundamental truth; he inherited and perpetuated that marvellous equilibrium of the French temper which is the result of an organic culture founded on the suffrages of the whole race; but Sainte-Beuve lived and wrote in substantial harmony with the creative life of his contemporaries, and more than this, he too was ever ready to spring to the defence of new-born thoughts and fight for their just rights of passage into the French mind. No doubt in the France of Sainte-Beuve there were more new-born thoughts worth fighting for, strictly as thoughts, than there are in the America of today. But no one denies that at present in this country an immense amount of creative energy has at least conclusively turned itself toward the field of the arts. If it does not in many instances come rightly and fully to a head, if it fails very often to eventuate in thoughts in themselves vitally important, does it not all the more behoove criticism to condense the vapors that confuse this creative energy

and to spring loyally to the defence of groping minds that bear the mark of sincerity and promise? As for our critics, what birth out of life have any of them ever defended with that heavy artillery they so enjoy training upon those popular American fallacies many of which, quite plainly, are the result of their own immemorial absentee-mindedness? Have they ever been at pains to grasp the contemporary American mind and its problems, to discover what the contemporary American mind is, and what it is capable of, and how it can best be approached, and whether it is able to assimilate the whole culture of the world before it has formed any personal conception of what culture is?

Our critics, if they are in touch with European life, must be aware that the relation in which they stand to the life of their own country is quite unique. But far even from considering the idea that the living forces about them deserve a little sympathetic and discreet attention they seem to be persuaded that the younger generation presents a united front against everything that mankind has tried and found worthy, and that it has formed a sort of conspiracy to propagate falsehood at whatever cost. "What Matthew Arnold would call 'the elephantine main body,'" says Mr. Babbitt, "seems more convinced than ever that man, to become perfect, has only to continue indefinitely the programme of the nineteenth century,—that is, to engage in miscellaneous expansion and back it up if need be with noisy revolt against all the forms of the past." To which Mr. Brownell subjoins the following: "Every one who sympathetically 'belongs' to [the age] feels himself stanchly supported by the concensus of all it esteems. . . . The militancy of the age therefore finds itself not only in possession of a perfectly definite—if mainly destructive—credo, but of a practically united and enthusiastic army."

To us who are so much in the thick of things that we cannot see the wood for the trees, statements of this kind are all but unintelligible. They seem to us like anathemas delivered in

some half-forgotten sacred language to a people that has begun to stammer in a vernacular of its own. We are so conscious of our own differences, of the hundred and one programmes that we are pursuing precisely *not* in common, that while we are prepared for body-blows from Mr. Babbitt (to whose vigorous intellect, by the way, many of us are greatly indebted), we scarcely know what to make of Mr. Brownell's rather more graciously delivered thrusts. But we may be very sure that if, to the older generation, we appear to be a "practically united and enthusiastic army" we must be so in some sense in which the older generation is not. To what that sense is our critics themselves in a general way have given us the clue. They say that we are emotional, and they give to their accusation an air of plausibility by adding that we are over-emotional, as indeed we are; but what they really object to is that we are emotional at all, the strength of their own case resting wholly on the assumption that literature ought to spring not from the emotions but from the intellect. This we deny, and I suppose that our denial is so unanimous that it does, in a way, neutralize our intellectual differences. But why do we deny it? Partly because our reaction upon life, on the one hand, and our reading of the history of literature, on the other, leads us to believe that it is false; and partly because we have witnessed the failure and breakdown of intellectualism itself.

Consider, for example, Mr. More, our chief exponent of the intellectualist position. Mr. More, referring to the yellow press, delivers himself of the following remarks: "On days when no sensational event has occurred, it will indulge in the prettiest sentimental sermons on the home and on family felicities. . . . But let the popular mind be excited by some crime of lust, and the same journal will forget the sweet obligations of home and wife . . . and will deck out the loathsome debauchery of a murderer and his trull as the spiritual history of two young souls finding themselves in the pure air of pas-

sion." . . . Now, really, whatever the provocations of the yellow press, can one imagine a piece of worse literary breeding than this? Yet it can almost be said to be Mr. More's habitual tone whenever, leaving the charmed circle of literary ideas, he deals with modern society. Far from being reasonable, disinterested, and humane, his note is one of nagging, pettish, and one would almost say vulgar exasperation; he betrays a tendency to break out on every occasion into promiscuous abuse. How then can our intellectualists expect to convert us to the music of the classical discipline when some of their own most representative minds—for Mr. More is by no means unique as an advocate of "the classic point of view"—are so singularly ill-nurtured? If this is what the classical discipline does—how can we avoid being led, quite unjustly, to conclude?—let us by all means turn to the discipline of science which produced the ever just and ever genial William James.

That is what we mean when we speak of the breakdown of intellectualism; for of course the reason why Mr. More's humane attitude cracks and crumbles so at the touch of life is because it is based on a culture of the intellect that is not borne out by a corresponding culture of the feelings. Mr. More's emotional life, as his writings exhibit is, is just as crude and untempered as the intellectual life of the younger generation which he attacks. Why is this so? Because Mr. More's intellectualism is the converse and counterpart of the materialism that has led to the younger generation's incapacity to accept the discipline that he offers it. He has not been able to feel human values finely because to have done so would have been to upset his whole faith in a society based not upon the creative but upon the possessive instincts of men, a society ruled over by the "natural aristocracy" of economic power. Mr. More is simply a belated pioneer, with all the repressed impulses, the fundamental limitations, the exaggerated antipathies that belong to the pioneer type, extended and subtilized

in the sphere of the intellect alone. Turn from his philosophical and literary essays, in which he is able to be humane at large, to his essays on social and economic themes, and see how quickly he lets the cat out of the bag. "Looking at the larger good of society," he observes, "we may say that the dollar is more than the man and that *the rights of property are more important than the right to life.*" (The italics are not mine.)

Here, then, we have a clue not merely to the breakdown of the intellectualist point of view but to its origin as well. Mr. Brownell says that we used to have in this country a public comparable with those *honnêtes gens,* equally removed from a court that was too rigid and a pit that was too free, through which the French tradition was so long maintained. "A public like this," he says, "we once had, and we have it no longer. Its limitations were marked, but they emphasized its existence. Its standards were narrow, but it had standards. We had a class, not numerous but fairly defined, corresponding to the class Charles Sumner found in England, distinct from the nobility but possessed in abundance of serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste, the class, precisely, called by Molière *les honnêtes gens.*" Now that such a class did exist at one time in this country no one who has any associations with our past could possibly deny. But that this class ever at bottom corresponded with the *honnêtes gens* of France one might perhaps be permitted to question, even if M. André Gide, whom Mr. Brownell quotes from, had not remarked that in France itself the tradition they maintained would hardly have been possible without the Court. But why did the existence of the Court make so much difference? Because the Court, removed at it was from the influences of the marketplace, kept alive in France the free, the non-acquisitive, in short the creative conception of life; and this conception, permeating thence downward the whole fabric of society, linked the artistic expressions at the top with the common conscious-

ness of the race beneath, a common consciousness that has never denied its Rabelaisian elements. Between these two extremes, then, of racial experience and racial expression and partaking abundantly of both, the *honnêtes gens,* with their "serious knowledge, their high accomplishment, their refined taste" formed a sort of mean, logically poised. French wit, French elegance, French taste — are they not, as Mr. Brownell himself would be the first to point out, simply the polished outside, the polished extremity, as it were, of a social mass that is modelled and civilized all the way through, according to its own genius, a social mass all the strata of which are fused and unified and which is grounded imperturbably on the basis of a common experience of life? It is quite true, as Mr. Brownell says, that Molière would never have written his best work had he practised only on his cook. But is there not a certain difference between French society and our own in the fact that Molière was able to practise on his cook at all?

For our cultivated class of old never demanded, never assumed the existence of, and never attempted to create, a common ground of experience in the American people. It accepted men as "infinitely repellant particles" and drew them together by projecting a spirit that appealed to their intellectual and their volitional faculties alone and that never conflicted with the full exercise of their instincts of possession. Having neither on the one hand "a Court that was too rigid" but that would, nevertheless, have preserved the creative conception of life, nor on the other "a pit that was too free" but that would, equally, have kept them in touch with a level of primitive emotional life, our cultivated class with their serious knowledge, their high accomplishment, their refined taste were suspended in the air, so to speak, deprived alike of the creative spark that lifts men above themselves and the animal underproppings that maintain their contact with rude reality. Our old writers established as a common ground between them-

selves and their readers either the non-human world of external nature (Thoreau), the world of the will (Emerson), the world of memory and association (Longfellow), the emotion of special causes like abolition or the Civil War (Whittier, Lowell) or of special occasions (Holmes), but never the congruous world of human life in general. They knew that their neighbors and that extended neighborship that constituted their public had no emotional life in common because their existence on the active plane was a competitive one; bent as their public was on getting on individually, how could they admit or cultivate an inner community as social beings? Admit it of course they could not, neither could they cultivate it; and the result was that our old culture never was and never became organic;—a by-product of the conditions of its time, it was unable to project itself beyond those conditions. That is why it strikes one as so futile when Mr. Brownell pleads for the extension of taste without taking into consideration the primitive forces that will have to undergo a profound transmutation before taste in the organic sense will really be possible to the American public. *Inorganic* taste we already have in abundance, and every year, following the spread of wealth, it increases more and more. Nowadays a little money and a little training and a little expert advice enable almost anyone to possess a flawless drawing-room, for example (especially if he keeps within the safe circle of the neutral colors). But is it not abundantly evident that this almost universal attainment of aesthetic taste is quite compatible with an extreme want of taste in other relations of life?

Upon almost all our social relations, in fact, the effect is so obvious of our competitive, non-creative past that, were it not that our critics belong to that competitive, non-creative past and cannot escape from its circle of ideas, it would seem almost wanton of them to accuse the younger generation of having created a chaos which, in truth, they have only become conscious of. Our critics themselves have always said that our

society is too incongruous to produce a high social comedy; but why do they draw the line there? Do they not see that "high" literature in any genre, literature, I mean, that is based on a complicated social understanding, is all but impossible for us at present, except on a forced and artificial plane? Take Dr. Crothers, for example. Why are the essays of Dr. Crothers so self-conscious if it is not because Dr. Crothers knows perfectly well that his eighty thousand readers have no emotional life in common either with him or with each other, because he does not feel *at home* with his readers as Charles Lamb felt, or even as Dr. Holmes felt in his little Harvard world of the past? They admit, I suppose, that Dr. Crothers is self-conscious; but why do they accept with only a gesture of deprecation the self-consciousness of Dr. Crothers while they attack in so savage a way the self-consciousness of the younger generation? Because while the self-consciousness of the younger generation stands for an instinctive drive toward a common understanding on the creative plane, the self-consciousness of Dr. Crothers, making no levy upon our creative life, accepts the pioneer law of self-preservation, in the scheme of which literature is only a kind of associational and secondary play of the mind in a society whose real business is the art of getting on.

Our critics are thus unable to connect at any point with the creative life of the present time because they are precluded from so doing by the entire programme of the epoch in which they were bred. Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Brownell differ from Mr. More in being instinctively humane minds; but they are in implicit agreement with Mr. More in accepting literature only just in so far as it tallies with the pioneer vision of life; they have simply not filled out their points of view on the economic and psychological sides, and thus, without deliberately repudiating, they ignore the economic and psychological interpretations of life according to which literature is one of the manifestations of a society organic in all its parts. Mr.

Brownell, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, effects a frank separation between the artistic and the social spheres. "Of the undemocratic doctrine of the 'remnant' in the social and political field," he says, "I have never, myself, felt either the aptness or the attraction. The interests of people in general are not those of the remnant, and history shows how, unchecked, the remnant administers them . . . But the remnant in art and letters is another affair altogether." Mr. Babbitt's point of view is not so clear cut; his "New Laokoön" is based, nevertheless, on the same assumption that literature and society are distinct entities following separate laws. Here is a statement in point: "Lessing repudiated what was artificial and superficial in the French tradition,—its conventions, and etiquette, and gallantries,—but at the risk of losing a real virtue, viz., the exquisite urbanity that the French at their best had really succeeded in attaining." Now only on the assumption that literature is independent of society and not, as Madame de Staël said a hundred years ago, an expression of it, only on the assumption, that is to say, that literature forms a self-sufficient world of its own, is it possible to dream that you can pick out all the plums from the literary pudding and make a nice little particular pie for yourself. For how could this "exquisite urbanity" of the French tradition have been anything but exotic in the Berlin of 1760? And how could it possibly have been preserved when those other characteristics of the French tradition, with which it was organically bound up, had been repudiated? Was it not, in fact, the great work of Lessing, that work not so much of intelligence as of character for which, according to Goethe, the Germans have so revered his memory, that he purged the German mind of *all* its exotic elements and grounded its literature in the firm subsoil of its own nature? Our critics, to repeat, maintain this peculiar cosmopolitan eclecticism partly because, not being creative minds, they do not appreciate, as the creative mind does, the necessary correspondence between expression and experience.

even, if need be, the most limited, the most merely local, experience; and partly because by means of it they are able to prevent literature from coming into direct contact with a society whose acquisitive, non-creative programme it would immediately upset and destroy.

As for our critics of the middle generation, Professor Phelps on the one hand, and Mr. Spingarn on the other, they are transitional minds, and they have all the weakness of transitional minds; for certainly their writings manifest none of the virility or the character of our older critics, all of whom, whatever their shortcomings, have at once the sanction of their epoch and the strength that comes from standing with their backs to the wall. Virility? Is it possible that Professor Phelps, the academic apostle of "punch", is less virile than the apostles of taste and law? He is; because "punch" itself not only has no existence in the scale of creative values but is actually, as a theatrical exaggeration of a certain phase of the will that has proved effective in a society given over to acquisition, further removed from the sphere of literature than the whimpers of the most whimpering dilettante. The apostles of taste and law are frankly "high-brow" and proudly conscious of their position—which is no mean virtue; Professor Phelps accommodates himself to a "low-brow" world by becoming "low-brow" himself, with all the zeal of a convert. But like the editors of our popular magazines, he misjudges the "low-brow" public; he takes it at its own humbly conscious valuation of itself and merely enlarges its consciousness externally, not seeing that the public's conscious valuation of itself is in this country peculiarly erroneous and that the "low-brow" mind the country over is sending forth the greenest and the fairest shoots of aspiration and desire, shoots that are athirst for the sunlight and water of a leadership that our leaders are themselves too humble to assume. For Professor Phelps is himself very humble; not only is his bark much worse than his bite, but all his writings reveal, in effect, a sensitive devotion

to literature and a liberal affection for our benighted human race. Like the older critics against whom he has reacted he has simply committed himself to a programme, from which he is unable gracefully to withdraw.

And so has Mr. Spingarn, who completes the circle of our past. For while Mr. Spingarn is up to the minute in his critical theory he is the victim of a society which has so abridged and emasculated the *function* of criticism that he is himself unable to generate enough interest in contemporary phenomena to feel it worth his while beyond a certain point to bring his critical apparatus into play. It happens of course that many of Mr. Spingarn's ideas are intelligent and true. Why then does so much of his writing reduce itself to a thin dialectic, the wheels of which turn round with extraordinary facility but without gathering heat or throwing out light? Because while his critical point of view is intellectually admirable, it does not represent the *kind* of criticism for which a society in our stage of development offers a responsible opportunity. Mr. Spingarn's aesthetic, as we know, is derived from that of Benedetto Croce and Benedetto Croce, as we also know, conducts in Italy a critical magazine from which a large part of the literary life of his country takes its direction. This is an aspect of reality just as real as the reality of Benedetto Croce's ideas. How does it happen, then, that Mr. Spingarn emulates the one without emulating the other? Obviously because America is not Italy and because, while a theory may be equally true in all countries, what makes a theory effective is the peculiar condition of the given time and place with which it is brought into relation. That works of art ought to be judged purely on their own merits and without regard to time and place is, no doubt, a perfectly valid idea. But a criticism that is based on this idea will never be able to play the effective part in this country that it plays in Italy until our literature has been brought into such an organic relationship with our life that in discussing literary phenomena on their own merits

it will also be discussing, by implication, the society of which our literary phenomena are the expression.

Thus Mr. Spingarn, radical as he is and deriving his point of view from a field of learning largely untapped by the critics of the older generation, is essentially, so far as America is concerned, in the same boat with Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Brownell. For just as Mr. Spingarn does not see why he should not take over the Italian criticism of Benedetto Croce, so Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Brownell see no reason why they should not take over the principles and methods of French criticism, in spite of the fact that France is the most perfect example of a social organism the modern world knows, the most perfect example, that is to say, of a spontaneous unity in all departments of life. But obviously in a civilization that is based on a traditional common understanding, where literature proceeds through a constant, illuminating reference to known antecedents, where literary values are fixed by an experience in which all have shared, the merest of "merely" literary criticism is implicitly a form of social criticism as well; and by virtue of this it is true of French critics of whatever school that in touching on a given book they write about France, setting in vibration, throwing into relief, a fragment of the racial consciousness itself. How, then, can the principles and methods of French criticism be divorced from the texture of French society? How can they be taken over and applied in societies that possess no comparable organic development? The answer is that they can be taken over but that they can not be applied, as the whole work of our orthodox critics goes to prove; for the classical method loses its force at once when it is brought to bear on a literature that has no scale of values and expresses no achieved social organism but only the necessarily irresponsible whims of necessarily isolated individuals. Our critics, by assuming this attitude, not in regard to specific works, for these they ignore, but in regard to the tendencies that lie behind them, are led quite naturally to

find in them nothing but sound and fury, signifying nothing. Revolving in an intellectual sphere that possesses a vital correspondence only in countries that inherit an age-old common discipline, they are unable to suggest any principles of order adapted to a spiritually unorganized society.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for May

The Fifth-Month Poet

MAY is Walt Whitman month. Whitman was born on Long Island, New York, May 31, 1819. He was school-teacher, editor, carpenter, wound-dresser: he went the rounds in the American manner of his time. And in the American way he found himself fairly late. He was thirty-six when "Leaves of Grass" was published, and he went on writing this one book until he died in Camden in 1892. He made good use of his lack of travel and of an academic culture: he set out in a free art territory, learnt most things for himself, and created his own forms, gathered his own materials. His form was built roughly by listening, as it were, to his own inner music, and setting it to words, instead of listening to the music of English poetry. His material was the life around him, in its multitudinousness, actuality, and chaos. However, he had given him two bodies of thought to make his work unified. The first was the principle of democracy, as Jefferson outlined it: the second the transcendentalism of Emerson. Both of these thin gospels he remade by rooting them in Earth and his own personality. He was a democrat who believed in evolution and God, and in a perfection enclosing all things. Naturally he was an optimist, a preacher of joy, health, simplicity, and the victory of man. Naturally he was a preacher. It is part of the American tradition.

His art-form is idealistically democratic. If a democracy is a state in which each person has his place, according to his own socially allowable desires and capacities, then Whitman's verse is thoroughly democratic —there is no subordination of a multitude of thoughts, feelings, and facts to one dominant theme. He loosely allows each thought, each feeling, each fact its own place, floating serenely in a sea of chaos. More than this he goes on for pages in the much-criticized 'catalogues', which are actually a series of pictures, each picture given a line by itself. These are hard on the reader, and possibly no one can read them through—but their effect is none the less significant. You taste them, here, there, at random, as you taste the faces in a crowded street, and the effect is of life itself: each fact there if you want to find it. In other words, where a traditional poet would gather America in a symbol which simplifies the national life into something vertical, Whitman shows that life in extension, horizontally, much more as it actually is.

There is, nevertheless, a remarkable unity in his work. This unity is secured by the simple device of speaking in the first person. It is Walt Whitman that we read about. As he said so accurately, "Who touches this book, touches a man."

We simply identify ourselves with the speaker, and find ourselves alive in nineteenth century America, moving about, a curious citizen, and seeing much, feeling much, thinking much; life throbbing about us with all its sting and vividness, with all its confusion and unrelated play, its incoherent flux. We move equally through crowded cities and along the open road, and in it all is the best of America—her out-of-doors, her unusual health, her "large unconscious scenery." We gain the sense that the Republic is seething with possibilities, boiling with usable energies; and that if we could only get away from our old cultures we would find in democracy new values far greater than the old—a richness of contact with many levels, a ranging over reality with feet striking the Earth, a new companionship with men and women and Nature. By speaking in the first person, he makes himself *any man,* rather than some specialized hero, and we can slip into his shoes and live his life with him.

His work has been compared with ancient religious writing, and he has been called one of the prophets. The analogy holds, if we add that his outlook was also that of the scientist. He wanted to envisage life, not as the old intuitive prophets did, through symbols, phantasies, and wonder-tales; but directly, as science found it, and as he found it. He gave attention to "the hair on the back of his hand," and also to the theory of evolution, the chemistry of decomposition, the facts of astronomy. He loved the idea that man is above all an animal, but he also pointed him toward great transcendent ends. He only left this attitude later in life, with rather weak East Indian philosophy; but fundamentally, as we find him, there is a direct taste of things, the sensations of daily activity, the solidity of buildings, plowed fields, and men and women—an immense panorama of life.

This is what he set down for himself as rules in writing:

"Make no quotations and no reference to any other writers. Lumber the writing with nothing—let it go as lightly as the bird flies in the air or a fish swims in the sea. Avoid all poetical similes; be faithful to the perfect likelihoods of nature—healthy, exact, simple, disdaining ornaments. Do not go into criticisms or arguments at all; make full-blooded, rich, flush, natural works. Insert natural things, indestructibles, idioms, characteristics, rivers, states, persons, etc. Be full of *strong, sensual germs* . . . Poet! beware lest your poems are made in the spirit that comes from the study of pictures of things—and not from the spirit that comes from the contact with real things themselves."

Of course he was a great enough artist to throw half of this overboard at times, and, in fact, the massive and beautiful "Memories of President Lincoln" gains much of its power through the symbols of lilacs, the powerful Western Star, and the solitary hermit-thrush who sings of death. His superb Manhattan strikes "with clinch'd hand the pavement"; his America is "Mother of her equal brood." But in the main he was an exact and direct writer.

It is not surprising today that Walt Whitman has achieved, all over the earth, wherever there are liberals, a position as the great poet of America, and better still, the first great poet of

democracy. Here, in art at last, is a testament of what democrats try to live, a picture of democratic society, a living faith in all men, low and high, and the very atmosphere of a new life, a life never lived before by man. What is surprising is that only America neglects him. Some of the younger generation have found in him the only American literary tradition on which they can build; but it is common enough, even today, to find cultivated people, and of course, "powerful (and powerless) uneducated persons" who know nothing of him. Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that our life is still unself-conscious. Whitman makes it conscious, and we do not recognize it. Or perhaps, and more probably, it is that he pictures an ideal America, an America still far off. For although his ingredients are our daily actualities, he mixes them into a sauce of vision which is more a wish than an accomplishment, and so, like most great realists, he is the most radical of idealists. For he was not chiefly concerned with political democracy, but democracy, as he put it, "carried far beyond politics into the region of taste, the standards of manners and beauty, and even into philosophy and theology."

New Books

THE NEW POETRY

WE (I use the pronoun in its most plural sense) have been waiting for "The New Poetry: An Anthology" (Macmillan). We have been in actual need of it. The "new" poetry has been violently lectured about and against, discussed at length and *ad nauseam,* given renewed life by its antagonists and almost talked to death by its protagonists. There have been guides to it; group exhibits by its most inhibited groups; definitions (mostly contradictory) of it—everything, in fact, except a collection of it. This anthology purposes to give the average reader (who, in spite of F. P. A.'s optimism, remains the average reader) and the more intensive student a broad survey of the trend of contemporary verse. And, with a few major reservations, the editors have succeeded in their purpose. Miss Monroe and Mrs. Henderson know how vague the borders of the "new" poetry are, so their introduction is less dogmatic than most such prefaces are, and their contents more catholic. Every tendency, every "school," the most tentative or audacious experiments are represented. This almost prodigal inclusiveness makes the startling omissions the more amazing. For instance, the editors give space to such imitative English poets as Douglas Goldring, Frederic Manning and John Drinkwater, and do not quote or even mention such eloquent and original Englishmen as W. H. Davies, James Elroy Flecker, Lascelles Abercrombie, Edward Thomas, Maurice Hewlett. And, though he is not popularly recognized as a poet, how could a lover of poetry omit G. K. Chesterton and his clanging, Vachelindsayesque ballads, particularly "Lepanto"? And how, when they are quoting so much of the most innocuous of recent ladylike verses, could the editors leave out such striking and "new" women-poets as Anna Wickham, Irene Rutherford McLeod, Frances Cornford? Or when so many of these four hun-

dred pages are given to the occasional, the merely adventurous and frankly experimental, how could so progressive and radical a poet as Arturo Giovannitti be passed by?

One is forced to the unpleasant suspicion that the "hospitable" quality of the editors is not as generous as it seems. The presence of a host of home-grown *ephemerae* that have not even a passing strangeness or a spurious innovation to distinguish them; the frequency of the Rollo Brittens, the Scharmel Irises; and the preponderance of poems that originally appeared in "Poetry; a Magazine of Verse" gives the volume a parochial air that belittles it. Miss Monroe and her collaborator seem often to be exhibiting their poets rather than poetry; and their pride in the art they are upholding becomes a bit too personal to be persuasive. It would have been more representative and fairer to the experimenters themselves, if there were a little less of the local Maxwell Bodenheims, and at least something of such neglected "new" poets as Clement Wood, Alter Brody, Elizabeth Waddell, Max Endicoff and Harry Kemp.

These strictures aside, the volume is, at the present, indispensable. A year or two from now, with most of the writers at the height of their power, it may seem inadequate and hopelessly out of date. But while the renaissance is still in its literary labor-pains we are indebted to the volume. The question as to what the new poetry is, is no longer so difficult. This, in a great part, is its answer.

INCLUDING CLEMENT WOOD

"Glad of Earth" (Gomme), the first volume of Mr. Clement Wood's poetry, is a splendid prologue to the splendid book which, I hope, Mr. Wood is going to write. It contains buoyancy, vigor, variety, anger and charm. Unfortunately, it also contains soggy philosophy, prosy platitudes, thin echoes, soft sentimentalizing and a borrowed beauty. All this makes a confusing but somehow arresting mixture. It is the sort of work that might have been written by a talented son of Walt Whitman who had lived under the roof and the influence of several of the best present-day poets. Mr. Wood seems to be in that awkward and uncertain stage—the period when one's voice is changing—and, being none too sure of his own utterance, he tries the idiom and intonation of his contemporaries. Thus we find him speaking through "The Social Doctor" and "Myself the Mother", in the accents of James Oppenheim; through "Heart of the Village" and "Silence", in echoes of Robert Frost and Amy Lowell; through "One A. M." and "On the Ferry", in the speech of the imagists; and once in a while (as in "Spring" and "Uncaged") in the voice of Clement Wood. This dilution not only weakens his native power but weakens the effect of his more personal and protesting poems. These are his strongest contributions; they have a ring and robustness that are particularly emphasized in the concluding section "New Roads". Such poems as "A Psalm Not of David", "The Golden Miracle", and "Judas" deserve a place in a revolutionist's library no less than in a conservative's anthology. They have the elements of noble verse. And their outstanding virtue is this: it is hard to say in what way they excel—whether as a performance or as a promise.

L. U.

New Books

SINCLAIR LEWIS AND OTHERS

It is too bad that Sinclair Lewis is so ashamed of the "frank, sad, simple child" that lurks in the dim corners of his soul. He doesn't want us to know anything about that sad, simple child, and so he turns on the electricity of his wit, a blazing wit that half blinds us and keeps our nerves on edge to such a degree that we are unable to compose ourselves enough to seek a rapprochement with Mr. Lewis himself. His apparent sophistication, so typically American, is almost terrifying, but it springs from a lack of self-confidence. He fights us off with that darting eye of his. He is so busy "making good" as an author because he is so desperately anxious to be good and is not quite sure how else to go about it. That is why "The Job" (Harpers) strikes one as a halfway novel, brilliant achievement that it is from the dominant conventional standpoint. "Making good" is the theme of the story itself, the story of a little country girl who becomes a New York stenographer and fights her way through to work that is work and love that is love; had Mr. Lewis been free of the same incentive himself he could have shown ten times as effectively the pathos and the exhilarating reality of that incentive in the career of his heroine. Even as it is, he has done a fine piece of work. He has a miraculous gift of observation; his minor characters, consequently, in drawing which he has been able to depend on this gift alone, are as real as fluttering butterflies caught on a pin. His *mise-en-scene* is equally vivid. And as to the spirit of his work, he does catch, he does convey, the fine, cheery, hardy note of "some millions of women in business", the real stuff of democracy. Mr. Lewis has one foot in the camp of the angels; all he has to do now is to extract his other foot from the quicksand of "success".

There are evidently secrets of the heart that Mr. Henry L. Mencken does not know—his catalogues of Men, Women, and Babies are somewhat cynically abbreviated at the virtuous end, but no one can doubt that he is as completely "aware" of the American scene as any of Mr. Dreiser's heroes in their awarest moments. "A Book of Burlesques" (John Lane) exhibits Mr. Mencken as a man of intellect, rather tightly intellectual perhaps, but exceedingly direct and very seldom uncertain of his values. In one or two of his pieces he loses his sense of proportion, with disastrous results ("Asepsis"), or in other respects becomes slightly puerile ("The New Soule"); elsewhere his wit, which is unfailing, always leaves a streak behind it in the reader's mind after the flash has passed. "Seeing the World", the conversation of two American tourists leaning against a rail overlooking the most beautiful panorama in Europe, is a satire in three dimensions; so is "The Visionary", in which Cheops taking a guest over his pyramid displays all the *nuances* of soul of the complacent captain of industry. These, to my mind, are the best pieces in the collection, though the "Portraits of Americans" and one or two of the "Tales of the Moral and Pathological" are almost as good. Certainly there is no excuse for the public if Mr. Mencken's book does not become popular; it strikes the solid level where, in any normal scheme of things, the popular and the instructed taste ought to meet one another cordially.

The seven veils are dropping from the face of Ireland and it is a strange reality that face presents, strange at least to those who know nothing of the harsh old Irish world of a past that has been perpetuated as hardly any other European past has been, strange to those who know nothing of the black chieftains and the subterranean sympathies of Catholic Ireland and Catholic Spain. You have to go back generations in any other Western country to find a spiritual equivalent of James Joyce, whose "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (Huebsch) is altogether atavistic from the standpoint of English literature, full as it is of Shandyisms but Rabelaisian in a pure style that Sterne was born too late to compass. Yet it is a living society that Mr. Joyce pictures, one that conforms to the twentieth century in its worldly apparel but reveals in its table-talk and its more intimate educational and religious recesses a mediaevalism utterly untouched by that industrial experience which has made the rest of the world kin, for good or ill. Mr. Joyce's literary culture is of a piece with his theme; he stems from Cardinal Newman as other men stem from Goethe, and his pages bristle with Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas. . . . Do young men in other countries than Ireland still lift vermin from their collars and soliloquize over them, as Uncle Toby soliloquized over the fly, and as the goliards used to do at the Sorbonne eight hundred years ago? . . . Emotionally the book is direct, spare, and true in its flight as hardly any Anglo-Saxon books are, and its style goes to bear out Thomas MacDonagh's assertion that the English tongue possesses in Ireland an uncodified suggestiveness, a rich concreteness, that it has largely lost in its own country.

We Americans are great lovers of local color, partly because by means of it we are able to achieve artistic effects without very much personal effort. So far this has been almost our only recognized method of approaching the more primitive types of mind; and to those who have not trained themselves to demand a treatment that proceeds from within outward it is a satisfying method. But it always breaks down when any strain is put upon it. Miss Jeannette Marks's "Three Welsh Plays" (Little, Brown) is a case in point. Miss Marks has a charming mind and two of her one-act plays have been awarded first prize by the Welsh National Theater. "The Merry Merry Cuckoo" deserves the distinction; it is a work of great talent. Nevertheless one feels that had Miss Marks struck a deeper level the artificiality of her method would have become all too apparent. Choosing as she has done a series of whimsical Barriesque motives, she has made them "Welsh" by a liberal use of linguistic and sartorial accessories. The psychological result in at least one play, "The Deacon's Hat," is disastrous.

V. W. B.

The Passing of the Kneisel Quartet

COMPARISON of the merits of the Kneisel Quartet with those of like bodies would be unmeaning. One might weigh the Quartet with the Flonzaley, or, recollecting certain eulogies of the Joachim and the Rosé Quartets, speculate upon their various excellences, without ascertaining the

precise significance of the organization's labor. For that estimate is not to be formed on questions of finesse, of euphony, of general artistic flawlessness. The actual achievement of the Kneisel Quartet is in another region. The work that it has performed sets it apart from other chamber-music associations, perhaps from the chamber-music associations of all times. It sets it in the company of those individuals, those societies, that have contributed generously to the national capital.

For such a contribution has been made by Franz Kneisel, by Louis Svecenski, his perennial collaborator, and their associates. If we here in America have come to love string-quartet music, if we have all of us been enriched by this most intimate, most uncontaminated, most spiritual of arts, it is because of the thirty-two years during which they cultivated it. If that art flourishes here; if, presently, it bears fruit out of our own soil, it will be because of the courage, the integrity, the vision, of Franz Kneisel and his partners, and their magnificent sowing.

Indeed, so conversant has the Quartet made us in this esoteric art, that it may appear well nigh incredible to-day that only its long and brave and assiduous toil finally initiated us. To us, to whom string-quartet music has become a veritable necessity, it may easily seem preposterous that in the years first following its inception in Boston in 1885, the organization found but tiny audiences in New York itself. And yet, it was long before its concerts could fill even Mendelssohn Hall. So small was the demand for performances that until 1905 Mr. Kneisel found it possible to remain concert-master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We have but to consider the subtlety and severity of the medium against the background of the gross, shallow American eighties, and of the decades subsequent to them, to gauge something of the bulk of the task confronting the little organization. The string-quartet had been the noble plaything of courts and princes. Its music was the flowering of aristocratic societies. The romanticists, though better attuned to the large public, had preserved much of the original delicacy and proud reserve in the music they composed for the medium. Perhaps the thin tonal skeleton of four stringed instruments necessitated it. At any rate, so little facile appeal had there ever been in quartet music, that many skilled musicians have found it forbidding. Wagner, for instance, detested it. Liszt, generally catholic in his tastes, termed it not "Kammermusik" but "Jammermusik." The critic who not long ago suggested that performances of it be relegated to musical museums could doubtless have found additional authority for his contempt. And yet, this very music, despite its difficulties, the Kneisel Quartet succeeded in incorporating in the culture of America.

The Kneisels' success was all the more glorious because it was made without compromise. The Quartet maintained a standard of performances that fluctuated very little. It maintained an eclectic and catholic repertoire that ranged from Bach to Ravel and Kodály and Enesco. And, after all, its success was the success of a faith stalwartly and unswervingly perseverant. Such a faith alone could have carried it over the multitudinous obstacles that beset it, that as late as 1907 made Mr. Kneisel seriously

consider abandoning his work and accepting the financially remunerative post of conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. And it was such a faith that transfused its performances. It glowed in the choice of music, in the dignity of execution, in the scholarship and discipline of the four players gravely bowing beneath their lighted desks. And, in the end, it was that reverent and ardent spirit that persuaded audiences while the music was still dumb and confusing, persuaded until the music grew articulate and satisfying, and became speech. It must have worked that miraculous discovery a thousand times.

It must have worked it wherever the Quartet went, all over the East and center of the country. For it was not alone Boston and New York that heard the Kneisels. From the beginning they traveled, first to neighboring cities, then, gradually, as the years passed, further west, as far as Chicago, ever covering an increasing territory. They went to little cities, which, ten or fifteen years ago, never heard the best of music fittingly performed, cities where the musical season was indeed "una perpetua dormienda" broken only by concerts of college glee clubs and local ensembles, and, very occasionally, by song recitals. Perhaps only those who came to know the Kneisel Quartet in circumstances of that sort can fully realize, in a fashion incomprehensible to those who heard it play only in the great centers, the gratitude due it. To the cosmopolitan, its concerts, however beautiful, must have been ever but a single component of a complex musical season. But in the smaller towns, its coming was one of the winter's focal points, a thing to anticipate long. With what gusto you repaired on the appointed evening to the Knights of Columbus Hall, or wherever the Quartet chose to play! The house always looked empty. You counted it anxiously, fear lest the concert prove financially disastrous and frighten the Quartet from revisiting the town in future years. You applauded loudly as the four earnest men stepped unassumingly on to a stage that was always set with the scenery of the last amateur theatricals that had taken place there, hoping that a hearty welcome might make amends for a scanty attendance. And then, when the Quartet was seated, the moment when Kneisel placed his bow in position, and looking with that quiet intent gaze at his associates—!

Today the Kneisel Quartet is disbanded. The New York performance of April 3rd was its last. In its very passing, it evinces the same artistic integrity and self-forgetfulness that made it for over a quarter century the living symbol of chamber-music in America. For some time, there is no doubt, Mr. Kneisel has found it arduous to keep the performances up to standard. And so, rather than permit his organization to degenerate, he has ended its career. Never before has he seemed so much the artist. And never before has his Quartet loomed so large. Today, when its work is done and its career rounded, we see it, and its history, and its contribution clearly. And we see that the Kneisel Quartet was one of those great influences that came to us out of the older European tradition, and fertilized our soil. What Leopold Damrosch, Anton Seidl, Gericke, and the rest did for operatic and orchestral music, Franz Kneisel and Louis Svecenski did for their branch of the

art. They, and the culture they embodied, may be passing today. Its work is done. Other influences are at hand. Perhaps the day of an autochthonous culture is nearer. We do not know. But we do know that whatever comes will have been prepared for by our European masters. We know that if ever there is an American music, it will be because men of the type of Franz Kneisel have given themselves to us so wholeheartedly. They have educated us. They have taught us to love music. They have taught us to know the artist from the charlatan. They have taught us the place of art in life. They have left us able to develop. It is for us to make use of the education our European influencers have given us. It is for us to transform their contribution into power. It is for us to become free. And then, and only then, will they, the good masters, have their fruition. They will have led a nation out of material bonds. They will have served their art well indeed. For they will have created life anew.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Playing a Joke on Broadway

TO uplift the theater is like pulling a tree from its roots. It is one thing that cannot do it any good. But so long as the drama resists the lofty effort—an effort that is virtually the will to cleanse it of the earth—there is still hope. Perhaps at last the searching talents that these endeavors still absorb will return to the theatrical reality that needs them. And perhaps then a true theater will grow up. For roots must go down into soil before flowers can push into the sun. This is a rule drama-culturists will evidently learn only through a series of disgusts. But meantime a cheering sign of our theater is the failure of the reformers to uplift it.

All these conclusions are brought home, once more, by Mrs. Hapgood's production of John Galsworthy's "The Little Man" and G. K. Chesterton's "Magic." Once again, it becomes evident how the upward-looking of these friends of our drama means largely a dim but obsequious eye on London. There were good things in these productions. Rollo Peters' impression of a railway carriage in the former play was a chaste bit of scenic economy. The ragged, naturalistic acting, it is true, was all out of measure with the note the scenery struck—that of a strictly formal interpretation. But the chief point was the comparative unnecessity of bringing out "The Little Man" at all. And then, "Magic." Of course, the English did not take Chesterton seriously as a playwright. Chesterton is an amiable as well as ample member of their family. If he wants to have fun, London is delighted to have fun with him. His play was a cozy theatrical bit of gossip, done by a clever son for a mother's birthday party. The party naturally took place before the War: everyone was in good humor, and everyone caught the jocose spirit of the game. But who would transplant this peaceful, this familial, this colloquial affair, made for an hour by the hearthside—transplant it to Broadway, in wartime, with fan-fare and heralding—who else but an American theater-preacher!

There is a certain modesty discernable in the choice by Mrs. Hapgood of these weak and insignificant plays. It is as if our new producer wished to stress her small beginnings. But, of course, the corollary of such diffidence must be a proportionate achievement. Unluckily the productions were not of a sort to send Mr. Belasco to despair or the Shuberts into retirement. The plays went rather badly. They proved uninteresting, at least to that fraction of our public who do not take their drama as a child takes candy. There were excellent artists in the cast but they were never at their best. Actors need a common spirit to inspire them, to exalt their declamation to creation. Their work depends on the power of their theater; must rise from the impulse of their coming together. If Frank Conroy and O. P. Heggie and Cathleen Nesbitt went about on that evening diminished, it was probably because this impulse and this power were wanting. If the plays touched no springs that could possibly have transfigured them from the stylish confectionary that they were, so did the productions miss all that contact with the audience, that real sense of group expression which underlie the dramatic and histrionic arts.

What mouse, then, did this aspiring hillock of ideals labor with, and bring forth? In what way was New York conjured and hammered into a sense of sanctity by this mediocre rendition of two mediocre plays? It may be objected that I attach an importance to these productions which their protagonists would be the first to disclaim. If they do disclaim it, I gainsay them. The importance is there.

It is important that Mrs. Hapgood's presentations were no better—were in some ways worse—than many by her much-attacked, much-patronized neighbors on Broadway. And it is important that as entertainment or as a sheer piece of competent craft exploiting with economy a given amount of talent, this contribution of Mrs. Hapgood to the American stage could not compare with half-a-dozen unregenerate Broadway comedies.

And all this is important because it gives us at least a comparative respect for the commercial drama. Productions aimed nakedly to make money strike nearer a racial and fundamental source, catch up a more real fire of community life, than the fine spinning of the intellectual reformers. But unquestionably these latter persons are competent to help. Their clean spirit and their aspiring taste are sorely needed. If only they would learn the need of roots—the need of starting from some level common to the theater before they can hope to build up a structure that the least braw breath of wind will not cause to topple over!

With all this in mind, it is a real pleasure to observe the production of "Plots and Playwrights," a two-act comedy by Edward Massey, in the latest bill of the Washington Square Players. The play is a satire on the carpentries of Broadway: it swings its laughter by a series of very honest thumb-nail sketches of unsophisticated New York life. These never cut below the easy sentimental surface of *genre* observation. The play in fact is eminent chiefly because of the surrounding flatness. But in its satiric contrast with what the machine dramatist would make of even its own not-too-significant material, it points to our theatric poverty with

an unerring finger. And its technique is an indigenous achievement. Mr. Massey and the company of Edward Goodman are to be congratulated upon a sincere contribution to our native dramatic point of view.

As we go to press we learn that M. Jacques Copeau has consented to bring his company next fall to the founding of a real French theater in New York. The superiority of our German theater and the corrupt travesty of the French dramatic art to which New York has been so long subjected, was always a cause of deep regret. With the accession of Jacques Copeau, America will perhaps for the first time come to understand the true creative power of the French theater. M. Copeau is the director of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and of the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier;* he is in other words in the vanguard of Paris. But through this very fact his genius belongs to the best and deepest of his national traditions. If his work does nothing else it should make clear the fallacy of so many of our efforts, for it is specifically a growth from, and a return to, racial consciousness. In its light, perhaps, our imitators of the European drama may at last understand the artistic evasion that underlies their effort and that so radically opposes it to the spirit of the arts they emulate.

W. F.

Max Weber's Book

IT cannot be stated too often that the term "art" has a three-fold meaning, corresponding to the three types of people by which it is used. To the great majority, whose feelings are personal and whose thoughts have been directed into no channels of technical instruction, the term implies that kind of picture or poem or music touching the personal chord through the immediate associations of memory and desire. They look no further than the subject, and their contact with a work of art is warm or otherwise to the degree that the subject images their own familiar experience. A smaller group, composed of those easily fascinated by abstract formulas, turn to art as the laboratory in which certain "laws" are demonstrated by careful experiment. They despise "Home, Sweet Home," but replace its sentimental appeal by no larger humanity, rather by a more exclusive, acquired taste. That poem or painting demonstrating the formula of their favorite teacher they worship as the clergyman his liturgy. Smaller yet, unfortunately, is the group for whom art is a matter of conscious creation, a fertilization of new areas of being by an unexpected, spiritual sun. These are sensitive to energies, as are the majority to associations and the intellectuals to formulas. Now the perpetual misunderstanding about art consists in the fact that sentiment only becomes valid when it acquires form, and that form, in turn, has significance only as it is traced by the moving lines and planes of a dynamic mind. The artist values sentiment even more than does the sentimental, but as means to an end beyond itself. He values form even more than does the academician, but he knows that its utmost of purpose and result can be merely to suggest the formlessness of the infinite vision. He reconciles all these elements by the fusion made possible only in the flame of obedience to a power greater

than himself. But the realization that such a power exists is shared by so few in any one generation that the artist cannot establish his work as the give and take of equals. Art has always been the charity of the rich nature to the poor. The poor are capable of gratitude, but not of co-operation. And their gratitude goes out most readily for that which seems to serve their own need, seldom for that which justifies the artist's passionate toil. Walt Whitman's desire to make other people poets and not mere readers of poetry is a light carried down to the gloom of the instinctive underworld.

People remain in the outer courts of art largely because their conception of art has been established upon the idea of sentiment for its own sake or form for its own sake. They fall into the cleft made between personal association and technical mastery, between the idea of feeling and the feeling of idea, by those in command of the resources of popular opinion, themselves incapable of the artist's unique phychology. Instead of the artist, then, dealing with his peers in his own environment, his audience only gradually assembles during long intervals of time and over diverse areas of population. The result is that by the time a particular work or tendency has been generally accepted, the creative impulse is manifesting itself through fresh sentiments and a different style. The outer changes made necessary by time, in themselves unessential to anyone who is responsive to universal energies, serve as a screen between the giver and the recipient of the gift. It is as though a young woman had to mate with an old man, or a young man with an old woman. If it were only that the artist is unrecognized until a later generation, or not truly recognized till then, the matter would be a personal misfortune merely; but the truth is that belated recognition implies recognition of the outer, unessential elements in art, sentiment and form. For to know one artist, as sheer creative force, is to become intimate with all art. Art is not a succession of schools, any more than a woman is a succession of fashions. It is one essential being, though draped in the garments of the time.

To illuminate the subject of art, therefore, a book must not be written in terms of what to paint or how to paint it—it must be written in terms of the creative impulse itself. To write a book on art with the intention of deciding between two schools is to row a boat on land. The pen must be dipped in flame, that the words glow with impersonal enthusiasm and reverence. The eagle loses its secret of flight with clipped wings. Thus the best books on art are usually books on other matters. They may be poetry, biography, philosophy; whatever stirs the sleeper to wakefulness, though its author never once stretched a canvas or entered a museum, is directly in art's service and should be catalogued under that head. To leave the crowded streets of the conventionalized mind, and climb the hill where is to be seen the all that is nothing, the nothing that is all: this is to possess the true guide to every picture, past, present, and to come.

Max Weber's book surprised me most of all in that it was written by an American artist, that it was produced among a people without mysticism and ruled by pedagogues. And it was written by one who has traversed every turn in the maze of the development of art as history

and has yet emerged with flame from the inner shrine unchoked by the dust of the way. It was written by one who has patiently, and in poverty, developed the technique expressing his own mentality and temperament, yet gazed more anxiously upon the fire than upon the iron his own life was given to heat. It deals with principles and not the application of principles, which it is the individual's business to work out for himself. It was written by a creator to his peers, reverently, as if the whole world were intent only upon building a New Jerusalem of brass and marble and jade, and had bowed for a moment in prayer before setting to its task. The book is a chant of the beauty which lies sleeping in wood and stone, an invocation to the fruitful wedding of spirit and matter, a glimpse of the soul's redeeming power. The author glows from mind to eye, from heart to finger-tips, closing the circuit of "work" and "love."

And the literary medium itself is exactly characteristic of Weber's business in life and his habitual preoccupations. The book is done in a slow, unworldly prose as if carved on the pedestal of a Chinese god. It might have been written by one who himself never read a book, but after working silently for years in a courtyard where was audible the calm recitation of priests, sat down to make his own journal and unconsciously tuned it to the key of devotion. All those who consider "modern art" a toadstool in the field of progress are gently counseled to rest awhile under the shade of this deep-rooted oak.

Of Max Weber the painter there is no occasion here to speak, save perhaps as his work, based as it is upon a pioneer's real hardships and not a student's casual selection of a medium, has justified his literary interpretation of art in general. The centrifugal force popular to American art up to the War carried Weber to Paris, where he helped in the organization of the Matisse School, returning to New York in January, 1909, with, incidentally, the first copies of Cézanne to reach this country. His earliest exhibition of pictures in the "modern" style was held at the Haas Galleries in April of that year. The following five years, or until the War made modernism overwhelmingly evident to American critics, were for Weber as a lonely session in the Dark Ages. Roger Fry, however, invited him to show with the Grafton Group in London, March, 1913. The pictures exhibited during that time are still "modern," though criticism has now advanced from the stage of blind hilarity to silent second thought. Indeed, Weber has grown up with the "modern" movement; and his work is almost its American history for half a decade. The period of tortuous experiment, when painting became mathematical in its effort to vision a reality beyond romanticism, has given place in Weber to a serene but arduous simplicity. His effort now is to unite the abstract with the concrete, to gain the sensuous simplicity and directness which is the spiritual in art, the child-soul recovered beyond the horizons of thought.

In part, Max Weber's book is a record of his own growth; in part also it has come from his necessity to share that growth with others. It crystallizes the lectures he has been delivering during the last two years. It carries opinion forward to conviction, tested by the inquiry of other minds.

HORACE HOLLEY.

The War and the Intellectuals

By Randolph Bourne

TO those of us who still retain an irreconcilable animus against war, it has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of war-technique in the crisis in which America found herself. Socialists, college professors, publicists, new-republicans, practitioners of literature, have vied with each other in confirming with their intellectual faith the collapse of neutrality and the riveting of the war-mind on a hundred million more of the world's people. And the intellectuals are not content with confirming our belligerent gesture. They are now complacently asserting that it was they who effectively willed it, against the hesitation and dim perceptions of the American democratic masses. A war made deliberately by the intellectuals! A calm moral verdict, arrived at after a penetrating study of inexorable facts! Sluggish masses, too remote from the world-conflict to be stirred, too lacking in intellect to perceive their danger! An alert intellectual class, saving the people in spite of themselves, biding their time with Fabian strategy until the nation could be moved into war without serious resistance! An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what the other nations entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or militarist madness! A war free from any taint of self-seeking, a war that will secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world! This is the picture which the more self-conscious intellectuals have formed of themselves, and which they are slowly im-

pressing upon a population which is being led no man knows whither by an indubitably intellectualized President. And they are right, in that the war certainly did not spring from either the ideals or the prejudices, from the national ambitions or hysterias, of the American people, however acquiescent the masses prove to be, and however clearly the intellectuals prove their putative intuition.

Those intellectuals who have felt themselves totally out of sympathy with this drag toward war will seek some explanation for this joyful leadership. They will want to understand this willingness of the American intellect to open the sluices and flood us with the sewage of the war spirit. We cannot forget the virtuous horror and stupefaction which filled our college professors when they read the famous manifesto of their ninety-three German colleagues in defence of their war. To the American academic mind of 1914 defence of war was inconceivable. From Bernhardi it recoiled as from a blasphemy, little dreaming that two years later would find it creating its own cleanly reasons for imposing military service on the country and for talking of the rough rude currents of health and regeneration that war would send through the American body politic. They would have thought anyone mad who talked of shipping American men by the hundreds of thousands—conscripts—to die on the fields of France. Such a spiritual change seems catastrophic when we shoot our minds back to those days when neutrality was a proud thing. But the intellectual progress has been so gradual that the country retains little sense of the irony. The war sentiment, begun so gradually but so perseveringly by the preparedness advocates who came from the ranks of big business, caught hold of one after another of the intellectual groups. With the aid of Roosevelt, the murmurs became a monotonous chant, and finally a chorus so mighty that to be out of it was at first to be disreputable and finally almost obscene. And slowly a strident rant was worked up against Germany which compared

very creditably with the German fulminations against the greedy power of England. The nerve of the war-feeling centred, of course, in the richer and older classes of the Atlantic seaboard, and was keenest where there were French or English business and particularly social connections. The sentiment then spread over the country as a class-phenomenon, touching everywhere those upper-class elements in each section who identified themselves with this Eastern ruling group. It must never be forgotten that in every community it was the least liberal and least democratic elements among whom the preparedness and later the war sentiment was found. The farmers were apathetic, the small business men and workingmen are still apathetic towards the war. The election was a vote of confidence of these latter classes in a President who would keep the faith of neutrality. The intellectuals, in other words, have identified themselves with the least democratic forces in American life. They have assumed the leadership for war of those very classes whom the American democracy has been immemorially fighting. Only in a world where irony was dead could an intellectual class enter war at the head of such illiberal cohorts in the avowed cause of world-liberalism and world-democracy. No one is left to point out the undemocratic nature of this war-liberalism. In a time of faith, skepticism is the most intolerable of all insults.

Our intellectual class might have been occupied, during the last two years of war, in studying and clarifying the ideals and aspirations of the American democracy, in discovering a true Americanism which would not have been merely nebulous but might have federated the different ethnic groups and traditions. They might have spent the time in endeavoring to clear the public mind of the cant of war, to get rid of old mystical notions that clog our thinking. We might have used the time for a great wave of education, for setting our house in spiritual order. We could at least have set the problem before ourselves. If our intellectuals were going to

lead the administration, they might conceivably have tried to find some way of securing peace by making neutrality effective. They might have turned their intellectual energy not to the problem of jockeying the nation into war, but to the problem of using our vast neutral power to attain democratic ends for the rest of the world and ourselves without the use of the malevolent technique of war. They might have failed. The point is that they scarcely tried. The time was spent not in clarification and education, but in a mulling over of nebulous ideals of democracy and liberalism and civilization which had never meant anything fruitful to those ruling classes who now so glibly used them, and in giving free rein to the elementary instinct of self-defence. The whole era has been spiritually wasted. The outstanding feature has been not its Americanism but its intense colonialism. The offence of our intellectuals was not so much that they were colonial—for what could we expect of a nation composed of so many national elements?—but that it was so one-sidedly and partisanly colonial. The official, reputable expression of the intellectual class has been that of the English colonial. Certain portions of it have been even more loyalist than the King, more British even than Australia. Other colonial attitudes have been vulgar. The colonialism of the other American stocks was denied a hearing from the start. America might have been made a meeting-ground for the different national attitudes. An intellectual class, cultural colonists of the different European nations, might have threshed out the issues here as they could not be threshed out in Europe. Instead of this, the English colonials in university and press took command at the start, and we became an intellectual Hungary where thought was subject to an effective process of Magyarization. The reputable opinion of the American intellectuals became more and more either what could be read pleasantly in London, or what was written in an earnest effort to put Englishmen straight on their war-aims and war-technique.

This Magyarization of thought produced as a counter-reaction a peculiarly offensive and inept German apologetic, and the two partisans divided the field between them. The great masses, the other ethnic groups, were inarticulate. American public opinion was almost as little prepared for war in 1917 as it was in 1914.

The sterile results of such an intellectual policy are inevitable. During the war the American intellectual class has produced almost nothing in the way of original and illuminating interpretation. Veblen's "Imperial Germany;" Patten's "Culture and War," and addresses; Dewey's "German Philosophy and Politics;" a chapter or two in Weyl's "American Foreign Policies;"—is there much else of creative value in the intellectual repercussion of the war? It is true that the shock of war put the American intellectual to an unusual strain. He had to sit idle and think as spectator not as actor. There was no government to which he could docilely and loyally tender his mind as did the Oxford professors to justify England in her own eyes. The American's training was such as to make the fact of war almost incredible. Both in his reading of history and in his lack of economic perspective he was badly prepared for it. He had to explain to himself something which was too colossal for the modern mind, which outran any language or terms which we had to interpret it in. He had to expand his sympathies to the breaking-point, while pulling the past and present into some sort of interpretative order. The intellectuals in the fighting countries had only to rationalize and justify what their country was already doing. Their task was easy. A neutral, however, had really to search out the truth. Perhaps perspective was too much to ask of any mind. Certainly the older colonials among our college professors let their prejudices at once dictate their thought. They have been comfortable ever since. The war has taught them nothing and will teach them nothing. And they have had the satisfaction, under the rigor of events, of seeing pre-

judice submerge the intellects of their younger colleagues. And they have lived to see almost their entire class, pacifists and democrats too, join them as apologists for the "gigantic irrelevance" of war.

We have had to watch, therefore, in this country the same process which so shocked us abroad,—the coalescence of the intellectual classes in support of the military programme. In this country, indeed, the socialist intellectuals did not even have the grace of their German brothers and wait for the declaration of war before they broke for cover. And when they declared for war they showed how thin was the intellectual veneer of their socialism. For they called us in terms that might have emanated from any bourgeois journal to defend democracy and civilization, just as if it was not exactly against those very bourgeois democracies and capitalist civilizations that socialists had been fighting for decades. But so subtle is the spiritual chemistry of the "inside" that all this intellectual cohesion—herd-instinct become herd-intellect—which seemed abroad so hysterical and so servile, comes to us here in highly rational terms. We go to war to save the world from subjugation! But the German intellectuals went to war to save their culture from barbarization! And the French went to war to save their beautiful France! And the English to save international honor! And Russia, most altruistic and self-sacrificing of all, to save a small State from destruction! Whence is our miraculous intuition of our moral spotlessness? Whence our confidence that history will not unravel huge economic and imperialist forces upon which our rationalizations float like bubbles? The Jew often marvels that his race alone should have been chosen as the true people of the cosmic God. Are not our intellectuals equally fatuous when they tell us that our war of all wars is stainless and thrillingly achieving for good?

An intellectual class that was wholly rational would have called insistently for peace and not for war. For months

the crying need has been for a negotiated peace, in order to avoid the ruin of a deadlock. Would not the same amount of resolute statesmanship thrown into intervention have secured a peace that would have been a subjugation for neither side? Was the terrific bargaining power of a great neutral ever really used? Our war followed, as all wars follow, a monstrous failure of diplomacy. Shamefacedness should now be our intellectuals' attitude, because the American play for peace was made so little more than a polite play. The intellectuals have still to explain why, willing as they now are to use force to continue the war to absolute exhaustion, they were not willing to use force to coerce the world to a speedy peace.

Their forward vision is no more convincing than their past rationality. We go to war now to internationalize the world! But surely their League to Enforce Peace is only a palpable apocalyptic myth, like the syndicalists' myth of the "general strike." It is not a rational programme so much as a glowing symbol for the purpose of focusing belief, of setting enthusiasm on fire for international order. As far as it does this it has pragmatic value, but as far as it provides a certain radiant mirage of idealism for this war and for a world-order founded on mutual fear, it is dangerous and obnoxious. Idealism should be kept for what is ideal. It is depressing to think that the prospect of a world so strong that none dare challenge it should be the immediate ideal of the American intellectual. If the League is only a makeshift, a coalition into which we enter to restore order, then it is only a description of existing fact, and the idea should be treated as such. But if it is an actually prospective outcome of the settlement, the keystone of American policy, it is neither realizable nor desirable. For the programme of such a League contains no provision for dynamic national growth or for international economic justice. In a world which requires recognition of economic internationalism far more than of political internationalism, an idea is reactionary which proposes to petrify

and federate the nations as political and economic units. Such a scheme for international order is a dubious justification for American policy. And if American policy had been sincere in its belief that our participation would achieve international beatitude, would we not have made our entrance into the war conditional upon a solemn general agreement to respect in the final settlement these principles of international order? Could we have afforded, if our war was to end war by the establishment of a league of honor, to risk the defeat of our vision and our betrayal in the settlement? Yet we are in the war, and no such solemn agreement was made, nor has it even been suggested.

The case of the intellectuals seems, therefore, only very speciously rational. They could have used their energy to force a just peace or at least to devise other means than war for carrying through American policy. They could have used their intellectual energy to ensure that our participation in the war meant the international order which they wish. Intellect was not so used. It was used to lead an apathetic nation into an irresponsible war, without guarantees from those belligerents whose cause we were saving. The American intellectual, therefore, has been rational neither in his hindsight nor his foresight. To explain him we must look beneath the intellectual reasons to the emotional disposition. It is not so much what they thought as how they felt that explains our intellectual class. Allowing for colonial sympathy, there was still the personal shock in a world-war which outraged all our preconceived notions of the way the world was tending. It reduced to rubbish most of the humanitarian internationalism and democratic nationalism which had been the emotional thread of our intellectuals' life. We had suddenly to make a new orientation. There were mental conflicts. Our latent colonialism strove with our longing for American unity. Our desire for peace strove with our desire for national responsibility in the world. That first lofty and remote and not alto-

gether unsound feeling of our spiritual isolation from the conflict could not last. There was the itch to be in the great experience which the rest of the world was having. Numbers of intelligent people who had never been stirred by the horrors of capitalistic peace at home were shaken out of their slumber by the horrors of war in Belgium. Never having felt responsibility for labor wars and oppressed masses and excluded races at home, they had a large fund of idle emotional capital to invest in the oppressed nationalities and ravaged villages of Europe. Hearts that had felt only ugly contempt for democratic strivings at home beat in tune with the struggle for freedom abroad. All this was natural, but it tended to over-emphasize our responsibility. And it threw our thinking out of gear. The task of making our own country detailedly fit for peace was abandoned in favor of a feverish concern for the management of the war, advice to the fighting governments on all matters, military, social and political, and a gradual working up of the conviction that we were ordained as a nation to lead all erring brothers towards the light of liberty and democracy. The failure of the American intellectual class to erect a creative attitude toward the war can be explained by these sterile mental conflicts which the shock to our ideals sent raging through us.

Mental conflicts end either in a new and higher synthesis or adjustment, or else in a reversion to more primitive ideas which have been outgrown but to which we drop when jolted out of our attained position. The war caused in America a recrudescence of nebulous ideals which a younger generation was fast outgrowing because it had passed the wistful stage and was discovering concrete ways of getting them incarnated in actual institutions. The shock of the war threw us back from this pragmatic work into an emotional bath of these old ideals. There was even a somewhat rarefied revival of our primitive Yankee boastfulness, the reversion of senility to that republican childhood when we expected the whole world to

copy our republican institutions. We amusingly ignored the fact that it was just that Imperial German regime, to whom we are to teach the art of self-government, which our own Federal structure, with its executive irresponsible in foreign policy and with its absence of parliamentary control, most resembles. And we are missing the exquisite irony of the unaffected homage paid by the American democratic intellectuals to the last and most detested of Britain's tory premiers as the representative of a "liberal" ally, as well as the irony of the selection of the best hated of America's bourbon "old guard" as the missionary of American democracy to Russia.

The intellectual state that could produce such things is one where reversion has taken place to more primitive ways of thinking. Simple syllogisms are substituted for analysis, things are known by their labels, our heart's desire dictates what we shall see. The American intellectual class, having failed to make the higher syntheses, regresses to ideas that can issue in quick, simplified action. Thought becomes any easy rationalization of what is actually going on or what is to happen inevitably tomorrow. It is true that certain groups did rationalize their colonialism and attach the doctrine of the inviolability of British sea-power to the doctrine of a League of Peace. But this agile resolution of the mental conflict did not become a higher synthesis, to be creatively developed. It gradually merged into a justification for our going to war. It petrified into a dogma to be propagated. Criticism flagged and emotional propaganda began. Most of the socialists, the college professors and the practitioners of literature, however, have not even reached this high-water mark of synthesis. Their mental conflicts have been resolved much more simply. War in the interests of democracy! This was almost the sum of their philosophy. The primitive idea to which they regressed became almost insensibly translated into a craving for action. War was seen as the crowning relief of their indecision. At last action, irresponsibility, the end of anxious and

torturing attempts to reconcile peace-ideals with the drag of the world towards Hell. An end to the pain of trying to adjust the facts to what they ought to be! Let us consecrate the facts as ideal! Let us join the greased slide towards war! The momentum increased. Hesitations, ironies, consciences, considerations,—all were drowned in the elemental blare of doing something aggressive, colossal. The new-found Sabbath "peacefulness of being at war"! The thankfulness with which so many intellectuals lay down and floated with the current betrays the hesitation and suspense through which they had been. The American university is a brisk and happy place these days. Simple, unquestioning action has superseded the knots of thought. The thinker dances with reality.

With how many of the acceptors of war has it been mostly a dread of intellectual suspense? It is a mistake to suppose that intellectuality necessarily makes for suspended judgments. The intellect craves certitude. It takes effort to keep it supple and pliable. In a time of danger and disaster we jump desperately for some dogma to cling to. The time comes, if we try to hold out, when our nerves are sick with fatigue, and we seize in a great healing wave of release some doctrine that can be immediately translated into action. Neutrality meant suspense, and so it became the object of loathing to frayed nerves. The vital myth of the League of Peace provides a dogma to jump to. With war the world becomes motor again and speculation is brushed aside like cobwebs. The blessed emotion of self-defence intervenes too, which focused millions in Europe. A few keep up a critical pose after war is begun, but since they usually advise action which is in one-to-one correspondence with what the mass is already doing, their criticism is little more than a rationalization of the common emotional drive.

The results of war on the intellectual class are already apparent. Their thought becomes little more than a descrip-

tion and justification of what is going on. They turn upon any rash one who continues idly to speculate. Once the war is on, the conviction spreads that individual thought is helpless, that the only way one can count is as a cog in the great wheel. There is no good holding back. We are told to dry our unnoticed and ineffective tears and plunge into the great work. Not only is everyone forced into line, but the new certitude becomes idealized. It is a noble realism which opposes itself to futile obstruction and the cowardly refusal to face facts. This realistic boast is so loud and sonorous that one wonders whether realism is always a stern and intelligent grappling with realities. May it not be sometimes a mere surrender to the actual, an abdication of the ideal through a sheer fatigue from intellectual suspense? The pacifist is roundly scolded for refusing to face the facts, and for retiring into his own world of sentimental desire. But is the realist, who refuses to challenge or criticise facts, entitled to any more credit than that which comes from following the line of least resistance? The realist thinks he at least can control events by linking himself to the forces that are moving. Perhaps he can. But if it is a question of controlling war, it is difficult to see how the child on the back of a mad elephant is to be any more effective in stopping the beast than is the child who tries to stop him from the ground. The ex-humanitarian, turned realist, sneers at the snobbish neutrality, colossal conceit, crooked thinking, dazed sensibilities, of those who are still unable to find any balm of consolation for this war. We manufacture consolations here in America while there are probably not a dozen men fighting in Europe who did not long ago give up every reason for their being there except that nobody knew how to get them away.

But the intellectuals whom the crisis has crystallized into an acceptance of war have put themselves into a terrifyingly strategic position. It is only on the craft, in the stream, they say, that one has any chance of controlling the current forces

for liberal purposes. If we obstruct, we surrender all power for influence. If we responsibly approve, we then retain our power for guiding. We will be listened to as responsible thinkers, while those who obstructed the coming of war have committed intellectual suicide and shall be cast into outer darkness. Criticism by the ruling powers will only be accepted from those intellectuals who are in sympathy with the general tendency of the war. Well, it is true that they may guide, but if their stream leads to disaster and the frustration of national life, is their guiding any more than a preference whether they shall go over the right-hand or the left-hand side of the precipice? Meanwhile, however, there is comfort on board. Be with us, they call, or be negligible, irrelevant. Dissenters are already excommunicated. Irreconcilable radicals, wringing their hands among the debris, become the most despicable and impotent of men. There seems no choice for the intellectual but to join the mass of acceptance. But again the terrible dilemma arises,—either support what is going on, in which case you count for nothing because you are swallowed in the mass and great incalculable forces bear you on; or remain aloof, passively resistant, in which case you count for nothing because you are outside the machinery of reality.

Is there no place left, then, for the intellectual who cannot yet crystallize, who does not dread suspense, and is not yet drugged with fatigue? The American intellectuals, in their preoccupation with reality, seem to have forgotten that the real enemy is War rather than imperial Germany. There is work to be done to prevent this war of ours from passing into popular mythology as a holy crusade. What shall we do with leaders who tell us that we go to war in moral spotlessness, or who make "democracy" synonymous with a republican form of government? There is work to be done in still shouting that all the revolutionary by-products will not justify the war, or make war anything else than the most noxious complex of all the evils that afflict men. There must be some

to find no consolation whatever, and some to sneer at those who buy the cheap emotion of sacrifice. There must be some irreconcilables left who will not even accept the war with walrus tears. There must be some to call unceasingly for peace, and some to insist that the terms of settlement shall be not only liberal but democratic. There must be some intellectuals who are not willing to use the old discredited counters again and to support a peace which would leave all the old inflammable materials of armament lying about the world. There must still be opposition to any contemplated "liberal" world-order founded on military coalitions. The "irreconcilable" need not be disloyal. He need not even be "impossibilist." His apathy towards war should take the form of a heightened energy and enthusiasm for the education, the art, the interpretation that make for life in the midst of the world of death. The intellectual who retains his animus against war will push out more boldly than ever to make his case solid against it. The old ideals crumble; new ideals must be forged. His mind will continue to roam widely and ceaselessly. The thing he will fear most is premature crystallization. If the American intellectual class rivets itself to a "liberal" philosophy that perpetuates the old errors, there will then be need for "democrats" whose task will be to divide, confuse, disturb, keep the intellectual waters constantly in motion to prevent any such ice from ever forming.

Tomorrow

By Eugene G. O'Neill

IT was back in my sailor days, in the winter of my great down-and-outness, that all this happened. In those years of wandering, to be broke and "on the beach" in some seaport or other of the world was no new experience; but this had been an unusually long period of inaction even for me. Six months before I had landed in New York after a voyage from Buenos Aires as able seaman on a British tramp. Since that time I had loafed around the water front, eking out an existence on a small allowance from my family, too lazy of body and mind, too indifferent to things in general, to ship to sea again or do anything else. I shared a small rear room with another "gentleman-ranker," Jimmy Anderson, an old friend of mine, over an all-night dive near South street known as Tommy the Priest's.

This is the story of Jimmy, my roommate, and it begins on a cold night in the early part of March. I had waited in Tommy the Priest's, hunched up on a chair near the stove in the back room, all the late afternoon until long after dark. My nerves were on edge as a result of a two days' carouse ensuing on the receipt of my weekly allowance. Now all that money was gone—over the bar—and the next few days gloomed up as a dreary, sober and hungry ordeal which must, barring miracles, be endured patiently or otherwise. Three or four others of the crowd I knew were sitting near me, equally sick and penniless. We stared gloomily before us, in listless attitudes, spitting dejectedly at the glowing paunch of the stove. Every now and then someone would come in

bringing with him a chill of the freezing wind outside. We would all look up hopefully. No, only a stranger. Nothing in the way of hospitality to be expected from him. "Close that damned door!" we would growl in chorus and huddle closer to the stove, shivering, muttering disappointed curses. In mocking contrast the crowd at the bar were drinking, singing, arguing in each other's ears with loud, care-free voices. None of them noticed our existence.

Surely a bad night for Good Samaritans, I thought, and reflected with bitterness that I counted several in that jubilant throng who had eagerly accepted my favors of the two nights previous. Now they saw me and nodded—but that was all. Suddenly sick with human ingratitude, I got out of my chair and, grumbling a surly "good-night, all" to the others, went out the side door and up the rickety stairs to our room—Jimmy's and mine.

The thought of spending a long evening alone in the room seemed intolerable to me. I lit the lamp and glanced around angrily. A fine hole! The two beds took up nearly all the space but Jimmy had managed to cram in, in front of the window, a small table on which stood his dilapidated typewriter. The typewriter, of course, was broken and wouldn't work. Jimmy was always going to have it fixed—tomorrow. But then Jimmy lived in a dream of tomorrows; and nothing he was ever associated with ever worked.

The lamp on the table threw a stream of light through the dirty window, revealing the fire-escape outside. Inside, on a shelf along the windowsill, a dyspeptic geranium plant sulked in a small red pot. This plant was Jimmy's garden and his joy. Even when he was too sick to wash his own face he never forgot to water it the first thing after getting up. It goes without saying, the silly thing never bloomed. Nothing that Jimmy loved ever bloomed; but he always hoped, in fact he was quite sure, it would eventually blossom out—in the dawn of some vague tomorrow.

For me it had value only as a symbol of Jimmy's everlasting futility, of his irritating inefficiency. However, at that period in my life, all flowers were yellow primroses and nothing more, and Jimmy's pet was out of place, I thought, and in the way.

Books were piled on the floor against the walls—and what books! Where Jimmy got them and what for, God only knows. He never read them, except a few pages at haphazard to put him to sleep. Yet there must have been fifty at least cluttering up the room—books about history, about journalism, about economics—books of impossible poetry and incredible prose, written by unknown authors and published by firms one had never heard of. He had a craze for buying them and never failed, on the days he was paid for the odd bits of work he did as occasional stenographer for a theatrical booking firm, to stagger weakly into Tommy's, very drunk, with two or three of these unreadable volumes clutched to his breast—books with titles like: "A Commentary on the Bulls of Pope Leo XIII," or "God and the Darwinian Theory" by John Jones, or "Sunflowers and Other Verses" by Lydia Smith. Think of it!

I used to grow wild with rage as I watched him showing them to Tommy, or Big John, if he was on, or to anyone else who would look and listen, with all the besotted pride in the world. I would think of the drinks and the food—kippered herring and bread and good Italian cheese—he might have purchased for the price of these dull works; and I would swear to myself to thrash him good and hard if he even dared to speak to me.

And then—Jimmy would come and lay his idiotic books on my table and I would look up at him furiously; and there he would stand, wavering a bit, smiling his sweet, good-natured smile, trying to force half his remaining change into my hand, his lonely, wistful eyes watching me with the appealing look of a lost dog hungry for an affectionate pat.

What could I do but laugh and love him and show him I did by a slap on the back or in some small way or another? It was worth while forgetting all the injuries in the world just to see the light of gratitude shine up in his eyes.

This night I am speaking of I picked up one of the books in desperation and lay down to read with the lamp at the head of the bed; but I couldn't concentrate. I was too sick in body, brain, and soul to follow even the words.

I threw the book aside and lay on my back staring gloomily at the ceiling. The inmate of the next room, a broken-down telegrapher—"the Lunger" we used to call him—had a violent attack of coughing which seemed to be tearing his chest to pieces. I shuddered. He used to spit blood in the back room below. In fact, when drunk, he was quite proud of this achievement, but grew terrified at all allusions to consumption and wildly insisted that he only had "bloody bronchitis," and that he was getting better every day. He died soon after in that same room next to ours. Perhaps his treatment was at fault. A quart and a half of five-cent whiskey a day and only a plate of free soup at noon to eat is hardly a diet conducive to the cure of any disease—not even "bloody bronchitis."

He coughed and coughed until, in a frenzy of tortured nerves, I yelled to him: "For God's sake, shut up!" Then he subsided into a series of groans and querulous, choking complaints. I thought of consumption, the danger of contagion, and remembered that the window ought to be open. But it was too cold. Besides, what was the difference? "Con" or something else, today or tomorrow, it was all the same—the end. What did I care? I had failed—or rather I had never cared enough about it all to want to succeed.

I must have dozed for I came to with a nervous jump to find the lamp sputtering and smoking and the light growing dimmer every minute. No oil! That fool Jimmy had promised to bring back some. I had given him my last twenty

cents and he had taken the can with him. He was sober, had been for almost a week, was suffering from one of his infrequent and brief efforts at reformation. No, there was no excuse. I cursed him viciously for the greatest imbecile on earth. The lamp was going out. I would have to lie in darkness or return to the misery of the back room downstairs.

Just then I recognized his step on the stairs and a moment later he came in, bringing the oil. I glared at him. "Where've you been?" I shouted. "Look at that lamp, you idiot! I'd have been in the dark in another second."

Jimmy came forward shrinkingly, a look of deep hurt in his faded blue eyes. He murmured something about "office" and stooped down to fill the lamp.

"Office!" I taunted scornfully, "what office? What do you take me for? I've heard that bunk of yours a million times."

Jimmy finished filling the lamp and sat down on the side of his bed opposite me. He didn't answer; only stared at me with an irritating sort of compassionate pity. How prim he was sitting there in his black suit, wispy, grey hair combed over his bald spot, his jowly face scraped close and chalky with too much cheap powder, the vile odor of which filled the room. I noticed for the first time his clean collar, his fresh shirt. He must have been to the Chinaman's and retrieved part of his laundry. This was what he usually did when he had a windfall of a dollar or so from some unexpected source. Never took out all his laundry. That would have been too expensive. Just called at the Chink's and changed his shirt and collar. His other articles of clothing he washed himself at the sink in the hallway.

I eyed him up and down resentfully. Here was a man who ought always to remain drunk. Sober, he was a respectable nuisance. And his shoes were shined!

"Why the profound meditation?" I asked. "You'd think, to look at you, you were sitting up with my corpse. Cheer up! I feel bad enough without your adding to the gloom."

"That's just it, Art," he began in slow, doleful tones. "I hate to see you in this condition. You wouldn't ever feel this way if you'd—only—only—" he hesitated as he saw my sneer.

"Only what?" I urged.

"Only stop your hard drinking," he mumbled, avoiding my eyes.

"This is almost too much, Jimmy. The water wagon is fatal to your sense of humor. After a week's ride you've accumulated more cheap moralizing than any anchorite in all his years of fasting."

"I'm your friend," he blundered on, "and you know it, Art—or I wouldn't say it."

"And it hurts you more than it does me, I'll bet!"

Jimmy had the piqued air of the rebuffed but well-intentioned. "If that's the way you want to take it—" he was staring unhappily at the floor. We were silent for a time. Then he continued with the obstinacy of the reformed turned reformer: "I'm your friend, the best friend you've got." His eyes looked up into mine and his glance was timidly questioning. "You know that, don't you, Art?"

All my peevishness vanished in a flash before his woeful sincerity. I reached over and grabbed his hand—his white, pudgy little hand so in keeping with the rest of him—warm and soft. "Of course I know it, Jimmy. Don't be foolish and take what I've said seriously. I've got a full-sized grouch against everything tonight."

Jimmy brightened up and cleared his throat. He evidently thought my remarks an expression of willingness to serve as audience for his temperance lecture. Still he hesitated politely. "I know you don't want to listen—"

I laughed shortly. "Go ahead. Shoot. I'm all ears."

Then he began. You know the sort of drool—introduced by a sage wag of the head and the inevitable remark: "I've been through it all myself, and I know." I won't bore you

with it. Coming from Jimmy it was the last word in absurdity.

I tried not to listen, concentrating my mind on the man himself, my nerves soothed by the monotonous flow of his soft-voiced syllables. Yes, he'd been through it all, there was no doubt of that, from soup to nuts. What he didn't realize was that none of it had ever touched him deeply. Forgetful of the last kick his eyes had always looked up at life again with the same appealing, timid uncertainy, pleading for a caress, fearful of a blow. And life had never failed to deal him the expected kick, never a vicious one, more of a shove to get him out of the way of a spirited boot at someone who really mattered. Spurned, Jimmy had always returned, affectionate, uncomprehending, wagging his tail ingratiatingly, so to speak. The longed-for caress would come, he was sure of it, if not today, then tomorrow. Ah, tomorrow!

I looked searchingly at his face—the squat nose, the wistful eyes, the fleshy cheeks hanging down like dewlaps on either side of his weak mouth with its pale, thick lips. The usual marks of dissipation were there but none of the scars of intense suffering. The whole effect was characterless, unfinished; as if some sculptor at the last moment had suddenly lost interest in his clay model of a face and abandoned his work in disgust. I wondered what Jimmy would do if he ever saw that face in the clear, cruel mirror of Truth. Straggle on in the same lost way, no doubt, and cease to have faith in mirrors.

Although most of his lecture was being lost on me I couldn't prevent a chance word now and then from seeping into my consciousness. "Wasted youth—your education—ability—a shame — lost opportunity — drink — some nice girl" — these words my ears retained against my will, and each word had a sting to it. Gradually my feeling of kindliness toward Jimmy petered out. I began to hate him for a pestiferous little crank.

What right had he to meddle with my sins? Some of the things he was saying were true; and truth—that kind of truth—should be seen and not heard.

I was becoming angry enough to shrivel him up with some contemptuous remark about his hypocrisy and the doubtful duration of time he would stay on the wagon when he suddenly digressed from my misdeeds and began virtuously holding himself up as a horrible example.

He began at the beginning, and, even though I welcomed the change of subject, I swore inwardly at the prospect of hearing the history of his life all over again. He had told me this tale at least fifty times while in all stages of maudlin drunkenness. Usually he wept—which was sometimes funny and sometimes not, all depending on my own condition. At all events it would be a novelty to hear his sober version. I might get at some facts this time.

To my surprise this story seemed to be identical with the others I had been lulled to sleep by on so many nights. Making allowances for the natural exaggeration of one in liquor, there was but little difference. It started with the Anderson estate in Scotland where Jimmy had spent his boyhood. This estate of the family extended over the greater part of a Scotch county, so Jimmy claimed, and he was touchy when anyone seemed skeptical regarding its existence.

He loved to dilate on the beauty of the country, the old manor house, the farms, the game park, and all the rest of it. All this was heavily mortgaged, he admitted; and he was not in good standing with most of his relatives on the other side; but he declared that there was one aunt, far gone in years and hoarded wealth, who still treasured his memory, and he promised all the gang in the back room a rare blowout should the old lady pass away in the proper frame of mind. To all of this the crowd would listen with an amiable pretence of belief. For, after all, he was Jimmy and they all swore by him, and a fairy tale like that is no great matter to hold against a man.

But here he was spinning the same yarn in all its details! I looked at him suspiciously. No, he was certainly stone sober. Could there be any truth in it then? Impossible. I finally concluded that Jimmy, after the fashion of liars, had ended by mistaking his own fabrications for fact.

He continued on through his years in Edinburgh University, his graduation with honors, his going into journalism first in Scotland, then in England, afterwards as a correspondent on the Continent, and finally his work in South Africa during the Boer War as representative of some news service.

I had never been able to verify any of this except that relating to the Boer War. An old friend of his had once told me that Jimmy did hold a responsible position in South Africa during the war and had received a large salary. Then the old friend, old-friendlike, shook his head gravely and muttered: "Too bad! Too bad! Drink!" Whether the rest of Jimmy's life, as related by him, had ever been lived or not hardly mattered, I thought. Undoubtedly he had been well educated and what is called a gentleman over there. Of course the Anderson estate was a work of fiction, or, at best, a glorified country house.

"And mind you, Art, up to that time," Jimmy's story had reached the point where he was at the front in South Africa for the news service company, "I had never touched a drop except a glass of wine with dinner now and again. That was ten years ago and I was thirty-five. Then—something happened. Ten years," he repeated sadly, "and now look where I am!" He stared despondently before him for a moment, then brightened up and squared his bent shoulders. "But that's all past and gone now, and I'm through with this kind of life for good and all."

"There's always tomorrow," I ventured ironically.

"Yes, and I'm going to make the most of it." His eyes were bright with the dream of a new hope; or rather, the old

hope eternally redreamed. He glanced at the table. "I'll have to have that typewriter fixed up."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow, if I can spare the time." He hadn't noticed my sarcasm.

"Why, is your day all taken up?" I asked, marvelling at his imagination.

"Pretty well so." He put on an air of importance. "I saw Edwards today"—Edwards was a friend of his who had risen to be an editor on one of the big morning papers—"and he's found an opening for me—a real opening which will give me an opportunity to show them all I'm still in the race."

"And you start in tomorrow?" I was dumbfounded.

"Yes, in the afternoon." His face was alive with energy. "Oh, I'll show them all, Art, that I'm still one of the best when I want to be. They've sneered at me long enough."

"Then you really are about to become a wage slave?" I simply couldn't believe it.

"Honestly, Art. Tomorrow. Do you think I'm spoofing you about it?"

"I must admit you seem to be confessing the shameless truth. Well, at any rate, you seem to be pleased, so—" here I jumped up and pumped his hand up and down—"a million congratulations, Jimmy, old scout!" Jimmy's joy was good to see. There were tears in his eyes as he thanked me. Good old Jimmy! It took him quite a while to get over his emotion. Then, as if he had suddenly remembered something, he began hurriedly fumbling through all his pockets.

"I must have lost it," he said finally, giving up the search. "I wanted to show it to you."

"What?"

"A letter I received today from Aunt Mary." Aunt Mary was the elderly relative in whose will Jimmy hoped to be remembered. "She complains of having felt very feeble for the past half year. She appears to be entirely ignorant of my

present condition, thank God. Writes that I'm to come and pay her a long visit should I decide to take a trip abroad this Spring. Fancy!"

"And you've lost the letter?" I asked, trying to hide my skepticism.

"Yes—was showing it to Edwards—must have dropped on the floor—or else he—" Jimmy stopped abruptly. I think he must have sensed my amused incredulity, for he seemed very put out at something and didn't look at me. "I do hope the poor old lady isn't seriously ill," he murmured after a pause.

"What!" I laughed. "Have you the face to tell me that, when you know you've been looking forward to her timely taking off ever since I've known you?"

Jimmy's face grew red and he stammered confusedly. He knew he'd said things which might have sounded that way when he'd been drinking. It was whiskey talking and he didn't mean it. Really he liked her a lot. He remembered she'd been very kind to him when he was a lad. Had hardly seen her since then—twenty-five years ago. No, money or no money, he wanted her to live to be a hundred.

"But you've told me she's almost ninety now! Isn't she?"

"Yes, eighty-six, I think."

"Then," I said with finality, "she's overlingered her welcome, and you're a simpleton to be wasting your crocodile tears—in advance, at that. Besides, I've never noticed her sending you any of her vast fortune. She might at least have made you a present once in a while if she cared to earn any regrets over her demise."

"I've never written her about my hard luck. I hardly ever wrote to her," Jimmy said slowly. His tones were ridiculously dismal, and he sat holding his face in his hands in the woebegone attitude of a mourner.

"Well, you should have written." A sudden thought made me smile. "What will the bunch in the back room say when

they hear this? You may give them that long-promised blow-out—tomorrow," I added maliciously.

Jimmy stirred uneasily and turned on me a glance full of dim suspicion. "Why do you keep repeating that word tomorrow? You've said it now a dozen times."

"Because tomorrow is your day, Jimmy," I answered carelessly. "Doesn't your career as a sober, industrious citizen begin then?"

"Oh," he sighed with relief, "I thought—" he walked up and down in the narrow space between the beds, his hands deep in his pockets. Finally he stopped and stood beside me. There was an exultant ring to his voice. "Ah, I tell you, Art, it's great to feel like a man again, to know you're done for good and all with that mess downstairs." After a pause he went on in a coaxing, motherly tone. "Don't you think you ought to go to work and do something? I hate to see you—like this. You know what a pal I am, Art. You can listen to me. It's a shame for you to let yourself go to seed this way. Really, Art, I mean it."

"Now, Jimmy," I got up and put my hands on his shoulders. "I say it without any hard feeling, but I've had about enough of your reform movement for one night. It'll be more truly charitable of you to offer me the price of a drink—if you have it. Your day of reformation is none so remote you can't realize from experience how rotten I feel. I can hear polar bears baying at the Northern Lights."

Jimmy sighed disconsolately and dug some small change out of his pocket. "I borrowed a dollar from Edwards," he explained. "I'll pay him back out of my first salary." The self-sufficient pride he put into that word salary!

But his financial aid proved to be unnecessary. As I was about to take half of his change, there was a great trampling from the stairs outside. Our door was kicked open with a bang and Lyons, the stoker, and Paddy Mehan, the old deep-water sailor, came crowding into the room. Lyons was

in the first jovial frenzy of drink but poor Paddy was already awash and rapidly sinking. They had been paid off that afternoon after a trip across on the American liner St. Paul.

"Hello, Lyons! Hello, Paddy!" Jimmy and I hailed them in pleased chorus.

"Hello, yourself!" Lyons crushed Jimmy's hand in one huge paw and patted me affectionately on the back with the other. The jar of it nearly knocked me off my feet but I managed to smile. Lyons and I were old pals. I had once made a trip as sailor on the Philadelphia when he was in her stokehold, and we had become great friends through a chance adventure together ashore in Southampton—which is another story. He stood grinning, swaying a bit in the lamplight, a great, hard bulk of a man, dwarfing the proportions of our little room. Paddy lurched over to one of the beds and fell on it. "Thick weather! Thick weather!" he groaned to himself, and started to sing an old chanty in a thin, quavering, nasal whine.

> "A-roving, a-roving
> Since roving's been my ru-i-in,
> No more I'll go a-ro-o-ving with you, fair maid."

"Shut up!" roared Lyons and turned again to me. "Art, how are ye?" I dodged an attempt at another love-tap and replied that I was well but thirsty.

"Thirsty, is ut? D'ye hear that, Paddy, ye slimy Corkonian? Here's a mate complainin' av thirst and we wid a full pay day in our pockets." He pulled out a roll of bills and flaunted them before me with a splendid, spendthrift gesture.

"Oh, whiskey killed my poor old dad! Whiskey! O Johnny!" carolled Paddy dolorously.

"Listen to 'im!" Lyons reached over and shook him vigorously. "That's the throuble wid all thim lazy, deck-scrubbers the loike av 'im. They can't stand up to their dhrink loike men. Wake up, Paddy! We'll be goin' below." He

hauled Paddy to his feet and held him there. Come on, Art. There's some av the boys ye know below waitin'. Ye'll have all the dhrink ye can pour down your throat, and welcome; and anything more you're wishful for ye've but to name. Come on, Jimmy, you're wan av us."

"I've got something to do before I go down. I'll join you in a few minutes," Jimmy replied, wisely evading a direct refusal.

"See that ye do, me sonny boy," warned Lyons, pushing Paddy to the door. I turned to Jimmy as I was going out. "Well, good luck till tomorrow, Jimmy, if I don't see you before then."

"Thank you, Art," he murmured huskily and shook my hand. I started down. From the bottom of the flight below I heard Lyons' rough curses and Paddy wailing lugubriously: "Old Joe is dead, and gone to hell, poor old Joe!"

"Ye'll be in hell yourself if ye fall in this black hole," Lyons cautioned, steering him to the top of the second flight as I caught up with them.

The fiesta which began with our arrival in the bar didn't break up until long after daylight the next morning. It was one of the old, lusty debauches of my sailor days—songs of the sea and yarns about ships punctuated by rounds of drinks.

The last I remember was Lyons bawling out for someone to come down to the docks and strip to him and see which was the better man. "Have a bit av fun wid 'im" was the way he put it. I believe I was Dutch-courageous enough to accept his challenge but he pushed me back in my chair with a warning to be "a good bye" or I'd get a spanking. So the party had no fatal ending.

As you can well imagine I slept like a corpse all the next day and didn't witness Jimmy's departure for his long hard climb back to respectability and the man who was. When he came home that night he appeared very elated, full of the dignity of labor, tremendously conscious of his position in life,

provokingly solicitous concerning my welfare. It would have been insufferable in anyone else; but Jimmy—well, Jimmy was Jimmy, and the most lovable chap on earth. You couldn't stay mad at him more than a minute, if you had the slightest sense of humor.

Had he toiled and spun much on his first day, I asked him. No, he admitted after a moment's hesitation, he had spent the time mostly in feeling about, getting the hang of his work. Now tomorrow he'd get the typewriter fixed so he could do Sunday special stuff in his spare moments—stories of what he'd seen in South Africa and things of that kind. Wasn't that a bully idea? I agreed that it was, and retreated to the gang below who were still celebrating, leaving Jimmy with pencil poised over a blank sheet of paper determined to map out one of his stories then and there.

I didn't see him the next day or the day after. I was touring the water front with Lyons and Paddy and never returned to the room. The fourth day of his job I ran into him for a second in the hallway. He said hello in a hurried tone and brushed past me. For my part I was glad he didn't stop. I felt he'd immediately start on a heart-to-heart talk which I was in no mood to hear. Later on I remembered his manner had been strange and that he looked drawn and fagged out.

The fifth day Paddy and Lyons were both broke, but I collected my puny allowance and we sat at a table in the back room squandering it lingeringly on enormous scoops of lager and porter which were filling and lasted a long time. We were still sitting there talking when Jimmy came back from work. He looked in from the hallway, saw us and nodded, but went on upstairs without speaking.

"What's the matther wid Jimmy?" grumbled Lyons. "Can't he speak to a man?"

"He looks like he was sick," said Paddy. "Go up, Art, that's a good lad, and ask him if he won't take a bit of a drink, maybe."

"I'll go," I said, getting up, "but he won't drink anything. Jimmy's strictly temperance these days. He's more likely to give us all a sermon on our sins."

"Divil take him, then," growled Lyons, "but run and get him all the same. He looks loike he'd been drawn through a crack in the wall."

I ran quickly up the stairs and opened the door of our room. Jimmy was sitting on the side of his bed, his head in his hands. I glanced at the typewriter. The keys were still grey with a layer of long-accumulated lust. Then he hadn't had it fixed. The same old tomorrow, I thought to myself.

"Jimmy," I called to him. He jumped to his feet with a frightened start. When he saw who it was a flush of anger came over his face.

"Why don't you scare the life out of a man!" he said irritably. I was astonished. I'd never known him to flare up like this over a trifle.

"Come down and join us for a while. You don't have to drink, you know. You look done-up. What's the trouble—been working too hard?"

He winced at this last remark as if I'd shaken my fist in his face. Then he made a frantic gesture with his arms as though he were pushing me out of the room. "Go! Go back!" His voice was unnaturally shrill. "Leave me alone. I want to be alone."

"Jimmy!" I went to him in genuine alarm. "What's the matter? Anything wrong?"

He pressed my hand and tried a feeble attempt at a smile. There were dark rings under his eyes, and, somehow, in some indefinable manner, he seemed years older, a broken old man.

"No, Art, I'm all right. Don't mind me. I've a splitting headache—"

"Don't be a fool and let them work you to death." He raised his hands as if he were going to clap them over his ears to shut out my words.

"Leave me alone, Art, will you? I'm going to bed," he stammered.

"Right-o, that's the stuff. Get a good sleep and you'll be O. K." I went downstairs slowly, vaguely worried about him, wondering what the trouble could be. In the end I laid his peculiar actions to a struggle he was having with his craving for drink. Paddy and Lyons agreed with this opinion and called him a "game little swine" for sticking to his guns. And as such we toasted him in our lager and porter.

When I went up to the room to turn in he was asleep, or pretending to be, and I was careful not to disturb him. The next morning I heard him moving about, but as soon as he saw I was awake, he appeared in a nervous flurry to get away, and we didn't speak more than a few words to each other. That night he never came home at all. I went to bed early —everyone was broke and there was nothing else to do—and when I was roused out of my slumber by the sun shining on my face through the dirty window, I saw that his bed hadn't been touched. A somber presentment of evil seemed to hover around that bed. The white spread, threadbare and full of holes, which he had tucked in with such precise neatness, had the suggestion of a shroud about it—a shroud symbolically woven for one whose life had been threadbare and full of holes.

I tried to laugh at such grim imaginings. Jimmy had stayed with Edwards or someone else from his paper. What was strange in that? This wasn't the first time he'd remained away all night, was it? If I was to give way to such worries I might just as well put on skirts and be done with it.

But my phantoms, however foolish, refused to be laid. I got dressed in a hurry, anxious to escape from this room, bright with sunlight, dark with uncanny threat. Before I went down, struck by a sentimental mood, I got some water from the sink in the hallway and poured it on his ridiculous geranium plant.

After a breakfast of free soup, I walked with Paddy and

Lyons down to the Battery. We spent the afternoon there, lounging on one of the benches. It was as warm as a day in Spring and we sat blinking in the sunshine drowsily listening to each other's yarns about the sea and lazily watching the passing ships.

When the sun went down we returned to Tommy the Priest's. On the way back I remembered this was Jimmy's pay day and wondered if he would show up. He owed me some money which I hoped would be forthcoming. Otherwise the night was liable to prove an uneventful one. And a farewell bust-up was imperative because Paddy and Lyons would have to go on board ship the following day if they wanted to make the next trip.

The evening didn't pass off as dully as we had feared. Old McDonald, the printer, was in a festive mood and invited us to join him. Two of the telegraph operators, out of a job at that time, had borrowed some money somewhere and were anxious to return the many treats they had received from us in the past. So the time whiled away very pleasantly.

It was shortly after midnight when Jimmy came in. As soon as I saw his face I knew that something had happened to him, something very serious. He was incredibly haggard and pale, and there were deep lines of suffering about his mouth and eyes. His eyes—I can't describe them. There was nothing behind them. He nodded and took his place at the bar beside us. Then he spoke, asked us what we'd have, in a strained, forced voice as though it cost him a tremendous effort to talk. He took whiskey himself, poured out a glass brim full, and downed it straight. Big John changed a bill for him, and without looking at me, he held out the couple of dollars he owed me. I put them in my pocket. Jimmy motioned to Big John and called for another round. A spell of silence was on the whole barroom. Everyone there knew him well. They had all joked with him during the week about his being on the wagon, but they had secretly admired his

firmness of will. Now they stared at him with genuine regret that he should have fallen. Their faces grew sad. They had done the same thing themselves so many times. They understood.

"Jimmy!" He caught the reproach in my voice and turned to me with a twisted smile. "It doesn't matter," he said. "Nothing matters." His voice became harsh. "Don't forget what you said about my lectures and start in yourself." He immediately felt sorry for having said this. "No, Art, I don't mean that. Never mind what I say. I'm upset—about something."

"Tell me what it is, Jimmy. Maybe I can help."

"Help?" He laughed hysterically. "No, no help please. After all, why shouldn't I tell you now? You're bound to find out sooner or later. They'll all know it." He indicated the others who, feeling that Jimmy wanted to be alone with me, had taken their drinks to a table in the rear and were sitting around talking in low, constrained voices. Jimmy blurted out: "My job, Art, is gone to hell!"

"What!" I pretended more astonishment than I felt. I had guessed what the trouble was.

"Yes, they asked me to quit—politely requested. Edwards was very nice about it—very kind—very charitable." He put all the bitterness of his heart into these last words.

"The rotten swine!"

"Oh no, Art, it wasn't his fault. If they hadn't—fired me—I'd have had to resign anyway. I—I couldn't do the work."

"That's all nonsense, Jimmy. Well, cheer up. All said and done, it's only a job the less. You can always get another for the asking."

He looked at me with a sort of wild scorn in his eyes. "Can't you understand any better than that? What do I care for the job itself? It isn't that. I tell you I couldn't do the work! I tried and tried. What I wrote was rot. I couldn't get any news. No initiative—no imagination—no character

—no courage! All gone. Nothing left—not even cleverness. No memory even!" He stopped, breathing hard, the perspiration glistening on his forehead. "It came to me gradually—the realization. I couldn't believe it. I had been so sure of myself all these years. All I needed was a chance. It had been so easy for me in the past—long ago. These last few days I've guessed the truth. I've been going crazy. Last night I walked—walked and walked—thinking—and finally —I knew!" He paused, choking back a sob, his face twitching convulsively with the effort he made to control himself. Then he uttered a cracked sound intended for a laugh. "I'm done—burnt out—wasted! It's time to dump the garbage. Nothing here." He tapped his head with a silly gesture and laughed again. I began to be afraid he really was going mad. "No, Art, it isn't the job that's lost. I'm lost!"

"Now you're talking like a fool!" I spoke roughly, trying to shake him out of this mood.

"I won't talk any more," he said quite calmly. "Don't worry. I'm all shot to pieces—no sleep." He broke down suddenly and turned away from me. "But it's hell, Art, to realize all at once—you're dead!"

I put my arm around his shoulders. "Have a drink, Jimmy. Hey you, John, a little service!" What else was there to do? Life had jammed the clear, cruel mirror in front of his eyes and he had recognized himself—in that pitiful thing he saw. "Have a drink, Jimmy, and forget it. Take a real drink!" I urged. What else was there to do?

After we had had a couple at the bar, Jimmy filling his glass to the brim each time, I led him in back and we sat down at the table with the crowd. More drinks were immediately forthcoming, and it wasn't long before Jimmy became very drunk. He didn't say anything but his eyes glazed, his lips drooped loosely, his head wagged uncertainly from side to side. I saw he'd had enough and I hoped his tired brain had been numbed to a forgetful oblivion.

"Come on to bed, Jimmy," I shook him by the arm.

He stared at me vacantly. "Bed—yes—sleep! sleep!" he mumbled, and came with me willingly enough. I helped him up the stairs to the room and lit the lamp. He sat on the side of the bed, swaying, unlacing his shoes with difficulty. Presently he began to weep softly to himself. "It's you, Alice—cause of all this—damn you—no—didn't mean that—beg pardon," he muttered. He lifted his head and saw me sitting on the other bed. "One word advice, Art—never get married—all rotten, all of 'em—"

This was something new. "What do you know about marriage?" I asked curiously. "Nothing from experience, surely."

He winked at me with drunken cunning. "Don't I, though! Not half! Never told you that, what? Never told you what happened—Cape Town?"

"No, you never did. What was it?"

"Might s'well tell Art—best friend—tell you everything tonight—all over. Yes—married in England—English girl, pretty's picture—big blue eyes—just before war—took her South Africa with me, 'n left her in Cape Town when I went to front. I was called back to Cape Town s'denly—found her with staff officer—dirty swine! No chance for doubt—didn't expect me to turn up—saw them with my own eyes—*flagrante delictu,* you know—dirty swine of a staff officer! Good bye, Jimmy Anderson! All over! Drink! Drink! Forget!" He blubbered to himself, his face a grotesque masque of tragedy.

In a flash it came back to me how he'd always stopped in the stories of his life at the point where he'd commenced drinking. Even at his drunkest he'd always ended the history there by saying abruptly: "and then—something happened." I'd never attached much importance to it—thought he merely wanted to suggest a mysterious reason as an excuse for his tobogganing. Now, I knew. Who could doubt the

truth of his statements, knowing all he had been through that day? He was in a mood for truth. So this was the something which happened! Here was real tragedy.

Real tragedy! And there he was sobbing, hiccuping, rolling his eyes stupidly, scratching with limp fingers at the tears which ran down and tickled the sides of his nose. I felt a mad desire to laugh.

"I suppose you and she were divorced?" I asked after a pause.

"No—I couldn't—no proof—no money. Besides, what'd I care about divorce? Never want to marry again—never love anyone else." He wept more violently than ever.

"But didn't she get a divorce?"

"No, she's too cute for that—thinks Aunt Mary'll leave me money—and I'll drink myself to death. No," he interrupted himself hastily, "can't be that—not s'bad s' that—not Alice—no, no, mustn't say that—not right for me to say that—don't know her reason—never can tell—about women. Damn shoes!" He gave up the attempt to get his shoes off and flung himself on the bed, fully dressed. In a minute he was dead to the world and snoring. I left him and went downstairs.

Most of the people in the back room were asleep, but Paddy and Lyons and the operators were still drinking at one table, and I sat down with them. I talked at random on every subject that came up, seeking to forget Jimmy and his woes, for a time at least. His two confessions that night had got on my nerves.

Later on I must have dozed, for I was jolted out of a half dream by a sharp cracking smash in the back yard. Everyone was awake and cursing in an instant. Big John appeared from behind the curtain, grumbling: "Dot's right! Leave bottle on the fire escape, you fellers! Dot's right! Und I have to sweep up."

We heard someone racing down the stairs and Jimmy burst into the room. His face was livid, his eyes popping out of his

head. He rushed to the chair beside me and sat down, shaking, his teeth chattering as if he had a chill. I told Big John to bring him a drink.

"What's the trouble now, Jimmy?" I asked him when he'd calmed down a little. He appeared to be quite sober after his sleep.

"The geranium—" he began, his lips trembling, his eyes filling up.

"So that's what fell down just now, is it?"

"Yes, I woke up, and I remembered I'd forgotten to water it. I got up and went to get the water. The window was open. I must have stumbled over something. I put out my hand to steady myself. It was so dark I couldn't see. I knocked it out on the fire escape. Then I heard it crash in the yard." He put his hands over his face and cried heart-brokenly like a sick child whose only remaining toy has been smashed. Not drunken tears this time, but real tears which made all of us at the table blink our eyes and swear fiercely at nothing.

After a while he grew quiet again, attempted a smile, asked our pardons for having created a foolish scene. He stared at his drink standing untouched on the table in front of him; but never made any motion to take it, didn't seem to realize what it was. For fully fifteen minutes he sat and stared, as still as stone, never moving his eyes, never even seeming to breathe. Then he got up from his chair and walked slowly to the door like a man in a trance. As he was going out he turned to me and said: "I'm tired, Art. I think I'll go to sleep," and something like a wan smile trembled on his pale lips. He left the door open behind him and I heard him climbing the stairs, and the slam of our door as he closed it behind him.

A buzz of conversation broke out as if his going had lifted a weight of silence off the roomful of men. Then it happened —a swish, a sickish thud as of a heavy rock dropping into thick mud. We looked wildly at one another. We knew.

We rushed into the hall and out to the yard. There it was—a motionless, dark huddle of clothes, a splintered, protruding bone or two, a widening pool of blood black against the grey flags—Jimmy!

The sky was pale with the light of dawn. Tomorrow had come.

The Class of 19—

By Peter Minuit

I.

THE story I am about to relate is the story of an American intellectual, graduate of a prominent domestic university in the class of 19—. In extenuation of the suppression of all the names in this little history, let me plead a sincere desire to be just to both class and institution. Were I to reveal any names, I should be advancing into unfavorable prominence two organizations which, in all fairness, do not deserve to be so singled out. For this episode might have been part of the history of any class graduated from a prominent American university, had the personage of my story been affiliated with it. And since this present affiliation was caused by nothing more pertinent than admiration for an older brother, graduate, likewise of the institution, I guard against perpetrating an injustice upon an innocent class and an innocent school, by leaving all the names obscure.

Besides being a member of the American *intelligenzia,* the personage of my story was one of those men for whom the meaningless point of all baseball stories is that someone has been "put out on third." Moreover, towards the end of his life, after years of painful effort, he was able to distinguish only the Ford car among automobiles. I need scarcely expatiate upon his college career. The bond between him and his classmates was, naturally, a purely formal one. He himself would perhaps have had it other. For he desired the esteem of his fellow students. But his attempts to discuss his *Weltanschauung* with them proved abortive. And so, long before

graduation, he was taking solitary walks in the country to while his college years away.

So deeply had his classmates wounded his self-esteem that directly after Commencement, he severed what relationship existed between him and them, and went his way alone. He never assisted at class dinners. He absented himself from all reunions. Letters sent him by the secretary were tossed into the waste-paper basket unopened. Whenever he received the announcement of a classmate's wedding (or an invitation to the ceremony, if it was taking place west of Denver) he destroyed the missive sardonically, after having carefully looked up the man's photograph in the class book. But he was by no means quits with his former associates. He had been left too unsatisfied by his college years for that. He was really desirous of seeing them again, though under different circumstances.

These would arise when he was famous. For, some day, he knew, he would be a great philosopher. (It was into philosophy that he had finally poured himself.) From his Alma Mater he expected no recognition. She would bestow upon him not even an A.M. For he had long since made himself impossible with her regents by calling public attention to the low grade of the faculty intelligence. And that, he surmised, would never be forgiven him. But he did expect recognition from his classmates. *They* would be conscious of him. They would be proud of him, and glad that one of the freest intellects of the day was of their number. And he dreamed of a moment, at some class dinner, when the banqueting table would suddenly focus on his chair, when the thing that had been so unrecognized at college would get its recognition. He could already see the great circle of shirtfronts engarlanding him, smell the cigar-smoke floating up to him like incense. And for that moment, he waited.

Curiously enough, he did become famous. He did become a great figure. He was but little over fifty when Leipzig con-

ferred her highest degree upon him. Paris and Oxford followed shortly after. For he had become the foremost philosopher of his time. He had lectured at all the great transpontine universities. He had been fêted by the faculties, applauded by the students. His works were become classic. He had come to know on terms of intimacy all the great artists and thinkers of Europe. André Gide had been moved to write a fine subtle appreciative book on him (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française: 3 f. 50). Paul Claudel had published an ode in which his name was associated with those of Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus and Hugo of St. Victor. A number of German composers of the school of Richard Strauss had composed symphonic poems purporting to translate his philosophy into tone. But it was not only in foreign parts that he had honor. America did recognize him. Many women's clubs were organized for the purpose of studying his works. All the periodicals of the better class discussed his work. Several Western universities bestowed degrees upon him. And he knew that the moment so long anticipated was at hand.

He was right. It was near. He was in New York when the letter reached him. It was from his class secretary. This time, he opened it. And he read with pleasure the salutation with the familiar employment of his given name, read with pleasure the invitation to "get ready for the big *fest*" that was to be held within a few weeks at the university's metropolitan club, and the incidental advice that the dinner committee promised the "best party yet," that a piano and three minstrels would be in attendance, and that after dinner a film of the last victorious football game would be flashed. He wrote his acceptance immediately, composed a speech in the pure molten style for which he had become famous, carefully committed it to memory, and on the appointed night drove to the clubhouse in a mood of calm assurance.

II.

Fifty or sixty of his classmates were gathered around the cocktail-table when he arrived at the banqueting rooms. For a moment he stopped short, dismayed. They were all grown either gross or attenuated and their visages appeared to have been washed in quicksilver. He felt aged. But then he saw that, after all, they were unchanged. He was glad of that. And he stepped forward lightly.

Men turned and greeted him.

"Why, here's old——," they said, as they shook his hand cordially. "It's an age since we've laid eyes on you! What the devil have you been doing with yourself, anyway? We thought you'd cut loose from the old crowd!"

He was taken aback slightly, for he had been the guest of honor at many dinners. But he reflected that perhaps he was a prig, and that America was a democratic country. So he responded in kind, and permitted himself to be led toward the cocktail table.

Some one approached him, and said jocularly—

"Well, how's philosophy?"

He was still vainly attempting to invent a reply when the interlocutor continued:

"Somebody, I don't know who it was, told me they'd read a book of yours. I forget which one. They liked it quite well. They said there were parts of it they couldn't understand, but that it was very well written. Now, it seems to me that the trouble with most books on philosophy is, that they're written so that you can't understand half of them. It's just as if the person who's writing them was trying to see how hard he could make it for his readers. Of course, understand me, I'm not speaking just of your book. Now, my idea is, that if a person sets out to write anything like philosophy, they should write it as plainly as they can, so that plain, ordinary, everyday people like myself can understand it! You see my point, don't you?"

The philosopher bowed his head in confusion. Then another voice said:

"Why, how are you—? Glad to see you again."

It was the class secretary. The philosopher turned to him as to a redeemer, and pressed his hand warmly. The new spokesman was no less cordial. "You've been writing books, I see," he said. "On ethics, or something, aren't they?"

In sickly tones, the philosopher replied:

"They're philosophical works."

"Oh, yes," said the class secretary, calmly. "Philosophy. By the way, there's one thing I would like to ask you. What do you think of Shakespeare's philosophy?"

Then our personage brightened. "Why, he must be one of the new Cambridge men of whom I haven't heard," he said. "Tell me something about him, won't you?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said the secretary. " 'To be, or not to be, that is the question,' that's what I mean. Pretty good, I think."

There was a dead pause, and then suddenly he continued, "I've got a boy who's a good deal of a philosopher, too. Reads everything he can lay his hands on. He's just written a theme for his school paper on 'Philosophy and Religion,' comparing them, you know. If you aren't too busy now, writing masterpieces, ha-ha, I'd like to have you read it, and give me your opinion on it. Of course, you must realize, he's only a boy, and hasn't had the time and the experience that you have, for instance."

At this point, the doors of the banqueting room was pushed asunder, and the class began streaming for the long table.

Our personage might have left at that moment unnoticed. He no longer entertained any idea of being asked to speak, much less of being honored. But, somehow, it did not occur to him to leave. An old feeling had reawakened in him. It was as if everything that he had experienced, everything that he had accomplished since last he encountered these men, were

fictitious, and that he had graduated but a few months since. Quite mechanically, he followed in the train of the retreating class, and quite mechanically took a chair at the end of the table farthest from the speakers. His voice was gone, he knew, and he hoped that someone would smile cordially at him.

The minstrels began beating the piano and yelling, the talking and the eating commenced.

A classmate seated at one side of our personage engaged him in conversation.

"Didn't I see your name somewhere in the paper?" he asked. "I thought I saw it somewhere. You wrote something, didn't you?"

The philosopher shook his head.

"Not I," he said.

"Now isn't that the queerest thing?" said the questioner. "I thought it was you. Perhaps it was somebody by your name."

"That's probably it," said the philosopher.

"Then what *are* you doing, anyhow?"

With a sensation of relief, the philosopher turned to his interlocutor, and replied calmly,

"I keep a shop in a small town up New York State."

And then, he addressed himself comfortably to the soup.

The Little Town

By J. D. Beresford

I

IT is quite a small place."

That was all the information I could obtain. I had been referred to the omniscient Joe Shepperton, and this was everything he could tell me. "St. Erth," he had said. "In Cornwall?" And when I had explained that this was another St. Erth, he had said, "Oh! quite a small place." Probably he had never before heard of it . . . .

As I looked out into the darkness and tried to dodge the reflection of my own face in the window, it seemed that we were passing through country of a kind which was quite unfamiliar to me. I had a vision of mountains and the broad roll of great forests; an effect that may have been produced by clouds. The yellow lighted reflection of the now familiar interior jutted out before me, its floor diaphanous and traversed by two streaks of shining metal. And my own white face peered in at me with strained, searching eyes, frowning at me when our glances met, trying to peer past me into the light and warmth of the railway carriage.

Once we crossed an interminable bridge that roared a sonorous resentment against our passage. I could not explain that bridge. We were not near the sea and no English river could surely have been so wide. Yet the bridge was not a valley viaduct, for I caught the gleam of water below, some reflection of paler shadows from the lift of the sky.

This adventure into unknown country was immensely exciting. It was discovery. I gave up my strained enquiry into the world beyond, and let my imagination wander out

into mystery. I was in the midst of high romance when the magnificent energy of our triumphant speed was checked by the sickening grind of the brake . . . .

The little station was a terminus; one forsaken, gloomy platform that stretched a grey finger into the night out of which we had come. I tried to see what was on the further side, across the metals, but beyond was a black void. I received the impression that I was on an immense height, that the dimly seen low stone wall was the parapet of some awful abyss.

I could form no idea of the town during my minute's walk from the station to the rooms I had engaged. The whole place seemed to be very ill-lighted. All I could see was that it hung on the side of a hill.

I went out when I had had something to eat. It was only a few minutes past eight, and I was eager for adventure. I told my landlady that I was going down into the town to explore.

"It's very dark," she said, with a note of warning in her voice.

The street in which I was staying dipped gently toward the town; but as I went on the dip became more pronounced. I congratulated myself on the fact that there would be no difficulty in finding my way back. The lie of the land would direct me, I had merely to ascend again.

My street was longer than I had expected. At first there were houses on one side only, but further down the roadway narrowed and there were houses on each side. I classified my lodgings as being in a sort of suburb grown up round the railway station which was detached for obvious reasons—no railway but a funicular could have been carried down that hill.

I came to the bottom of the street at last and found another narrow street running across right and left. Opposite to me an alley continued the descent in nearly a straight line. Far

below a dim lamp was burning. I decided to keep straight on and plunged down the alley.

It was interminably long. At the lamp it twisted suddenly but still descended the hill.

"The place is bigger than I thought," was my reflection. I saw, however, that as the road continually fell before me, I must be keeping a right line.

The town was not deserted. There were movement and the sound of voices all about me; figures loomed up out of the darkness to meet me and clattered past over the rough cobbles. I heard laughter, too, and whisperings in the dim black recesses of courts and doorways, and once or twice I caught the tinkle of some thin high music far away in the distance.

Everywhere I was conscious of the stir and struggle of life, of unseen creatures as careless of my presence as I of theirs.

And still I had not come as yet to the town itself. I had pictured to myself some wider streets, or open market, a place of lighted shops and visible life. I began to wonder if I had not passed by this imagined center. I became a trifle impatient. I hurried on; down, always down, through the wriggling maze of tiny narrow alleys and passageways, lighted only by an occasional flickering lamp, bracketed out from some corner house.

"A small place, indeed," I said to myself. "It is an enormous place." I received the impression that I might walk on forever through that tedious ravel of streets. Yet I knew that I could not be walking in a circle, for I was always descending.

I gave no thought now to the long toil of my return up the mountain—already I thought of it as a mountain—I felt that I must and would reach the bottom.

It was not what I had expected to find, yet the reality, when I came upon it, was so inevitable that I believed it to be the thing I had always anticipated.

I turned at last out of a passage so narrow that my body

brushed the wall on either side, into a small square of low houses and the floor of the square was flat. On all sides it was entered by passages such as that from which I had just emerged, and all of them led upwards. About and above me I could vaguely distinguish an infinite slope of houses, ranging up tier above tier, lost at last in the black immensity. I appeared to be at the bottom of some Titanic basin among the mountains; at the center of some inconceivably vast collection of mean houses that swarmed over the whole face of visible earth.

"There is surely no other place like it in the world," I said to myself in wonder.

II.

There was light in the square; two lamps that flanked an open door. Above the door was a faded sign. I guessed the place to be a hall of entertainment, probably a "picture-palace."

I walked over to it and read the sign; it bore the one word "Kosmos."

"Some charlatan," I decided.

No one was taking money at the door, and after a moment's hesitation I went in.

It was a queer little hall. The bareness of the walls was partly hidden by pathetic attempts at decoration; some red material was rudely draped over the raw brickwork; and a few unframed, dingy canvases—the subjects indistinguishable—were hung on this background.

At the end was a rough proscenium opening, and behind it a stage that appeared to me quite brilliantly lighted, after my long sojourn in the darkness.

In the body of the hall some twenty persons were seated on rough benches staring at the still unoccupied stage.

I found a seat near the door and waited. It came to me that the stage was disproportionately large for the size of the hall.

And then out of the wings came wobbling a tiny figure, and I realised that this great stage was set for a puppet-show. The whole thing was so impossibly grotesque that I nearly laughed aloud. . . .

Presently I turned my attention for a moment to the vague forms sitting round me, some of them silhouetted against the light of the stage. But none of them returned my stare. "Rustics!" I thought, with a touch of contempt. "Men and women of such small intelligence and narrow experience that even such an amateur show as this amuses them."

I turned back to the performance, though the foolishness of the doll's actions was beneath criticism.

Nevertheless, after a time, a certain fascinated interest began to grow upon me, and I watched the performance, chafing at its slowness—with increasing attention. I tried to disentangle some meaning, some story, some purpose, from the apparently aimless movements of these tiny dolls staggering about their gigantic setting. Every now and again I thought that I understood, and that there was an indication of some sequence of action, some development of a theme. But always the leading figures wavered or fell at the critical moment, and chaos followed; a hopeless, maddening jumble.

One piece of management, however, deserved and received my approbation. I had never in any marionette show I have ever witnessed seen the suspending wires so cleverly concealed. Stare and criticise as I would I could see no sign of any mechanism whereby the dolls were supported and animated. This did, indeed, give me a curious sense of reality, it made me feel that these poor ridiculous little figures had a sentient life of their own. Then some senseless action or helpless collapse reminded me of the invisible wires, and my pity for the feeble dolls was turned to contempt for the ineptitude of the operator.

Dwelling on that ineptitude, I began to lose my temper and I became conscious that other members of the audience were being similarly affected. I heard impatient sighs and half sup-

pressed groans of despair when some doll attempted to strut across the stage and collapsed half way.

I looked round me again and saw that men were twitching their arms, hands and fingers; leaning this way and that as if to influence the movement of the dolls—just as a man will strain and grimace in order to influence the run of a ball over which he has no sort of control.

I discovered that I had been unconsciously making the same foolish movements, and, also, that our attempted directions were not concerted. There was no unison, no characteristic sway in this direction or that. It was plain that we wished to influence the dolls in contradictory ways.

But one feeling, I am convinced, animated us all: we were unanimously and angrily critical of the unseen operator; we were all convinced that we could work the unseen wires far more efficiently than that bungling performer. Indeed, the fact, so far as I was concerned, seemed clearly demonstrable. The actions of the dolls were so infantile, so contemptibly purposeless.

That obsession grew upon me. The mismanagement of the whole stupid affair began to appear of quite transcendant importance.

I could not watch without striving to help, and I was forced to watch. . . .

III.

The performance closed abruptly.

The curtain descended without notice, apparently in the middle of the play, unheralded by any grouping or arrangement which might suggest a finale.

The audience, almost in darkness, were left to stumble out as best they could.

I could not find the exit and when I did find a door it was not the right one. It opened on to a flight of steep narrow stairs.

It occurred to me that this must be the way up into the flies, to the place in which the operator sat and controlled his dolls. In a sudden mood of determination I decided to seek him out —I would give him some primitive instruction. He must be some ignorant countryman. I would give him a few useful hints in the conduct of his business; suggest a story for his dolls to act, some sequent, purposeful story moving toward a climax. . . . .

I stumbled upwards in the dark, one hand on the cold rough wall, the other stretched out before me to guard against any obstacle which might be in my path. It was a very long staircase, for the proscenium opening was a high one. When I was nearly at the top, the stairway twisted unexpectedly, and I found myself looking down on the still brilliantly lighted stage.

Before me in a great chair that was almost a throne, an old man sat gazing tenderly down upon the stage below him. There was a calm, gentle wisdom upon his face and he moved his hands slowly this way and that.

I looked down and saw that although the curtain had fallen and the hall was empty, the performance was still going on in the same, aimless, inexplicable manner.

Perhaps the old man was practising his art, or perhaps he did not know that the curtain had fallen and the audience gone away—in any case he sat there with a sweet intent smile, passing his outspread hands slowly to and fro over the heads of those foolish, inept figures beneath.

And even then I could see no wires, no connection between those mesmeric hands and the tottering figures.

A strange diffidence had come over me. From where I stood it appeared an immensely difficult task to control and guide the movements of those dolls below.

My anxiety to instruct died out of me. I began to marvel at the dexterity with which the old man would sometimes raise a falling doll by the lift of his little finger. And from

my new point of view I thought I could at least discern some purpose in the play. . . . .

For a time I stood motionless, watching, and then I looked again at the operator seated in his great chair. He was quite unconscious of my presence. He wore always the same serene, gentle smile. He was in no way perturbed when his dolls stumbled and fell. He sat serene, intent; and his hands moved ceaselessly to and fro over the great stage.

I crept away softly and found my way out.

When I reached the square again the moon had risen.

I looked up and saw the little railway station a few hundred yards away.

It was a stiff climb, but I reached home in ten minutes.

The town was, after all, quite a small place. . . . .

In the morning I wondered whether the old man still sat in the same place manipulating his dolls.

I wondered whether he was a charlatan or only very old, and very, very foolish.

A Group of Lyrics

Songs

I WOULD make songs for you:
Of slow suns weighing
Through pale mist to the river, overlaying
Gold upon silver tissue; or the hush
Of winter twilight when the bushes quiver
Blooming with birds;
Of the easy snow;
Of patient streets, or the theatric glow
Of lamps on crowding faces in the night;
Of sudden gay encounters without words;
Of sorrow quiet in a huddled fight;
Of the release of April winds,
Of death,
That is a stillness without peace,—
Like love, wherefore I am so dumb to you.

—*Babette Deutsch*

The Sea-Gull

GREY wings, O grey wings against a cloud
Over the rough waves flashing,
Whose was the scream, startling and loud,
Keen through the skies; was it thine,
Over the wind and the moaning whine
Of the wide seas dashing?
Whose was the scream that I heard

In the midst of the hurrying air,
Was it thine, lost bird,
Or the voice of an old despair,
Shrieking from years long dead,
Inexorable spirit, flying
On tempest wings that passed and fled
Through the storm crying?

—*Robert Silliman Hillyer*

The Ploughman

PLOUGHMAN atop the yearning hill
That leans against the Summer sky,
My heart and soul are Jack and Jill;
Say, if we climb, Sir, will you fill
Our pail with your tranquillity?
We shall not grudge the steep ascent,
The tumble down, the broken crown.
Labor and pain shall be well spent
If we can bring a spoonful down.

—*Edward Townsend Booth*

Compulsion

I SHALL put out my hand and raise the latch
Of this grey door, go in and let it close
On me and on the day. The bright sun patch
Here at my feet will fade, the iron rows
Of coat-hooks will be waiting and stale air
Will reek of steam. Although the Spring has come
Outside and clouds are high, how should winds dare
To sing a fluttering song where lips are dumb?
And I go in, crushing with tears the will

To turn and give myself to the young day;
Yet this I know—on some far April hill
Where Spring is born, there falls a moment's grey—
Stillness on wing and flower and mounting green,
For I have hurt glad things I have not seen!

—Hortense Flexner

Trumpets

"YOU speak a treacherous music to my soul,
Steal and confuse me, till I cannot hear
The little words of warning—till I fear
The army of your voice, the sheer and whole
High sweetness blinding me, the battle-roll
Of drums defeating me, the charioteer
Clashing upon me with a sudden spear,
The captain thundering orders of control . . ."

No, I shall not relinquish, but shall be
Stalwart to menace as a mortal can.
Send forth your soul, then, forth to grips with me
As once an angel wrestled with a man . . .
O let your soul trumpet this heathen town
Till all the towers of my love fall down!

—Witter Bynner

A Gentleman

HE moved among us, courtly, keen and kind;
A friend, but by some special grace, apart.
His low and well-toned voice comes back to me;
The gracious, listening bend of his fine head. . . .

His grave, reflective eyes. . . . I loved to watch him work—
His sure, firm touch—the way he sensed the true . . .
Cutting away all else . . . making us bunglers see. . . .
He always brought a memory to me—
Of gentlemen in old, dark-panelled rooms—
Reading some rare, good book in scholar-wise . . .
And stately ladies—graceful and discreet. . . .

—Why was I seized with such a passion, then,
To stir him to the vital beat of life . . .
To make him taste the common salt of earth . . .
The leaping heart of youth, its storm and pain;
The flushed, warm cheeks of love; laughter that shakes the soul. . . .
The grip of the grim world—its gallant, brushed-off tears . . .
The rapture of unmeasured bursts of song. . . .

—Nan Apotheker

Phantoms

LONG waste stretches of the night
Where the dead selves, knocking—knocking
Prowl and patter about the crumbling doors.

Vain are my hands pressed against them as barriers,
Faint grows my cry in their rising moan.
The strength of my pride has winged itself
And melted is the armor of ignorance.

They are about me, sleek and panting,
Dead hopes, dead visions, dead lives.
Blind-eyed they grope their ghastly way
Whilst I, like a naked child,
Seeking the warm cover of enfolding arms,

Fly between the serried row of mouldering selves,
And cry, "Not this—this is not me;
Not that—not that thing I."

Open, open wide the portals,
Let love blaze within!
Only then will they writhe and curl
Like dust before the wind-driven rain.

—*Alice Raphael*

The Garden

DO not fear.
The garden is yours
And it is yours to gather the fruits
And every flower of every kind,
And to set the high wall about it
And the closed gates.
The gates of your wall no hand shall open,
No feet shall pass,
Through all the days until your return.
Do not fear.

But soon,
Soon let it be, your coming!
For the pathways will grow desolate waiting,
The flowers say, "Our loveliness has no eyes to behold it!"
The leaves murmur all day with longing,
All night the boughs of the trees sway themselves with longing. . .

O Master of the Garden,
O my sun and rain and dew,
Come quickly.

—*Helen Hoyt*

Mid-American Prayer

By Sherwood Anderson

I SANG there. I dreamed there. I was suckled face downward in the black earth of my western corn land.

I remember as though it were yesterday how I first began to stand up.

All about me the corn. In the night the fields mysterious and vast, voices of Indians, names remembered, murmurings of winds, the secret mutterings of my own young boyhood and manhood.

The men and women among whom I lived destroyed my ability to pray. The sons of New Englanders who brought books and smart sayings into our Mid-America destroyed the faith in me that came out of the ground.

But in my own way I crept out beyond that. I did pray—in the night by a strip of broken rail fence, in the rain, walking alone in meadows, in the hundred secret places that youth knows, I tried to find the way to God.

Now you see how confusing life is.

Here were my corn fields that I loved,—what whisperings there, what daring dreams, what deep hope, what memories of true old savages, Indians, strivings toward God, dancing and fighting and praying while they said big words—medicine words.

And all this in the long cornfields.

And then in the fall the crackling of corn leaves, the smells, sights and sounds.

The corn stood up like armies in the shocks.

When I was a boy I went into the corn fields at night. I

said words I had not dared to say to people, defying the New Englanders' gods, trying to find honest, mid-western American gods.

And all the time the fields spread west and west. An empire was building. Towns grew up, factories multiplied.

You see the corn had come into its own but that was destroyed too.

I and my men stood up but we grew fat. We lived in houses in cities and we forgot the fields and the praying, and the lurking sounds, sights, smells of old things.

Now I am ashamed and many of my men are ashamed.

I cannot tell you how deep my shame lies.

I walk in the streets seeing my own well clad body and my fat hands with shame.

I am thinking of lean men fighting in many places over the world. I am thinking of the voices of my own gods forgotten in the fields.

And now at last after my long fatness I begin again to get the old whisperings. I go along here in Chicago praying and saying words. Not the shouting and the waving of flags but something else creeps into me.

You see, dear brother of the East, I dream of new and more subtile loves for me and my men.

My mind leaps forward and I think of the time when our hands, no longer fat, may touch even the lean dear hands of France, when we also have suffered and got back to prayer.

Conceive if you can the mightiness of that dream—that these fields and places, out here, west of Pittsburgh, may become sacred places, that because of this terrible thing, of which we may now become a part, there is hope of hardness and leanness—that we may get to lives of which we may be unashamed.

Above the old, half lost shadows that lurk over our corn fields now something more than Indians that dance in the moonlight.

Now older, older things—bearded Slavs dreaming far back, stout Englishmen marching under Cromwell, Franks and Celts, presently Scandinavians too.

These to our corn fields, the old dreams and prayers and thoughts of these men sweetening our broad land and getting even into the shops and into the shadows that lurk by our factory doors.

It is the time of the opening of doors now.

No talk now of what we can do for the old world.

Talk and dreams now of what the old world can bring to us—the true sense of real suffering out of which may come the newer world.

God lead us to the fields now. Suns for us and rains for us—and a prayer for every growing thing.

May our fields become our sacred places.

May we have courage to choke with our man's hate him who would profit by the sufferings of the world.

May we strip ourselves clean and go hungry that after this terrible storm has passed our sacred fields may feed German, Jew and Japanese.

May the sound of enmity die in the groaning of growing things in our fields.

May we get to gods and the greater brotherhood through growth springing out of the destruction of men.

For all of Mid-America now the greater prayer and the birth of humbleness.

The Unimagined Heaven

By Maxwell Bodenheim

Essences of Five Soldiers.
Essence of a Servant-Girl.
Essence of a Poet.
Essence of a Child.
Essence of a Box-Maker.
Essence of a Woman.

The Essences are seated before a large, triangular green booth in the First Heaven. In the booth, two Essences in the shape of old men distribute the wine of silence, the fruit of remembrance, and the bread of calmness. All Essences have just recovered from the long sleep that came to them after drinking the wine of silence. The Essences of the Soldiers have been but a short time in the First Heaven, and have not yet eaten the fruit of remembrance. They, unlike the others, know nothing of what they were on earth. The Essences wear the semblance of the clothes they usually wore on earth.

FIRST SOLDIER

WHAT an odd, spice-laden sleep! Voices that are silent speak to you! You feel the sounds! I could certainly never have imagined this on earth.

SECOND SOLDIER

So many words I never knew before are in me. I am like a beggar who has come upon a basket of jewels and puts them on, one by one, abashed and happy!

THIRD SOLDIER

Like a child who has been dressed while asleep, I touch these clothes and wonder who gave them to me.

FOURTH SOLDIER

I feel as though I had quickly split a mountain, and walked out of it lighter than wind. And as I say this I wonder whether I am not listening to someone else.

FIFTH SOLDIER

I think my flesh was a curtain that hid many friends.
(*As they talk, the others look at them amusedly, pityingly, and move closer.*)

SERVANT-GIRL

They laid me on the earth, stiffened by the sun, and took away my body. . . . Then they tried to laugh, and touched their lips with the tips of their tongues, and ran away. I was sorry I could not thank them. I kissed their hair matted with earth, caught in the killing of me, and thought no more of them.

FIRST SOLDIER

And they drank weak wine, and shuffled their feet, and thought no more of you. . . . But how do I know this?

POET

I was in a long ditch that men call a trench, braiding the fragrant strings of a little poem. Someone stopped me and thrust a spike into my body. . . . And I walked off, still braiding together my little poem.

SECOND SOLDIER

And he who slew you, dropped over your body a moment afterwards. His shell and yours made a queer, stiff cross in the mud, and the searchers who came upon it stared and mumbled. . . . Who gave me these words?

CHILD

I have a funnier story. I lay in a blue and white room and laughed at the walls—they were shaking like the hands of old men. I had a fan, and I was slowly opening it Suddenly my body seemed to spread out like the fan and I stood looking at something red and white, thrown over the floor of the room. I played with it a minute, as I had played with the little fan. Then I skipped away.

THIRD SOLDIER

Wasn't I making smoke beside a tiny cloth-house, and didn't I abruptly become as light as the smoke spirals? My remembrance of it is so dim, I think it a dream.

POET

Yes, you came up to me, and with arms over shoulders we looked curiously down.

(*The third soldier covers his face with white hands.*)

BOX-MAKER

Because I could not make three hundred boxes a day I died. Into every box went a piece of my body.

FOURTH SOLDIER

Couldn't you have made fewer boxes?

BOX-MAKER

They carried food to hungry soldiers. They were filled more quickly than I could make them.

WOMAN

I left a soft bit of me behind. As a flower sucking air and giving it poison in return, it drew in my life and killed me.

FIFTH SOLDIER

I think I helped you make this cruel thing. . . . But I cannot tear the thick brown tapestry covering the entrance to my memory.

(*The two old men come down from the booth. To the soldiers they give the fruit of remembrance; to the others, the bread of calmness. Slowly the Essences eat. When they have finished, a long silence comes. Then the First Soldier springs to his feet, and speaks softly, with a strained clearness.*)

FIRST SOLDIER

Fragments of pictures sift through my laced eyes. . . . There are soldiers and a cone-topped wooden house, and a squealing, blinking woman. . . .Why do we choke her so hard? Ah, now I know. (*Turning to Servant-Girl.*) . . . I was the last one, and your last whisps of breath slid over my twisted face. (*He pauses, and touches her arm timidly.*) Do you hate me now?

SERVANT-GIRL

(*After long, clear laughter.*)

Like jewels in the hands of one who is blind are love and hatred to us. You interest me. Let us waver off, and pass through years talking to each other.

(*They rise and walk away, arms flung carelessly over shoulders.*)

SECOND SOLDIER

(*Slowly and softly, after rising with the poet.*)

After all, I think I did you a favor. The battlefield was a poor place in which to shape your poem. I gave you a better one.

POET

You neither helped nor marred me. But, I admit, the battlefield was a bit irritating. Come, I shall give you the poem I was weaving, when you thrust that spike into my cloak. It is a frail, earth-colored thing, but it will amuse us. (*They walk away, arm in arm.*)

THIRD SOLDIER

(*Standing above the child.*)

I was your father on earth, but now I seem changed to a calm friend. I do not love you. . . . I lack the old feeling of strength, standing like a tired sentinel over your weakness. . . . After all, this earth joy I once had, stooping to rest lips on the stretched satin of your forehead,—did it please me more than this?

CHILD

We must begin to know each other. Our earth-love was a stained-glass panel. We stood on each side of it, thinking we looked at each other, but we saw only the figures on the glass.

(*They smile and walk away, hand in hand.*)

FOURTH SOLDIER

(*Turning to Box-Maker.*)

We did not know each other on earth. I was a pottery-maker. Many large grey jugs, all exactly rounded, and

with the same thick handles I made. I became a bit like my jugs, half-grey, half-smooth. But their emptiness did not come to me. The bowl of my body was smashed, and I am the dried liquid it held.

BOX-MAKER

I should like to drink you, O Symbol of a Liquid.

(*They walk off together, without touching each other. The Fifth Soldier and the Woman rise and silently look at each other, for a very long time.*)

FIFTH SOLDIER

I am unhappy. A tinge of earth still hangs to me, as a wraith of sun-warmth clings to a tree after the rain has cooled it. I should like to touch you again, with that old earth-love that made my hands seem torches.

WOMAN

And I long to be, once more, a piece of fruit, held out to you by the shaking fingers of my love, and desiring the death of your mouth.

(*The Spirit of the First Heaven speaks to them. They turn, upon hearing his salutation, but he is invisible to them.*)

SPIRIT OF THE FIRST HEAVEN

Earth Children! The spirits you will soon be are speaking to you. Your earth-love and earth-hatred will lack even the shine of jewels as you live on here. You will be lifted to swinging drifts of white flame by emotions that do not seek to possess or to slay, but to understand. This desire to know each other, which was a child of your mind on earth, will rise in this First Heaven to such a quivering pitch that it will come to you as a fierce emotion. . . .

(*The Fifth Soldier and the Woman stand with bowed heads. The curtain falls.*)

THE SEVEN ARTS

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PEACE failed in Europe: now peace fails in America. The human race has had little experience in peace. Its past is an agonizing discipline in bloodshed and slaughter, out of whose anguish great teachers arose to tell man what he needed to do. He needed to transcend himself, to find life in abundance, to rise to heights of human power; to accept voluntary self-discipline. He was to find the kingdom of heaven within himself. But always what began as self-surpassing ended as subjugation of others, as aggrandizement and complacency. Such has been the history of every religion. The deep human need, the need crying aloud in every heart, remained unfulfilled: the emotional forces in man, the forces in him which are as real as hurricanes and lightning and

gravity, were allowed to remain in childish bonds, undeveloped and unexpressed. Unlifted to human heights and human application, they burst through as lava through the crust of a crater. They swept forth in devastation.

THE century of "progress," the century of "enlightenment" was a century in which the intellect of man immeasurably outran his total development. His emotional life, as never before, remained behind him. His religions ceased to be vitalizing, his personal experience lacked profundity and intensity. He became the inventor, the organizer, the intellectual, the factory drudge, the business man: he turned his interest and attention almost wholly to the external world—to the conquest of natural forces and the perfecting of machinery. He lost the best of play and festival, of love and art, of great adventure and religious experience. He enmeshed himself in a cold industrialism in which he is a cog on the wheel. He became the slave of an unreal realism, a realism which left himself and his deep needs out of consideration. What he really has done, is to go against nature, his own nature.

BUT to disregard nature is impossible for any length of time. Such neglect leads straight to devastation—to an outburst of what is suppressed in himself. The war was such an outburst. Before the storm and whirlwind of man's emotions the intellectual superstructure crumbled and was swept away. Reason was lost: enlightenment was shattered. Millions were set against millions hardly a whit different from the men of the Stone Age who on those very fields of France cracked each other's skulls with stone hatchets, and tore each other with hands and teeth. It was a throwback of fifty thousand years, but a throwback in which man took along with him the best products of his intellect, machines of destruction whose horror is beyond our imagination. What

was an adventure to the Stone Age men is a dreary industrial machine-slaughter for the moderns: a war in which there is no sport, no fine margin of heroism, no adventure, but the mere giving up of the flesh to the invisible and mathematically certain engineer of the enemy.

SO did European peace fail: so has our peace failed. We may blame this group or that, we may talk of high ethical purposes, we may feel that we are being regimented unwillingly into the dark experience, but the fact remains that probably even more so than in Europe, our peace has been a failure. For some time we have seen our own shallowness, our complacency, our commercialism, our thin self-indulgent kindliness, our lack of purpose, our fads and advertising and empty politics; for some time we have examined and seen clearly our fatted folk on top and our drudges at the bottom; our injustices and crudities. But we have done little: a small pleasant tinkering, a patching up here and there, a new religion or two, a boom in art or in ethics. But such peace is not peace: it is a mere absence of war, a mere negative struggle. It is an outrage on human nature, and something that cannot last, so long as the real forces of life move on inevitably underneath, so long as the heart yearns and the need of man is great and unfilled.

WE know little or nothing of the power moving in humanity: but we see today the whole Earth suffering, the whole world quivering through every single human being in anguish. We see profound revolutionary changes taking place; we see the planet, as it were, making itself over. We could not expect to be the calm island in this raging sea. We too are sucked into the storm: we too must fill the void of a century of shallow living. We too must know war because we could not volunteer and meet together as human beings to create great peace and great persons. J. O.

The Painters' Ark

By Lee Simonson

A GROUP of communists might plausibly maintain that no form of representation existed which did not suppress a minority, and then summon a parliament where anyone might become a deputy upon payment of two dollars. As politicians they might pretend to await the voice of the people. In practice they know that any such mob must remain inarticulate. The huge assembly is a means for a few revolutionists to debate in a public forum which they could not gain otherwise. In much the same way any society of painters which dispenses with a jury and sells space at an annual exhibition indiscriminately to the first thousand applicants, is necessarily disingenuous. It must pretend to be as eager to rescue the unknown mediocrity as the unknown genius. Its programme must embrace democracy as a principle when, in reality, democracy is adopted as an expedient. It is the amateur, the superannuated drawing teacher and the occasional member of an academy who are the democrats of any independent salon. They may feel that in exhibiting with the wild young modern they acknowledge him as a brother. But the young modern, as a rule, considers himself one of the two or three genuinely creative artists of the community. There are perhaps a dozen other painters whose work he finds more or less interesting. The rest he would exterminate like flies were he able. He is eager to expose with the old school in order to "show them up" and chuckles at the prospect.

An exhibition of this sort has its importance for the critic as an annual voyage of discovery, for the public as an annual

fair containing a few freaks. But the gaiety and the tingling expectation which animated the long white tent of the *Salon des Indépendents* early each spring on the quais of the Seine, were absent from the first exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists at the Grand Central Palace. For in America it is no longer possible for any painter to be a revolutionary. He is given the same right to experiment accorded the biologist. Let him proclaim the creation of a new type of form palpitating with strange adhesions of color; he attracts the same attention as though he announced that he had kept a dog's heart alive in a jar. The relevance of neither is quite clear to the public. But both are greeted as amazing and peculiarly modern miracles. Any young painter today who claims that a lonely jury meeting in solemn conclave once or twice a year prevents him from gaining a public, seems as silly as a chemist complaining that a cardinal has placed his monograph on the Index. As the recent Independent exhibition emphatically proved, the only moderns who have been ignored are a few plodding disciples of Cézanne. But the abstract canvases, the portrait head of galvanized wire, the paintings on plate glass into which brass coils are riveted, have already been exhibited or offered for sale by picture dealers whose annual rental should be sufficient guarantee of their sincerity.

The creeds of our academies are as completely discredited as any theology, their dogmas preserved, if at all, only when they happen to be literature. Painters are no longer faced with the alternative of going to the backwoods with the native American school or to Rome with the American Academy. To the vast public who has seen recent loan exhibitions of Cézanne, Lautrec and Van Gogh, Kenyon Cox's picture of "the ugliness, the eccentricity and the moral dinginess into which they were betrayed" resounds emptily; his volume *Artist and Public* seems the sermon of an angry priest describing the ways of sin, the temptations of the devil and the rewards of saints. To the younger generation of painters,

his reminder that all those who follow the tradition of Raphael and Veronese will eventually be rewarded with a commission to decorate a public building, is as potent as though he had assured them that if they were good they would go to heaven.

Modern painting has won its charter of freedom. Every successive privilege it demands is automatically granted. Everything may be tried and every picture is a possible experience. The quarrel as to aesthetic values cannot again become a romantic drama of tyranny and oppression, heresy and martyrdom. You may start a school of painting with no more ado than if you opened a local branch of an ethical society. You will not have to defend yourself from persecution. You will merely have to explain your doctrines at some length to the collectors in the catalogue of your first exhibition and eventually to the Russians, the Greeks, the Lithuanians or the native Irish who will invite you to lecture at their guild or their parish house. Before me as I write is a postcard from the People's Art Guild announcing two such lectures next Sunday, and three exhibitions, two at settlement houses and the third at a public library.

So it is, that the first exhibition of the Independent Artists of America seemed less an assembly where the manifestos of freedom may be heard, than a modern ark, towed suddenly into the busy traffic of a harbor. Two thousand pictures have been welcomed with the proverbial benevolence of Noah and housed in alphabetical order. But we have seen them all before, purring domestically on our walls, groomed in the stalls of private collections or, exotic beasts, roaring genially at art dealers. Not one of them is menaced with extinction. An asylum has been given them where they may take refuge from the waters of wrath which have never risen.

II.

Our emancipation has been as swift as it has been complete. Before the Armory Exhibition of 1913, the existence of paint-

ing modern in a different sense than Manet's or Monet's was a rumor. Names such as Cézanne, Gauguin, Picasso and Van Gogh, were shadowy deities of an alien legend. Our critics abroad never seem to have penetrated Pellerin's mansion or Leo Stein's apartment of a Saturday evening in the Rue de Fleurus. If any did, they printed no record of their adventures. At Stieglitz's pioneer gallery, "291," Hartley's and Marin's landscapes, Matisse's drawings and Cézanne's water colors were seen, misunderstood and generally ignored. But no sooner had Arthur B. Davies revealed on a larger scale, at an armory, the development of modern painting from Ingres to Matisse, than the magnitude of what we had ignored overwhelmed us. The insularity of our critics and our museums was destroyed at a blow. Were we not the most progressive nation upon earth? We had only to be shown authoritatively what modern art was in order to revere it whole-heartedly. Within a year we disarmed the revolution by domesticating it. The importance of schools of painting which in Europe had only begun to be generally recognized we accepted as a fact. The apologists could not thunder; they were forced to explain to group upon group eager to be converted. One confession is typical of many. "I had come to appreciate," wrote one painter a year later. "My eyes were opened and I saw clearly up the new avenues of thought." Of the dinginess of our native palette we had grown wearier than we were aware. It seemed a dreary memory, like wall paper roses to an imaginary invalid who has suddenly roused himself and walked into a garden of flaming flowers.

In official quarters the symptoms of conversion were immediate. The Metropolitan Museum eagerly acquired the only available Cézanne,—as it happened, a thoroughly inadequate example. Painters hitherto unrecognized, such as McFee, Burlin, Marin and Zorach were invited to the San Francisco exhibition. The picture dealers opened their doors to the "new movement." Montross's gallery, formerly the shrine of purest

American sentimentality and the gentilities of the Massachusetts school, inaugurated several annual exhibitions of the new movement led by Mr. Davies himself, whose lyric and literary day dreams became suddenly rigid with geometric forms. Mr. Daniels undertook the historic rôle of Durand-Ruel to another group of American painters and staked his career on theirs. Elsewhere group exhibitions which reflected every phase of Cubism, Futurism or Synchronism became as much part of a winter's routine as a season of French and Italian opera. There are at present two modern galleries on Fifth Avenue, one guaranteeing the market value and the art value of all its paintings. Now a picture dealer is precisely in the position of a theatrical manager. He must show on the whole what he expects to sell. If Mr. Belasco were to announce Tchekov's *Cherry Orchard* the significance of the event would lie not in Mr. Belasco's opinion of the play but in his willingness to risk its performance. It is equally irrelevant whether Mr. Montross recorded a new-found enthusiasm or displayed the astuteness of a broker. Just as the goal of modern drama is to outgrow stage societies and become the commercial staple of Broadway, modern painting in seeking free development must, in a sense, become commercialized, find agents who offer it for sale and will advertise it when necessary.

A picture exhibition is itself a salesroom disguised as a spectacle. And the growing resentment against the juries of our academies was not so much fear of the discredited prestige their prizes might give a picture, but anger at their power to bar young painters from the largest public picture market which existed. The Society of Independent Artists is attempting to create a larger and more popular annual market. Herein lies the appeal of the Society which on payment of five dollars will hang two of your pictures or place two pieces of your sculpture for one month every year under the letter of the alphabet into which you happen to have been born. Such an opportunity may be essential to many painters scattered in

cities that are not art centers, further West or South, isolated in rural communities, unable to meet a cosmopolitan group who might welcome their work. Modern groups themselves tend to become sects, and are too often collections of artistic snobs as astutely exclusive as a set of society women, in perpetual fear of being compromised by the presence among themselves of some intruder who does not live on their æsthetic level. And dealers, precisely because they exploit modernity, are prone to ignore work too subtle, too naive, or too indigenous to be readily recognized as modern under one or another of the timely labels. For these painters, if they exist in sufficient numbers, the Independent Exhibition exists. Like a fair in the streets of a medieval city where anyone for miles around might bring his native handicraft and set up his own booth, it seems a clumsy and primitive expedient, but perhaps a necessary survival, such as the weekly markets in the streets in Paris where any neighboring farmer can offer you his radishes, his cabbages, or his hens. Only the presence of enough painters working outside our cosmopolitan walls can justify an Independent Salon today, not the presence of Matisse, Delaunay, Signac, Picasso, Glackens, Hartley or Man Ray, who can be seen or bought elsewhere.

But with every year the practice of selling paintings is becoming more difficult because more of an anachronism, a consequence of the painter's anomalous attempt still to exist on the Renaissance basis of patron and servant. A few princes and cardinals bent on decorating their palaces have been supplanted by a few millionaires to whom pictures are a hobby and a heterogeneous bourgeoisie for whom pictures are a part of their furniture. The millionaire can afford to hang more pictures than he can actually live with, just as his racing stable may contain more horses than he can ride. But the bourgeoisie, moving from one apartment to another, from hotels in winter to country houses during the summer, from houses to apartments and back again, are a migratory class

and cannot encumber themselves with collections of paintings. To insist that they ought to buy them is as futile as to insist that they must own every dwelling they inhabit. Until they can have pictures on the same terms as they have their houses or their flats, they will, as a class, do without them. The picture market will remain limited to those who own mansions, in the main a conservative class, patronizing the established painter rather than the innovator.

The alternative is of course to rent pictures rather than to sell them. In no other way can a class of picture owners, in an industrial community, be encouraged to keep pace with the production of new schools. For to hang an example of Cubism on one's walls, or a still-life in the manner of Cézanne, is, for almost everyone, an experiment. The certainty even for a collector, that the picture which he likes today, he will enjoy five years hence, is an expert sense acquired usually only after years of systematic collecting and many failures. And everyone who has grown tired of his wall-paper, his furniture or his book-plate, hesitates to venture an initial investment of two or three hundred dollars when a modern picture at an exhibition rouses his enthusiasm. It is idle to expect the public as a whole to acquire new experiences at a cost which penalizes their willingness to experiment.

The necessity for renting pictures was first made plain to me when a friend, who had leased a cottage near the seashore, finding the white walls unpleasantly bare, asked me to rent him four pastels of flowers I had just completed. Unfortunately the cost of framing and shipping them exceeded any rental I might have asked and the inauguration of an historic experiment was deferred. But imagine a physician whose photograph of Corot's "Lac d'Avray" has begun to bore him; whose Japanese color prints as well have seemed suddenly rigid and flat. And these "young fellows" attract him for the first time at an Independent Exhibition where pictures can be hired. He steps to the desk and rents a Portuguese monastery

by Halpert and an acrobat by Demuth, in order to discover whether they continue to interest him more than a photograph of Corot. A brewer who moved from a hotel to his country estate every June might conceivably enjoy pictures, a still-life by Hassam perhaps, as he enjoys his garden, until the frost. May not some elderly lawyer prefer to look at Glackens's "Beach at Bellport" for a winter rather than renew his two subscription seats for the opera? At the end of the winter he might reluctantly sell a bond rather than part with the picture. The third summer, after renting other painters, the brewer might find that he wanted a Hassam every summer. The physician might have discovered capacities for emotion within himself he never suspected and return for a symbolic arrangement by Hartley or Mr. Stella's synthesis of Coney Island. In every case, and there are a thousand such possibilities, a collector has been encouraged to develop until he is more certain of his taste and prefers to buy outright.

The established painter might profit in recruiting his public, outside of the few museums and collectors who are soon stocked up with examples of his work. As for the younger painter, the more frequently his pictures were returned, the better. More people in widely different circles would have seen them and disputed about them. His work would be not before the public but among the public. He would depend less upon a single "one man show" and scattered press notices. A dozen pictures a year, ready to rent, implies no extraordinary fecundity. Could any such painter keep them in circulation at even five dollars per month for each, his assured income would be seven hundred and twenty dollars, enough to exist upon, while he clung to his principles without the necessity of compromise. And he could refuse to sell any of his work until his growing reputation assured him adequate prices.

As an attempt to promote sales of modern art the Independent Exhibition is no more effective than any other. But

as an agency for every painter who wishes to rent his work, it might become a vital factor in contemporary art. The slogan, "No jury, no prizes," is obsolete. But under the placard, "Pictures for rent, none for sale," there would be no need to advertise in the theatrical column of the newspapers an "art event extraordinary." We should find congregating annually about the Independents, the animated crowds we have not seen.

III.

It is a question whether the large annual exhibition, whatever its character, is not becoming obsolete. A Salon becomes futile primarily because it is a Salon, because paintings whether good or bad, dull or unique cannot be seen or assimilated in quantities of a thousand. Though half of them were masterpieces they could not be adequately experienced. But the myth of the average spectator, like the myth of the economic man, persists. He is supposed to walk past a mile or two of pictures, examine each with unflagging interest, remember Nos. 462 and 830 vividly, and even determine to purchase No. 1029. In reality his eye is distracted, his power of attention deadened, such latent capacity for delight as he possesses untouched. And having paid the price of admission, he is driven to hurry past everything in order to see the two thousand exhibits in his allotted half hour. He becomes the tourist, his catalogue replacing his guide book, eager not to see but to have seen. And he will become more jaded at the Salon than he habitually is even in the Louvre of the Uffizi because modern pictures tend less and less to stress their illustrative content, and so surrender any meaning less readily to the casual eye.

In point of fact the battles which have won public support for the successive phases of modern painting have taken place not in Salons but in smaller galleries where the cumulative effect of one painter's work or the work of a group could become plain. The history of modern art could be written as a

record of small exhibitions. Courbet, Manet, Dégas and Renoir were accepted by the Salons of their day with more or less regularity, and nevertheless found the Salon inadequate for their purposes and unprofitable. Courbet, despite the seven canvases accepted by the Salon of 1849, established his dominance and made his significance unmistakable in 1855 by hiring a vacant lot at 2,000 francs a month, erecting a shack and nailing a placard above the entrance: "Realism: Exposition of 40 pictures by Gustave Courbet." Manet, although the Salon hung his *Olympia* in 1863, felt the need of exhibiting fourteen canvases at *Martinet's,* a shop on the Boulevard des Italiens; and in 1867, emulating Courbet, also rented a lot and erected a shed in order, as he himself said in his catalogue, "to put the whole of his work before the public." Dégas abandoned the Salon, after joining the first impressionist exhibit in 1870, and Renoir likewise, after having the opportunity in 1883 of exhibiting seventy works at Durand-Ruel's new quarters on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. More recently, Picasso, who dominated every experiment to create non-representative new art in Paris, exhibited nowhere, not even at the Salon des Indépendents. And the recognition and the influence of Cubism as a movement is largely due to the fact that the cubists exhibited as a unit in a single room when first admitted to the Salon d'Automne.

If the annual Independent Salon is not to become obsolete, it must build about the group as a unit, not destroy it; become a federation of small exhibitions, not a democratic mob. Robert Henri outlined such a scheme three years ago in *Arts & Decoration.* Its basis was an exhibition building, open continuously from November until June, containing six galleries, each capable of holding sixty pictures on the line, each gallery to be filled for one month of the season by a group of not less than seven nor more than twelve painters, "self-organized and self-judging." The single duty of the officers of the association is to allot the galleries to every group of painters

applying for space, with no right to discriminate against any group or interfere with whatever they chose to exhibit. If younger painters are too eager to gain prestige by exhibiting with Glackens, Bellows, or Henri, if there are too many uniform displays of the pupils of our popular instructors, and the immature uncertainties of all our art students, even this type of exhibition will fail. But if this country cannot produce enough vital, autonomous and intelligent groups of painters, modern art will have failed to take a place in American life. Meanwhile the type of annual exhibition which Mr. Henri proposes at least attempts to solve the problem of exhibiting paintings, instead of evading it, creates democracy among painters which is effective, not formal. Limit the size of each gallery somewhat, double their number and approximately a thousand artists could exhibit during a season. We should have the same opportunity to see every school of painting, but homogeneously arranged in units small enough to be intimately seen and widely appreciated. Above all, such an exhibition would be a continuous accompaniment of the city's life, a place visited by way of relaxation on our way elsewhere, not a gigantic accumulation thrust upon us for a month. For the majority, viewing pictures must remain a casual and incidental pastime, and if they are to be encouraged to frequent exhibitions, we must abandon our attempts to incite arduous pilgrimages.

Our great need is for a building large enough, central enough. In New York, we have no center where popular interest in paintings, if it existed, would naturally gravitate. Our parks remain barren, sacred to the airing of dogs and invalids, the recreation of children and infants. Our adult pleasures have an equally inalienable right to the acre they need for their playground. The exhibition galleries should be part of a larger group erected there, a stadium for dances and pageants, a hall for music festivals. There should be courts between the galleries which might be invaded annually

by the Flower Show. One needs such intervals of relaxation as in the Japanese garden at the Boston Art Museum, sudden intrusions of babbling water and flickering goldfish. There is no better way to see plastic art than as a prelude to a play or an interlude between dances and music. We shall purchase pictures more frequently if we remember them as part of a holiday. The city will enjoy paintings for the first time when it takes them as an adventure during an "afternoon off" or even more casually on a walk through the park.

John Dewey

By Frank A. Manny

"YES, I heard Dr. Dewey at Jacksonville. He read a paper on 'Interest as Related to the Will,' but nobody seemed to know what he was talking about." The hostess passed on to other topics nearer to her interests and will, but one of the guests, a noted writer, remarked, before the dinner was ended: "Whatever Dr. Dewey produces is very suggestive when it appears. It has also the great advantage that the student will go back to it time and again with increasing profit. I do not understand all that I find in this new essay, but I never expect to find that I have exhausted his meaning. At last we have an American in education whose work has permanent value."

It is natural that Dr. Dewey's work in education and in philosophy should overshadow all else that he has done. Yet it is not an uncommon experience to find the lawyer or politician who discovered the meaning of the lectures at the Michigan Law School in the early 90's when he strayed over to the "Lit" department and enrolled in Dr. Dewey's courses on "The Movement of Thought in the 19th Century" and "Political Philosophy," while the scientific investigator, the physician and the business man who have been trained by him object, at times, to classifying him as a philosopher. To them what he has taught is scientific method or the power to learn, far removed from the not uncommon conception of philosophy as a late development of civilization which, by a peculiarly trying vocabulary, strives to protect itself from unbecoming service.

It is said that after graduation from the University of Ver-

mont in 1879 Dewey became discouraged over his philosophical writings and that only the interest of W. T. Harris of the "Journal of Speculative Philosophy" kept him from turning to other fields. He was labeled a Hegelian in the days when he went to study in the first psychological laboratory in America, established by G. Stanley Hall at Johns Hopkins University. When he first became known in the educational world he was called a Herbartian and it is noteworthy that several of the men in England and America who have done the most to make his educational ideas known have come to him after serving an apprenticeship in the Herbartian School.

It has been noticeable that many mature men and women have chosen to work with Dr. Dewey after they had well-established reputations in their own fields. Ella Flagg Young came into his classes when she was over fifty and has given nearly a quarter of a century's service on the new basis she gained there. Colonel Francis W. Parker saw in the new professor at Chicago University a man from whom he could learn and gain help in reconstructing the system upon which he had worked for over thirty years. Jane Addams is a representative of a group who have been profoundly influenced by the new philosophy and have utilized it in their writings and activities.

Other men who have been less closely associated with Dr. Dewey have shown the effects of his influence. Dr. George Kerschensteiner was in the midst of the development of the very significant continuation school work at Munich when he learned of this experimentalist. Immediately he secured whatever was available of the American's writings and in his later books and other work gives credit for this new influence upon his undertakings. Professor Münsterberg fought Dr. Dewey most actively in the Psychological Association, but his work from that time on swung over to an excess of the applications of psychology which he had condemned in the moderate programme his opponent had championed.

Probably the best basis from which to consider the work of this modern thinker is that of the much maligned and misrepresented term—pragmatism. Professor James referred to Dewey's "Studies in Logical Theory" as the foundation of pragmatism and at various times assigned to him a position of primary importance in the development of that movement.

Without attempting to go into the technicalities of this subject, its meaning can be briefly stated as follows: Nothing stands by itself alone; the decision as to whether a thing is true or good depends upon the situation it is in and the part it plays in that situation. A very good authority has stated the principle effectively in the sentence "By their fruits ye shall know them." Practically we work out our lives on these principles, but we hesitate to state the problem to ourselves and fear that some catastrophe will befall us unless we continue to assert that the truth or goodness, the falseness or evil, of particular things are once for all established beyond a doubt. In the political world, in so far as we have dared to recognize it, this idea has led to the development of democracy. In all realms it is the essence of the scientific experimental movement. These are the two great tools Dr. Dewey has used in his work.

The University Elementary School founded at the University of Chicago in 1895 stands out as the greatest contribution he has made to the advancement of the experimental method and of democracy. It was here that he put his ideas to the test. A part of the account of what was accomplished at this school appeared in "The Elementary School Record" and in "The School and Society,"* but the real story has never been written. Superficial critics have pictured scenes of anarchy in it rivalling those in the famous schools of Pestalozzi and Tolstoi. Dr. Dewey never had had the experience to make him a trained administrator and there were many defects in the

* The School and Society, second edition, 1915, by John Dewey. University of Chicago Press.

school's organization. His own distrust of the rigid machinery which most school men think necessary in order to keep their schools from disintegrating, became in the minds of some of his assistants a belief in a policy of "hands off" which used nothing of past experience except as an unwilling concession to immediate expediency.

The following incident will help to illustrate this misunderstanding. One morning a boy of nine was sent from the top floor of the school to the basement in order to bring some clay for use by the group to which he belonged. He had reached the large hall on his upward course and was most carelessly trailing the floor with a muddy stream which flowed from his burden. Four of the school's assistants were standing near, with some parents and other visitors, when the door opened and Dr. Dewey entered the room. In an instant he had taken the situation in and had the boy by the shoulder. Emphatically but by no means unkindly the lad was brought to a consciousness of what he was doing and his mentor's responsibility did not cease until the clay was properly delivered and the floor cleaned up. The shocked expression on the faces of several of the bystanders showed the lack of understanding to which reference has just been made. The great apostle of freedom had used common sense in dealing with an emergency and, in some way, these observers felt that by so doing he had violated his principles. There was nothing in his practice or in his teaching at any time which could justify the unsocial expectation that he believed in shirking responsibility when the needs of the situation called for participation in it, yet this misunderstanding constantly arose. Because he believed that the youthful individual could, with profit, wrestle out by himself many matters in which adults have the habit of interfering, the non-interference was accounted by many to be a good in itself and was looked for whether it would or would not work to advantage.

The great mistake made by the many superficial critics of

this so-called instrumental view of life, whether in the case of the experimental school or of the philosophy it represents and clarifies, is that because the responsible decision lies in the present moment therefore the range of past experience used and of future results considered is reduced to narrow limits. One can find schools and systems in which this is true, but they are no more representative of the modern experimental view than is a teacher lost in the formal grind of syntax fairly representative of the school of authority.

One afternoon in the library at Cambridge a graduate student came upon a copy of "The School and Society." He did not leave his seat until he had finished reading it and had found the beginnings of the programme for which he had been searching for months. Out of this experience there came in time a most important school experiment at the University of Missouri. In this case, as often elsewhere, Dr. Dewey was fortunate in having stirred a man who was equal to carrying out a great idea in his own way. Discipleship, in the usual sense of the term, seems inconsistent with his point of view. It would be strange for the most indebted to John Dewey to call him master.

The most conspicuous outcome of the Chicago experiment has been the work of William Wirt, superintendent of schools in Gary, Indiana. This undertaking is thoroughly individual, but the idea and plan are credited by its author to the founder of the earlier school. It is too soon to determine the forms in which this latter experiment will influence the schools of our great cities. It is unfortunate that in New York City it seems to be a part of a most undemocratic plan for the control of a great community system of education by a single individual. It is associated in the minds of many teachers and parents with oversized classes and buildings, uncertain changes in policy and other means of narrow financial economy. All of these are very foreign both to the Gary and to the Chicago experiments and it will take time to make reasonable progress in

the face of unwise use and usual prejudice. It takes a long view to see real progress made and this is dependent upon a new type of mind which is gradually appearing, as Dr. Dewey has pointed out, under the influence of the scientific method. But scientific method in this sense does not mean merely thinking again the thoughts of some text-book maker nor does the use of saws, looms and food stuffs or even of test tubes and microscopes necessarily free one from the rigidity of the old systems.

These facts have bearing on the present plan for founding in New York City a school for demonstrating means of modernizing education—the General Education Board's recently proposed Modern School. The authority and vested rights behind the movement, in the form of a heavily endowed foundation and the most established institution in the world for training teachers, are not counted by most critics against the proposed exclusion of certain traditional subjects of study. We forget that experimentation is going on every hour in thousands of old-line schools, but it is for the most part capricious and personal or, at best, it represents the reaction of some particular group or class. Certain of our private schools are more clearly vocational and utilitarian in preparing their members for society in a narrow sense than are the so-called trade schools which lead into industrial occupations.

Honest experimentation with conscious aims and responsibilities marks a great advance over the blind, desultory forms from which we are now suffering. The objection that the school is no place for experimentation because the material in these laboratories is human shows that the common opinion of experiment is very limited and does not recognize as within its scope the determining what children at a given stage of development need and the attempting to meet these needs.

Dr. Dewey has made much use of the terms psychological and social—the first referring to the child's instincts, impulses and needs and the second to membership of the individual in

a whole larger than himself—the world of environment, culture, the past, authority. Of course, the individual must learn to adapt himself to his environment, but he must not forget that this environment is not fixed but changing and that he has some power to shape and direct the larger life in which he is bearing a part. Punishment is merely a mechanism by which this "whole larger than himself" insists upon conformity on the part of the individual. It fails if the results are merely negative and repressive. Life has no greater lesson than to show that however injurious may have been a man's particular act he has still a choice between consequences which make for growth and those which lead to further disintegration and destruction. Indulgence consists in resting in past achievement —it makes the present good the worst enemy of the better to which it should lead.

The much discussed doctrine of formal discipline finds or assumes that certain results occur under certain circumstances and then dogmatizes as to the reason for their accomplishment. It has held that Latin and Greek generate certain forces in the youth which as a man he can use in meeting any of life's needs. The followers of this dogma are in reality devoted to a narrow, utilitarian pragmatism. Undoubtedly what we have learned in one situation is of use in many others to the extent that the various situations have any common ground between them. If there were no transferability there could be no thinking! But the thinking has come about when some old-time answer no longer served. A gap appeared in experience which challenged progress. The adventure of finding what will bridge this gap is what makes for growth and education. It is this that gives meaning to culture — a knowledge of the bridges men have built in the past when difficulties have interrupted their forward course. The difficulty, the material found, and the way it has been used are all matters of interest. We have conceded this to artists and scientists, to creators and inventors, but Dr. Dewey has insisted that children in the

elementary school learn and grow by means of the problems which naturally arise in their normal living.

Of no less consequence than the elementary school has been the question of the administration of industrial education. Two widely divergent tendencies have appeared. One group has favored the establishment, under special management, of schools for children who are to enter industry. Opposed to this have stood such men as Dr. Dewey, who believe that the public education of all social classes should be planned and administered by a common board representing all the elements required. They feel that the schools for the more well-to-do need a course that gives insight into the industrial movement and participation in some of its processes while as regards the so-called worker it behooves the state and municipality to afford him training in citizenship and acquaintance with the arts that give freedom as well as control over the means of livelihood. One of the leading educators in Europe wrote at the time that this issue first came to the front that he could conceive of no better plan for forcing upon America the old world class divisions and a permanent peasant class than by establishing a segregated system of industrial education.

When we turn from the school to other fields we find the same principles at work. In a discussion of the present war under the title "Force, Violence and Law,"[1] force is shown by Dr. Dewey to be the energy upon which all of our activities depend. The choice lies between its use in violence or in economical and efficient ways. "The ordinary pacifist's method is like trying to avoid conflict in the use of the road by telling men to love one another instead of by instituting a rule of the road. . . . If one's end is the saving of one's soul immaculate, or maintaining a certain emotion unimpaired, doubtless force should be used to inhibit natural muscular reactions. If the end is something else, a hearty fisticuff may be the means of realizing it. What is intolerable is that men should condemn

[1] New Republic, January 22, 1916.

or eulogize force at large, irrespective of its use as a means of getting results. To be interested in ends and to have contempt for the means which alone secure them is the last stage of intellectual demoralization."

The great war has led to a close inspection of many long cherished interests. Dr. Dewey has taken this opportunity to communicate his interpretation of certain leading issues in a series of lectures on "German Philosophy and Politics."* Germany is the modern state which has been most devoted to general and absolute ideas. It has attempted to organize the life of its people with reference to them. It is a superficial explanation of present conditions to attribute these ideas to the influence of Treitschke or Nietzsche. The responsibility lies with the idealistic and transcendental philosophy leading back to Kant. In this philosopher's teachings we find the doctrine of two realms—one outer, physical and necessary—the other inner, ideal and free. Despite the assertion of the separateness and independence of the realms the latter always holds the primacy. German civilization has consistently sought to combine self-conscious idealism with unsurpassed technical efficiency in the various fields of action. It "has not held that might makes right, but it has been instructed by a long line of philosophers that it is the business of ideal right to gather might to itself in order that it may cease to be merely ideal."

"History proves what a dangerous thing it has been for men, when they try to impose their will upon other men, to think of themselves as special instruments and organs of Deity. A justice which, irrespective of the determination of social well-being, proclaims itself as an irresistible spiritual impulsion possessed of the force of a primitive passion is nothing but a primitive passion clothed with a spiritual title so that it is protected from having to render an account of itself. During an ordinary course of things, it passes for but an emotional

* Henry Holt & Co., 1915.

indulgence; in a time of stress and strain, it exhibits itself as surrender of intelligence to passion."

On the other hand, he shows in a review[1] of Santayana's "Egotism in German Philosophy" that when Germany comes to achieve democratic government this result will be an expression native to her genius and will add a form and a sanction of human happiness in organized social life which the democracy of other peoples has not yet achieved. But if egotism in thought and will is native, and not the result of conflict between vital impulse and adverse institutional setting, the more admirable Germany becomes within and to itself, the more of a nightmare and menace will it remain to others.

An American philosophy of history must be true to the elements which are characteristic of our national life. It must be "a philosophy for the future, a future in which freedom and fullness of human companionship is the aim, and intelligent coöperative experimentalism the method." In order to succeed this experimental philosophy of life "must not set less store upon methodic and organized intelligence but more. We must learn from Germany what this means."

Much has been said about the part that science plays in the democratic movement. It is important also to consider art in this relationship. The most natural approach to this subject in connection with Dr. Dewey's work is through play. The critics who charge him with favoring a "soft pedagogy" have little knowledge of his actual teachings or practice.[2] The difficulty arises from the fact that to many persons the term play has no significance apart from "make believe and idle pretense." This idea he condemns unsparingly. The remedy is "to make the play of childhood productive, efficient of results, to make it art."[3] Art like industry must achieve visible and tangible results which minister to human use, but it must also

[1] New Republic, December 8, 1916.
[2] See "The Child and the Curriculum," University of Chicago Press.
[3] Democracy and Education, Macmillan, 1916.

in this act "carry its own standard with it in the joy of thought it expresses and feels." Art is an attitude of spirit which demands for its satisfaction and fulfillment a shaping of matter to new and more significant form. "To feel the meaning of what one is doing and to rejoice in that meaning, to unite in one concurrent fact the unfolding of the inner life and the ordered development of material conditions—that is art." "Art is industry unusually conscious of its own meaning—adequately conscious, emotionally and intellectually."

In a discussion of work, art, and war as rationalizing agencies the emphasis again is upon the "rational plan or arrangement embodied in all well-wrought articles as well as in fine arts in the narrow sense." In art as in play there is direct interest and pleasure in the act, but in art there is also order or law. "Literature and the fine arts have permanent value because they represent appreciation at its best—a heightened realization of meaning through selection and concentration. But every subject at some phase of its development should possess what is for the individual concerned with it aesthetic quality." "Appreciation as opposed to depreciation—enhancement —of qualities which make any ordinary experience appealing, appropriable — capable of full assimilation and enjoyable, constitutes the prime function of literature, music, drawing, painting, etc., in education."

In this sense he refers to the newspaper as the only form of art certain classes come in contact with. In this case as in others the formation of habits is a purely mechanical matter unless habits are also tastes. "When there is a lack of purpose and the intelligence is not adequately engaged people are forced back on themselves and take refuge in an inner play of sentiment and fancies. The result is aesthetic rather than artistic, feelings and ideas are turned upon themselves instead of being methods in acts which modify conditions." Just as science is expected to develop a new type of mind, the responsibility of education with reference to need for the enjoyment

of recreative leisure is not merely for the immediate health "but still more, if possible, for the sake of its lasting effect upon habits of mind. Art is again the answer to this demand."

It may be profitable to consider briefly the method of this teacher in its relationship to mind building. The biographer of Phillips Brooks has shown that one of the sources of that orator's power lay in the fact that he brought about the climax of his sermon not, as is most common, near the end of the discourse, but early in its progress. This method led to a sharing of responsibility with his hearers. Instead of an emotional thrill with which to leave the church, followed by the usual letting down when once more reality was faced, the preacher presented a concrete issue forcibly and then in coöperation with his audience worked upon their connection with the matter in hand. Dr. Dewey's method with the members of a class has this democratic relationship. There is no lack of intensity and power, but the recitation, like the topics just discussed, is primarily a rationalizing agency. At times one almost forgets the movement of thought in admiration of the skill used with the student who has not yet reached a stage in which the class work has become "appropriable" to him. Just as the child must babble before he can use the responses which give him the meaning of his babblings, the student finds himself communicating something that is really vital to him and soon he discovers a connection between his idea and the social past class work material. The step is not difficult from this point to that in which his idea is projected into the future and he becomes eager to see what the outcome and end will be, or to put it more consistently, to see what are the next problems to which the present one will lead. The student who has had this experience is ready to see that "continuity, not repetition, is the basis of drill," and to realize that the school represents "a community life in which the student participates and to which he contributes."

In one of the universities in which he taught the story is

still told of the excitement produced by finding Dr. Dewey's roll-book in which the various students were concretely characterized by articles of dress, etc. But with all the interest in learning what had served in their cases as the distinguishing cues it was noticeable that the victims of usual professorial indiscrimination had a real appreciation of the man who had already shown in his classes that for him students must be individuals.

In the same university it was customary for the members of classes to wait no more than five minutes after opening time in case an instructor was late in arriving. Dr. Dewey was by no means infrequently tardy, but his classes would wait until all hope of his coming was gone, and even then groups would discuss until the end of the period what to them were vital issues.

The most common complaint heard from certain members of his classes has been that he lacks definiteness and is unwilling "to settle things" for them. The criticism could not be made of him that was made of the members of a school corps by a young man who said: "The teachers cut us off so many slices each day. I do wish they would give us a chance at the loaf." An answer to the charge of lack of definiteness may be found in what Dr. Dewey himself said in 1910 concerning William James: "He took things as he found them, and if things were not simple or consistent or systematized, his philosophy did not consist in forcing system upon them. In this sense only do I find his thought unsystematic."

His wide range of illustrative material has often been referred to, Biblical phrases take on new meaning, slang is revealed as language in growth, works of art and the steam engine join to aid and never to sidetrack the movement of thought. All of these things as well as the epochs and principles under discussion are illustrated by some cabalistic chalk marks or by a crack in the wall. A student, who in England would be in the pass group, sat in his seat one day, after the

class had been dismissed, gazed at a very crude diagram and said "Gee! It must be all there, but how am I going to get it out for examination?"

A volume of essays[1] has just appeared which states to some extent a programme of the movement for which Dr. Dewey has worked. Characteristically he does no more than furnish the opening essay which introduces the other sections in which seven men who have stood near him present their special fields of logic, mathematics, scientific method, psychology, economics, ethics, art, and religion. Each centers his presentation in the title given to the volume, "Creative Intelligence." Dr. Dewey's own contribution is entitled "The Need for a Recovery of Philosophy." A brief statement of his position as given in this article may well serve to conclude this account of his work and influence.

We all have the experience of reaching out sometime in life for a scheme which will give the meaning of things. The desire to understand goes with the desire to control. Is it possible for a living being to increase his control of welfare and success? Can he manage, in any degree, to assure his future? Magic gave answers which we have been slow to relinquish. Religion finds the times out of joint, but too often sees no relief this side of another world. Science has come from far-away, ambiguous beginnings to the facing of facts and their possibilities and thereby has re-created the world despite our insistent conservatism. Art gives us realizations of progress which free the self and point to greater satisfactions.

Philosophy has clung to its early achievements while the advances of science and politics too often have been crystallized into material of instruction and have resisted further change. It is not that the spirit of teaching is hostile to that of liberal inquiry, but when a philosophy is regarded as something to be taught rather than as something to be reflected

[1] Creative Intelligence, by John Dewey and seven others. Henry Holt, 1917.

upon it leads to second-hand discussions rather than to direct response.

Again philosophy is not a means of making the best of bad conditions. To treat misery as a blessing in disguise or as a necessary factor in bringing about good is a very different matter from saying that the progress of the race has been stimulated by ills undergone and that men have been moved by what they suffer to search out new and better courses of action. There is the brute, physical way of reacting to environment. But the self becomes a mind because of a distinctive way of taking part in the course of events—a purposive, intelligent way. This imaginative forecast of the future is more fundamental than the recollection which recovers the bygone as an instrument for it uses given and finished facts as signs of things to come.

Now philosophy itself is coming into experience. It recovers itself when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method, cultivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men. It is the outlook upon future possibilities with reference to attaining the better and averting the worse. Its secret of success is to help the individual to cast in his lot with desirable changes and so to strengthen them. "Faith in the power of intelligence to imagine a future which is the projection of the desirable in the present, and to invent the instrumentalities of its realization, is our salvation. And it is a faith which must be nurtured and made articulate; surely a sufficiently large task for our philosophy."

Art, Religion and Science

By James Oppenheim

THERE is noticeable among many of our American artists, poets and religious-minded men a deep distrust of science, even, at times, an anti-scientific spirit. They look upon science the way the Romans looked upon the Huns: evil barbarians come to destroy the glories of civilization. And for the scientist they have even harsher names: he is a mechanistic intellectual, he is uncreative, he is a standpatter taking the world as he finds it and breaking it up into diagrams and laws; he lacks intuition, reverence, joy, humanity. In short, he is like his offspring, the machine. But such a picture of science and the scientist is inaccurate and ridiculous. There are, it is true, poor-brained thin-blooded futile scientists just as there are poor-brained thin-blooded futile poets. There are, moreover, those scientists who come under the heading "pure"—men of the mathematical bent, the high priests of knowledge who attempt to build up cults. But beyond most men the true scientist stands forth as the adventurer and rebel and prophet of the modern world. The glow of the human spirit in the laboratory is often not a whit less intense and marvellous than the glow in the poet's hall bedroom. Let us try to envisage this.

The first function of science is to understand. Its method leads to discovery; discovery is thrilling and revolutionary, and wakens emotions which lead inevitably to action. Hence, when Copernicus stood up and said that the Earth revolved about the sun, he was as great a revolutionist as the first rebel who stood up and said that kings have no divine rights. By

a terrific inner compulsion the scientist is compelled to publish his discoveries and to stand by them in the face of ridicule and persecution. He is one who has beheld a vision a little deeper in one direction than anyone else, and he must return to his fellows and report it. So Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood, so Darwin, Freud, so Langley who first invented the aeroplane, so Zeppelin, so a host of others—the moderns who have stood on peaks of vision, and fought and beat the hostile world down to a new belief.

The high tension of soul demanded of the real scientist is hardly appreciated. He is nothing more than a man, brought up in and congenitally inheriting instincts, creeds, moralities, taboos, attitudes of mind. He must be ready to sacrifice these things in his search. The god he adores may be destroyed by the fact that he uncovers: that which he fears he may bring upon himself. Yet he must keep on. Of him is demanded often that most difficult thing—suspense of judgment. He cannot leap to his conclusion, in the easy manner in which most of us do: he must tunnel toward it with cruel patience, ascetic concentration, lonely labor. And after years of seeking, he may find, only to discover later a new set of conditions which destroy his finding and compel him to work anew. So there is built up in him an attitude—a complex of receptivity, humbleness before life, courageous pioneering, the use of trial and error, the willingness to accept reality as it comes to him, not as he wishes it to be.

This attitude we call the scientific attitude, and the fruits of the scientific attitude have quite revolutionized our thinking, our beliefs, our physical and our mental world. The old poetry of existence is replaced by a new poetry—the static gives way to the dynamic. Where the pre-scientific world saw man a creature fallen from godlike estate, life a punishment, Earth a vale of tears, and the future a supernatural heaven or hell, with, over all, the tyranny of omnipotent destiny, the new world of science sees man as one who has risen

from the primal flood and terror of the past, risen into consciousness and creativeness. Earth then becomes his home and workshop, his school and government, and in the twilight of the gods the dawn of human godlike beings slowly opens. Instead of lamenting the past, we turn to the future, our opportunity: we set ourselves to the task of making man, we change from creatures into creators. Such are the fruits of understanding—of really going down into the dust and the slime and searching and sorting out atoms, probing into disease and filth, looking at nature not in the day-dreams of phantasy but through the telescope and microscope, with hard thinking and resolute courage.

It is true that we have great losses to set against such gains. Out of science has come modern machinery, and out of modern machinery, industrialism. Actually the mass of men have gained in certain comforts only to lose joy in their labor, creativeness in their tasks. Uniformity has inevitably replaced the beautiful variety of ancient life, and speed and size threaten to make us shallow folk. But is this not because we have not enough science? What happened was that a handful of men turned over to an unscientific race the great new powers, and the race has used these powers on the old basis. The machine is a social tool requiring a collective handling; but it has been handled on the basis of individual ownership and self-seeking. What would seem necessary is the training of science on society and on the human soul, to bring man up to the level to which power has been brought; to do with man, in understanding, tapping of resources, utilization of himself, what has been done with nature. In short, to liberate his spirit. And such is the process we see actually beginning—such things as social hygiene, the survey of government and industry and education, the new individual psychology.

But the fear of the religious-minded man is that all such means lead to the desert: that they are outside of the realm of human emotions and human ideals: that we will cease to be

quickened, to aspire, to set divine goals before ourselves, to transcend ourselves. These are foolish fears. They are on a par with the fears of theologians over the blasphemies of Darwin. What is religion essentially? Is it not the feeling of inner harmony, the sense of the miraculousness of life, the contact with the sources of one's own existence, out of which springs a belief in the value of striving and of greatness? Surely religion is not dependent for existence on its phantasies and pictures—its heavens, gods, supernatural miracles, its rituals. If this is so, then where shall we have greater religion than in the man who deeply understands—knows himself down to his buried instincts and motives, his deepest needs, his unorganized forces, and learns the technic of how to transform animal energy into human power—the procreative and destructive into the creative—the ego-instinct into self-surpassing, and the herd-instinct into social will: who knows a reality about him whose tiniest atom is an ineluctable mystery, and who goes, without fear, forward, as part of a vast process which his own body sums up, re-lives and advances? Is it more to be a son of God than a son of the starry heavens, the Earth and all of the past? Is self-surpassing to be less sought after because it leads, not to being an angel, but to bringing about a glorious human race? If renunciation was once the mark of a religious man, then today the greatest renunciation is the mark of the scientific man: for he is willing to live to the uttermost, to serve and create at his highest, not purely for a personal, but also for an impersonal end. Instead of the crown and reward of immortality he waives life itself in favor of the future: he gives himself to his living contemporaries and to his unborn descendents. And he gives himself not for a goal which is phantastic, but for a goal which is projected after a study of human tendencies, human possibilities, human impulses—a goal not too far ahead to be humanly unattainable.

To build a great bridge, the engineers must know steel,

mechanics, labor-power, tides, climate, a host of things: to create a greater human being we must understand biology, psychology, environment, the individual differences; to create a greater society we must know history, sociology, and all the other sciences. It is true that in former times the intuition of prophet or poet outstripped the racial advance, and flashed a future that was latent in his contemporaries. But such intuitions were uncorrected by precise and deep knowledge, and hence worked as much harm as good. The past is strewn with the tragic wreckage of the creeds, with the broken lives of men who attempted what was not for human nature. The monastery, the religious massacre, the persecution, the superstitious bloody rites, the fanaticism, bigotry, idolatry, the oppression and enslavement of ignorant people by fakers who spoke in the name of a terrible God, the vileness cast upon human nature by loathing of the flesh, the diseases and plagues that were allowed untrammeled ravage because they were visitations of the Lord, the manacling and torture of the insane because they were possessed of devils—these are some of the fruits of uncorrected intuition. We cannot think of such things in connection with true science.

The future for the artist then lies not in rejecting science, but in absorbing it, and above all, in gaining the scientific attitude. It is said truly of science that it destroys nothing that exists: it merely discovers what exists, and destroys our misinterpretations. Hence, if the religious impulse and intuition are actual faculties of human nature, no uncovering of them, no attempt to understand them, can destroy them. Rather, we may expect that here too understanding will lead to greater expression and power: that here too the mist of superstition and vague generality will be blown off, and the clear and lovely fact disclosed. But if it should be other—if the religious, the artistic impulse is destroyed, all we can say is that it is unreal, and that the march of man is toward reality, whatever the losses may be. No true man would care to be a

child again because a child believes in fairy-tales: no true modern would give up the gains of our new sun-strong world for the dark beauty-haunted miasma of the pre-scientific era. A question one might put to artists and religious men is this: Is your faith in art, or in religion, strong enough to meet the clear unflinching gaze of Science?

But doubtless what is happening and what will happen is a temporary confusion and breakdown of art and the religious life. A revolutionary change seems at first to destroy the good as well as the bad. In this change, however, a new human spirit, a new mind and soul, are being wrought, and when this is achieved, we may well look for art that has never been before. The trouble is that our artists are conservative, if not reactionary. They are looking to the past, they are seeing what once produced art, and they fear that art will die in any other sort of world. What they must do now is to look to the present, face reality as it is, know the new dynamic energies released, and bring to the vast great human world disclosed to them, those emotions and talents which recreate reality, converting knowledge into vision, and the intangible and abstract into concrete forms.

Our Awakeners

By Van Wyck Brooks

"HUMANITY," wrote Mazzini in 1858, "is a great army marching to the conquest of unknown lands, against enemies both strong and cunning. The peoples are its corps, each with its special operation to carry out, and the common victory depends on the exactness with which they execute the different operations." The world in general has, I think, accepted Mazzini's conception of this Occidental "division of labor"; but our intellects, stimulated by science, have rushed so far ahead of the rest of our natures that it is very difficult for us to retrace our steps and touch anew from time to time the home base of our fondest assumptions. . . . What, precisely, was Mazzini's idea? That nationalities are the workshops of humanity, that each nationality has a special duty to perform, a special genius to exert, a special gift to contribute to the general stock of civilization, and that each, in consequence, growing by the trust that other nationalities place in it, must be a living, homogeneous entity, with its own faith and consciousness of self.

We accept this doctrine in principle,—it has become one of the commonplaces of modern society; but that we have not risen to its implications is evident in the vague sense of humiliation that oppresses the American people. For what does this doctrine assume? That the capacity of a nation to unite in the general comity is to be measured by the degree to which it has attained this consciousness of its own gift, of its own task. We feel that the war has called every people to show its hand and that with all our prodigal endowments we

are helplessly unable to visualize the faith the world expects of us, or to assemble our forces in pursuit of that faith. Now faith cannot be manhandled, it cannot be put together out of whole cloth, but it can be fostered, it can be fertilized, it can be developed; and it is certainly the business of criticism and philosophy to foster and develop it. Our critics have failed to do so because, while they have always upheld the view of life out of which faith springs, they have never related it to our own field of reality. But, after all, our critics do not set up to be national awakeners, nor do they pretend to be on terms of intimacy with modern conditions; they know, in fact, in their own hearts that they cannot suggest any feasible way out of our difficulties. Who, then, are, or who purport to be, our real awakeners? The sociologists, the environmentalists, the hygienists, and the pragmatic and realistic philosophers who stand behind them. For twenty years and more now they have occupied the center of our life. They have not only accepted reality, they have claimed reality; they have said that they alone apprehend reality, and that reality has been taken out of the hands of the muddlers and put in their special charge because they alone are able to do something with it. Well, and here we are. They have asked us to judge them by their fruits. What are we to say?

For the influence of these awakeners of ours has been, directly or indirectly, universal; their philosophy has been the formulation, the rationalization of the whole spirit of American life at least since the Spanish war. And observe the condition in which we now are: sultry, flaccid, hesitant, not knowing what we want and incapable of wanting anything very much, certainly not in love with our life, certainly not at home in this field of reality that our awakeners have bidden us to be at home in, inclined as ever to substitute monetary for real values, to resort to theories and abstractions of every kind, and to stand in mortal fear of letting loose the spiritual appetites that impede our pursuit of a neat, hygienic, and sterile suc-

cess. . . . What, in fact, *is* the note of our society today? A universal tepidity, it seems to me, the faded offspring of the Puritan hatred of human nature, which makes perhaps a majority of our kindly and gentle fellow-countrymen seem quite incapable of living, loving, thinking, dreaming, or hoping with any degree of passion or intensity, pacifistic at bottom not from any specific realization of war but from a distaste for the militant life *in toto*. We know this only too well; it is the secret of our humiliation, and it explains the desire of so many people to see this country rudely jolted and shaken up; it explains the pathological hopes that so many people lavish upon the war, hopes that have been bred by the morbid state into which we are fallen. . . . What can our awakeners say to all this? It is not their fault, certainly, that things are so; but so things are, and it is in the days of their consulate that things have become so. That is why, when the young heroes of pragmatism observe, with just that complacent finality which characterized the young heroes of rationalism in the days of Darwin, "Pragmatism has won," the innocent bystander suddenly feels himself endowed with a little of the wisdom of the serpent.

II.

Faith is an offspring of the poetic view of life, and a national faith is the outgrowth of a national poetry. . . . Does anyone imagine that we are the only people that has been reduced to the pulp-like, inelastic state in which we find ourselves today? Have we forgotten what Germany was like at the beginning of the nineteenth century, disjointed, vague and sentimental, for all the sporadic flames of her music and philosophy? And have we forgotten how Germany in a generation reached the wonderful maturity that preceded that plunge into imperialism which the bad old ways of the nineteenth century alone rendered inevitable? Our localists, our individualists, our American decentralizers may, if they

choose, regard that process as an evil one, but if so they deny Goethe, the poet who, coöperating as it were with the Napoleonic wars, brought its dynamic unity to the German people. How did he do this? By projecting in *Faust* a personification of spiritual energy anchored by a long chain of specific incidents in the concrete experience of the German people and thereby infusing into that experience the leaven of development, impelling the individual to form himself into a peculiar being ever in search also of a conception of what men are collectively. By thus laying more and ever more demands upon human nature, by compelling men to accept that spirit of restless striving which gives them a leverage over things, he not only electrified the German people but obliged it to create an environment worthy of itself.

Now it is of no importance at the moment that we have no Goethe in America and that we have no reason to suppose we are going to get one; it is of no importance that we cannot count on a messianic solution of our troubles, any more than we can count on the rude jolt which the war may, or may not, give us. What is important is for us to see that the really effective approach to life is the poetic approach, the approach that Goethe summed up in his phrase "from within outward," and that it is the effective approach because it envisages method in terms of value, every ounce of pressure that is put upon value registering itself with a tenfold intensity, so to speak, in the sphere of application.

This has been the European approach from time immemorial. Since the days of the cathedral builders everything that we call the environment has come as a natural result of the demands that human nature has laid upon itself. Is this less true of the present day than of the past? Has not the whole impetus toward social reform in modern England come about through that intensification of the poetic view of life which began with Carlyle's terrific re-statement of the spiritual principle, which passed over into the economic sphere

with Ruskin and William Morris, and through which English liberalism has since learned gradually but effectively to assimilate science and use it as a ship uses a search-light? Can any of our awakeners take exception to the following passage in which Morris, actuated by his own lusty, creative joy in life and by his hatred, his vivid, compelling hatred of the ugliness of modern society, pointed out the path to reform from within outward?

"It was my good luck only that has put me on this side of the window among delightful books and lovely works of art, and not on the other side, in the empty street, the drink-steeped liquor shops, the foul and degraded lodgings. *I know by my own feelings and desires* what these men want, what could have saved them from this lowest depth of savagery: employment which would foster their self-respect, and win the praise and sympathy of their fellows, and dwellings which they would come to with pleasure, surroundings which would soothe and elevate them, reasonable labor, reasonable rest. There is only one thing that can give them this—Art."

Thus Morris, with his conception of "joy in labor," threw out in the midst of a machine age a palpitant standard of living that will in the end, especially now that it has come to light again in the minds of English reconstructionists, serve to delimit the essential function of the machine in English society. And he did this, precisely, by the "unrealistic" method of projecting a Utopia, by seeing life in terms of that imagination which knows how important the intelligence is and is able to impel it in the direction of a deeply desired goal. That Morris knew little of science and cared little for it is beside the point; by laying demands upon life, by insisting that human nature must be creative, he obliged his contemporaries and his successors to frame *through* science an environment that would make that consummation possible. That is why the English liberalism represented in various ways by Shaw and Wells and Graham Wallas is so much more effective than the liberalism of our awakeners, who, while they have assimilated the ideas of all these men, have been unable to share their im-

pulse. Shaw and Wells and Wallas, all of whom are as much the heirs of Morris's peculiar socialism as they are of science, have ever envisaged evolution in terms of a more stringent demand upon life; not in terms of fine thinking merely, but of "love and fine thinking," not in terms of man merely, but of self-surpassing man, not in terms of efficiency merely, but of happiness,—and all the other things have been added unto them. Is it not a sufficient comment on our awakeners, the environmentalists, that, possessing no infectious ideal of "joy in labor," the best they can do is to publish unleavened studies on the control of fatigue?

III.

"I know by my own feelings and desires." Why has no one been able to embrace our American life in those dynamic personal terms with which Morris embraced the life of England? Why has it been impossible for us to compass the poetic view of life that has proved itself in other countries capable of so many wonderful things? It is because we have never been able to make any complicated imaginative demand upon life. Our field of reality has required such an overdevelopment of our possessive instincts that our creative instincts have had no scope at all; and consequently we have never been able to rise above those two equally uncreative conceptions of human nature, the total depravity of Puritanism and that optimistic self-complacency which is Puritanism's observe and twin brother. Instead of a Carlyle we have had an Emerson, instead of a Morris we have had a Whitman —that is the whole story.

For Emerson's private perfectibility, based as it was on the idea that all we have to do to attain our majority is to look within ourselves and cast off the swaddling-clothes of tradition, led by an easy transition, our society being what it was in the nineteenth century, into that conception of the "spontaneous man" which our political democracy had inherited

from Rousseau and which, splendidly amplified by Walt Whitman, has weathered all the vicissitudes of our thinking to the present day. "Time," said Emerson, in words that might well be applied to himself, "melts to shining ether the solid angularity of facts"; is it remarkable that his own subjective idealism went by default? Not that one means to disparage Walt Whitman, who has taught us all to accept life and rejoice in it, but that Whitman's great work is to be measured in terms not of general human experience but of a special situation: one has only to recall that up to a generation ago our entire race was conceived in the holy shame of a reluctant wedlock to realize the extent of our national obligation to Whitman's robust animal humors. But greater as Whitman was than William Morris, he fulfilled a more primitive need, a need that would never have existed had it not been for our exclusively Puritan past; he was unable to carry us a step forward as Morris carried England, because, having embraced life, he was unable really to make anything of it. Where Morris, with his conception of "joy in labor," not only released the creative energies of men but held out before them a vision of excellence in labor that mobilized those energies and impelled men to reconstruct their environment in order to give them full play, Whitman merely universalized the miraculous animality that summed up his own experience. He knew nothing of what has been made of life, he was unable to imagine what can be made of life, over and above this miraculous animality. "Glad to be alive" simply, however intensely, he established a point of departure for the creative spirit—and there he left us. And there, so far as our poetical tradition is concerned, we have remained.

Now, this is the real background of pragmatism, with which, in its primitive aspect, we are all in cordial agreement. And moreover pragmatism was formulated by two thinkers who, in their feeling for reality, in their acceptance of a human nature that calls nothing common or unclean, and in

their desire to make human nature more conscious of itself, might well be called rather poets than philosophers. They were poets, yes; but they were not *sufficiently* poets to intensify the conception of human nature that they had inherited from our tradition—their own vein of poetry, golden in Professor James, silver in Professor Dewey, ran too thin for that; and besides, their whole training had gone to make them students of the existing fact. Unable to alter the level of human vision, all they could do was to take men on the level where they found them and release their latent capacities on that level—an immensely valuable thing, of course, but not the vital thing for us, because it is the level itself that is at fault in America. Had our existing fact, had the core of our life been rich, as it is, for example, in Russia, then their programme of liberation and control would have been as adequate for the nation in general as it now is for the few qualified individuals. What it actually did was to unfold, for the most part, a human nature that was either detached from the sources of life or contented with a very primitive range of needs and desires. That is where pragmatism has "practically" failed us, and worse.

For not content with remaining a method, it has, owing to the impotence of our poetical tradition and the extra-scientific sympathies of its founders, attempted to fill the place which poetry alone can fill adequately, and which our poetry, in its complacent animalism, on the one hand, and its complicated escape from reality, on the other, has left vacant. That is to say, it has assumed the right to formulate the aims of life and the values by which those aims are tested, aims and values which, we are led by history to believe, can be effectively formulated only by individual minds not in harmony with the existing fact but in revolt against it. Social efficiency is the ideal posited by Professor Dewey; yes, but has not the *scope* of social efficiency ever been determined by individuals who from time to time repudiate the social organism altogether

and, rising themselves to a fresh level, drag mankind after them? Since life proceeds not by the burnishing up of existent ideals, but by the discovery of new and more vital ones, thanks to the imagination, which reaches out into an unknown whither the intelligence is able to follow only by a long second, does not pragmatism turn the natural order of things inside out when it accepts the intelligence instead of the imagination as the value-creating entity? It does, virtually if not absolutely, and in so doing crowds out and replaces the essential factor from which all dynamic creativity springs. It becomes, in a word, the dog in the manger of our creative life. What if it is an amiable, friendly dog with none of the other disagreeable proclivities of the dog in the fable? The main thing is that it makes its bed where the winged horse of poetry ought to lie. And would we have any right to object were the winged horse suddenly to open his mouth and remark in the words of Æsop: "What a miserable cur! He cannot eat corn himself, nor will he allow others to eat it who can"?

Does it matter that the founders of pragmatism, like certain of its English congeners, H. G. Wells, for example, have passed outside it in order to meet the critical issues of life? The mercurial pilgrim soul of Professor James had passed on to a strange polytheistic mysticism long before he died; H. G. Wells, under the stress of the war, has redoubled his quest of "God, the Invisible King"; and Professor Dewey has not denied the need of a national faith in this country, to attain which we shall certainly have not merely to do something other than we normally do, but to be something other than we normally are. Creators themselves, and essentially poets, they have been free of their own creations, they have shown that they are members of the elect company of the "older and bolder"; nevertheless, they have justified a multitude of their followers in that complacent, mechanistic view of life to which everything else in our mock-efficient, success-loving society predisposes them. Establishing, as they have,

the seeing-relation in place of the feeling-relation, they have "practically" sanctioned the type of mind whose emotional needs are so limited that the efficient pursuit of some special object is all that it demands of life.

IV.

Such is the philosophy that actuates our awakeners. It is not because they lack a dynamic faith that one criticizes them; it is because, lacking a dynamic faith, their treatment of society is itself ineffective. And it is in this that they betray their unbroken descent from our old reformers, in this that they prove that pragmatism has not been the vital departure in our life that we have all been looking for. For what does it matter that our old reformers, ignorant of science, took for granted a "normal" human nature that was domestic and acquisitive, while our awakeners of the present day, equipped with a consummate scientific knowledge of mankind, take for granted a normal human nature that is efficient and sophisticated? At bottom they are all chips of the same block. Whittier, having risen to the heights of passion over the question of slavery, relapsed as soon as the war was over into a normal scale of values that enabled him to write that epic of satisfaction with things as they are, "Snow-bound." The muck-rakers of a later day having, at the rate of ten cents a word, abolished Peruna out of the world, passed on to that finer allopathic sphere in which Mr. Ray Stannard Baker now writes his "Adventures in Contentment." And so it has been with the social workers and the big brothers of the settlement-house. Impelled to "give the other fellow a chance" to rise to the tepid status which life has portioned out to them and which they regard as highly fortunate and satisfactory, they have carried things to such a pass that immigrant sociologists, under the stimulus of a middle-class journalism, have been known to regard it as the highest dream of their hearts to be able to "lift" to the level of some ordinary American neighborhood

into which they themselves have gained admittance men and women who are often immeasurably above it in the scale of the spirit.

Does it matter that our advanced sociologists have passed far beyond these crude, haphazard illusions? Incapable of the poetic view of life and repudiating it, they are able only to codify our society, to rearrange the allegiances that already exist, and to impose upon the American people programmes which have sprung from the poetic vision of other countries and which they have assimilated through their intelligence alone. Self-sufficient as they are, committed by the weakness of their imagination and by the analytical habitude of their minds to a mechanistic view of human nature, they are unable to fuse and unify our wills, they are unable to communicate any of those vital incentives which are the austere fruits not of "interest" but of love. Did I say that, possessing no infectious ideal of "joy in labor," the best they can do is to concentrate their minds on the control of fatigue? No, they can do one thing better; they can evade reality altogether and say with Mr. Henry Ford that "no man can take pride in his work until he gets something for it, until he has leisure to enjoy life." In this way, throwing up the sponge altogether, accepting machinery and more machinery and still more machinery as a *fait accompli,* and giving up all hope of determining the rational place of machinery in life, they can tell everyone except the favored few whose sophistication enables them to glut their intelligence on that strange freak the American soul, to seek reality in anything else than their work—riding about the country in Ford cars, on Sundays, for example, with their mouths open. Such is the destiny of the working class, as our young pragmatic intellectuals see it. As to the middle class, they can in time, by consummating their freedom and capping it with control, attain the more discreet paradise that the Pierce-Arrow Company is at last able to place at their disposal.

Could there be a better proof that our awakeners have traduced us, our awakeners, who are always cutting off the heads of the hydra which has us all in its grasp? They have traduced us because our hydra is, and always has been, self-complacency, satisfaction, that is to say, with a primitive scale of human values; and self-complacency, as a spiritual fact, is proof against all the arrows of the intelligence. Our awakeners accept themselves as a norm and by so doing become themselves a part of the very hydra that they attack. Assuming the intelligence as a final court of appeal, they are sealed against those impulses that give birth to self-criticism and the principle of growth; all they can do, therefore, is to unfold the existing fact in themselves, and in the world about them. Why should it surprise us, then, that *The New Republic,* having long since abandoned the hope of assuming that leadership the essence of which is to share sympathetically the desires of people in general and then to formulate them into a conscious programme, should have formulated only its own desires and imposed them on a muddle-headed public as "the deliberate choice of a limited but influential class" who know? It ought not to surprise us, for it is the voice of our old friend Barnum that speaks to us in this unexpected phrase. That human nature likes to be fooled has been the prime axiom of our leadership for a generation or more. Lincoln held another opinion, to be sure, but then Lincoln understood the nature of genuine leadership; he had learned by his own capacity for spiritual experience that mankind has latent forces which are capable of being drawn upon and developed, if we do but enter deeply enough into ourselves to perceive them.

V.

So, becalmed as we are in a rolling sea, flapping and fluttering, hesitating and veering about, oppressed with a faint nausea, is it strange that we have turned mutinous not only against our old leaders, the colonial, fire-eating minor proph-

ets of Wall Street and their literary and philosophical standard-bearers, but also against our awakeners, the environmentalists, and the human nature that they wish to liberate in its own vicious circle, a human nature impoverished by hard, primitive conditions which has fulfilled the prophecy John Stuart Mill made with regard to industrialism in general, that it threatened the world with a "deficiency of preferences"?

Let us put it to our awakeners themselves. They say that we are born too late in a world too old to be able to compass anew the poetic view of life that has actuated the societies of Europe. They say that our blood is too mixed and our aims too diverse for us to achieve a national faith in the European sense. But what are they able to suggest as a substitute? We have no American culture, no; but we have an "American spirit," the spirit which has produced Sousa's music and Christy's art and Mrs. Eddy's religion. Are they satisfied with this? We have none of the unity that gives life, no; but we have almost succumbed to the uniformity that destroys it. Are they pleased with this? Whether they subscribe to the "melting-pot" theory or believe in "preaching hyphenation," have they not proved themselves, in fact, bankrupt in solutions? They have, and it is because they have not entered into themselves, these awakeners of ours. "I know by my own feelings and desires," said Morris of the English workingmen of his time, "what these men want." Our "hyphenates," bred in a richly poetic, a richly creative soil, desire to live poetically and creatively; but they come to us as the detached limbs of a tree that they have left behind them. Does it not occur to our awakeners that the only way in which we can absorb their life is by providing them with a new tree upon which they can engraft themselves and that the only hope of accomplishing this lies, not in improving their environment, in offering them comfort, in minimizing fatigue and shortening hours of labor, important as all these things are, by the way, but in quickening our own consciousness, in puncturing our own complacency,

in rising by the force of our own demands upon life to that sphere of joyous activity where we ourselves are able to shed light and communicate warmth? And is it not plain that we shall never be able to do this so long as we exalt the seeing-relation over the feeling-relation, so long as we stress methods and ignore ideals, so long as we take human nature for granted and concentrate solely on institutions?

Let no one imagine then that we have outgrown the poetic view of life; we have simply not grown up to it, we have not yet reached that full consciousness where faith and purpose, the hallmarks of the mature kind, are able to subjugate to their own ends the machinery of existence. "For life to be fruitful," said George Sand, "life must be felt as a blessing." But to love life, to perceive the miraculous beauty of life, and to seek for life, swiftly and effectively, a setting worthy of its beauty—this is the acme of civilization, to be attained, whether by individuals or by nations, only through a long and arduous process. But it is not true that human nature, at bottom the same the world over and at all times, irresistibly desires life and growth? And is it not true that human nature, in its infinite complexity, responds now with one set of faculties, now with another, according to circumstances and the quality of its leadership? If our poetic life is at present in the most rudimentary state and beset with fallacies of every kind, consider what our circumstances have been, and remember that our awakeners have not only not encouraged it, have not only averted their eyes from it, but have systematically over-stimulated those very elements in our make-up that most retard its development. If now they find that they are unable to imagine any vital future for America, is this not perhaps the natural penalty for their having repudiated the *life* of the imagination? But who is to blame for this, life, or America—or our awakeners themselves?

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for June

New Books

AN AMERICAN GIRL'S PHILOSOPHY

Henrie Waste, an American girl, wanted to know what "truth, beauty, and goodness" are; and for two years she studied at Freiburg, in Germany, to find it all out. Her two years of introspection during that time is the substance of "Philosophy. An Autobiographical Fragment" (Longmans, Green). And because this is an autobiography, personal and confessional, one must judge the writer in the light of other men and women, rather than the book in the light of other books.

It is the will of Henrie Waste that one remembers first. She doesn't find out the nature of truth and beauty and goodness, but she presses back with a fine commanding gesture all the tide of emotional experience, and holds a lover away at arms' length, while she makes an adventure out of learning. In the end, at her lover's feet, she lays her own personality clarified and made conscious by her study, her book, and her doctor's degree, to which as a symbol some importance is attached.

So complex, so strong, so eager, so self-possessed and so disciplined a person cannot somehow be entirely captivating. The task she has set herself is too imposing, too serious. She wants to gain "stability in feeling, infinity in sympathy, eternity in love, and sincerity in their expressions." She found it "agreeable to rise at six o'clock, to work for some hours before and after breakfast, and during the heat of the day to distract myself with light literature, returning to my work again after nine o'clock in the evening, and continuing as far into the night as I felt entirely awake." This leaves little room for vagaries, or whims, or a bit of a weakness to make her more comprehensible to a lazier lover of life.

Too much of ethics and the will in her philosophy smacks of the primness of her German environment, and the word bluestocking just begins to form on one's lips when a fine passage of mood or description or mental excitement in her prose will come under the eye, and bluestocking isn't the word at all. Her style while lucid, neatly turned, rich, fluent, is somehow similar to the Freiburg gardens which she describes, whose "flowers were planted with regimental regularity and when there was a breeze they did not blow about in it, but exercised."

But Henrie Waste achieved—and achieved consciously. She went after learning, she got it. She found love; she realized Taddeo's rare beauty from the start, and though she seemed to direct passion with too steady a hand in the beginning, she released it with fine relaxation in the end. She found herself. She believed in her own power, she understood her

own spirit and controlled it. Henrie Waste lives in this book as a sensitive, discriminating, profound girl. She is a feminist and her book is part of the literature of feminism; because, though material means were, so far as one can gather, close at hand, she chose not to sit idle and passive, but to cultivate her ego, to find work and love, and to taste them all—without abandon. R. P.

The steadily increasing revival in our literature and the even greater interest in it are unaccountable. So it was inevitable that editors, critics and members of societies should try to account for it. Most of the estimates have been made up of bad taste on the one hand or bad temper on the other. The number and variety of these letters, lectures, pamphlets, essays, prefaces and verbal dicta have grown until the only thing that the onlooker has been able to clearly see is confusion and contradiction. It has remained for Lloyd R. Morris to assemble and correlate these differences in "The Young Idea" (Duffield). The volume is a new sort of symposium, being "an anthology of opinion concerning the spirit and aim of contemporary American literature"—an interesting experiment where even the method and arrangement have interest, even though some of the contributions are too pointless and personal to have more than a pretence of authority. "As the replies came in," says Mr. Morris, "I discovered certain outstanding ideas so strongly emphasized that, when they appeared common to the points of view of several of the writers, they suggested the divisions because of an essential unity of direction." This explains the five groups—an excellent and effective method—not the least agreeable thing about the five being the strange bed-fellows one finds in them. Thus we discover Max Eastman sandwiched between Donald Evans and Will Levington Comfort, all three Empiricists;—while Floyd Dell fraternizes with Don Marquis and others among the Pessimists! Surprising, too, are a few of the wild mis-statements found in these precise and almost pedagogic pages. Mr. John Gould Fletcher, in the midst of several thoughtful paragraphs, writes: "The realists, such as Frost and Masters, have given us broadly shaped works, but no intensely, vividly memorable lines." This is no mere error in judgment; as a fact it is ridiculously false. It is as much of an absurdity as Joyce Kilmer's incredibly ignorant and incredibly foolish sentence that "Mr. Dreiser is a reactionary clinging, as he does, to methods that were considered startling only in Zola's day. But Mr. Dreiser's books are read only by people who are paid for the task by the Society for the Suppression of Vice."

But such brief essays and arresting statements as the contributions of Arthur Davison Ficke, Harriet Monroe, Vachel Lindsay, John Curtis Underwood make up for the occasional lapses. And Mr. Morris' own illuminating comments do much to make the book notable. His prose is graceful without being simpering; it has style without being at all stylistic. And it has the dignity which proceeds from a quiet but keen enthusiasm. In the chapter on "The Empiricists," he writes:

"In this discovery of the romance of the commonplace, there is evident a riotous intoxication. In the true sense of the word it has been a discovery; and the poets, having broken the bonds, whether fancied or real, which shackled them to a convention-

ally accepted relation to experience, have become drunk with life. They are experiencing a magic wonder with something of the same penetrating vision and instinctive truthful reaction we find in children who are called upon to adjust themselves for the first time to a new situation of which they have previously been told nothing.

"Wonder comes with difficulty to the sophisticated soul. And the person whom convention has taught what he should and what he should not see, is likely to be ashamed of and to suppress the immediate and natural reaction to experience, which either disconcerts or charms us when it is expressed by a child-like mind."

The volume is a most balanced and comprehensive addition to the discussion of contemporary literature, its forms, its direction, its sordidness, its spirituality. It will, I must add, promote rather than conclude the argument; it will settle nothing. And that is almost its best quality.

L. U.

There is so little pure literary comedy in the contemporary world that a book like J. D. Beresford's "The Wonder" (Doran) seems almost out of place. Even our best novelists today are overwhelmed by the confusing tragedy of life; and the requisite of the true comic author is to be in a sense above the battle. For this reason it must not surprise the stalwart admirers of Mr. Beresford if it takes years for the world to realize the master of psychic comedy that it possesses in him. In "The Wonder" the author of "Jacob Stahl" leaves the domain of the explicit and gives us a drama through the presentation not of human lineaments but of human essences. His hero is a child whose mind is developed eons beyond the average of contemporary England. With brilliant economy Mr. Beresford avoids the pitfalls of such an effort and manages to make his impossible wonder convincing. He has etched a satiric picture of human inadequacy and the parabolic spaciousness of the unknown. No reader who loves the pure play of intellectual artistry can afford not to follow these recent sallies of Mr. Beresford.

In the days when wealth and position were pretty generally regarded as prerequisites for human consideration, it became necessary to push hard the other way, to paint wealth as all black, poverty as lily-white, in order to effect the decent balance. Our romantic literature unconsciously overstressed the purity of the unfortunate simply because the due philosophic attitude was not strong enough to bring about the right philosophic conclusion. Some such effort is visible in Mr. Konrad Bercovici's "Crimes of Charity" (Knopf) in which Charity is the Criminal and the Charity-applicant the Saint. The truth is, of course, not to be found in so easy an equation. But at a time when charity is regarded all-too-pervasively as a God-made machine and as an ultimate panacea for the social illness, the exaggeration is well-taken. As a work of literature, this book has little merit. It is, in fact, sentimental altogether and false at least to the extent that it draws the charity-worker as a Wilful Wolf preying on Spotted Lambs, instead of as himself the helpless victim of a rotten system. But at this epoch, any book may prove of considerable social value which quickens knowledge that charity at best is talcum-powder, at worst an irritant, and that an elabor-

ate external machine for curing an integral disease is sure to be a sneering burlesque of a fearful problem.

W. F.

One wonders after reading Willard Huntington Wright's "Misinforming a Nation" (Huebsch), if Mr. Wright is not responding overmuch to the personal reaction of his intelligence from English "snobbery." In spite of this, the fund of material which he has gathered to prove his statements has a cumulative power which must convince even the most conservative that the Encyclopedia Britannica is a puffed-up aristocrat that has itself betrayed its own weakness of false pride. But why so much effort on Mr. Wright's part? Is the Encyclopedia as universally accepted as Mr. Wright seems to believe? We do not think so. Its absurd inadequacy has long been recognized. That its stupendous sale can only be accounted for by the fact that the mass of the American public enjoy being "fooled" is after all a tremendous American joke, and unfortunately no one appreciates American humor as well as the average American. The child apes its parent and the middle-class materialistic intellectualism of America is on a par with "English middle-class snobbery." The man who takes his dinner guest in to see a recent portrait of his wife, remarking, "Great, ain't it? Cost me one thousand cold bucks. And it *does* look like Ma," is too often the man who decks his walls with the copious volumes of the Britannica. Perhaps, if Mr. Wright had not so fiercely concentrated on his facts he might have been able to suggest a broader sense of relationships. As it is, we feel that he has lost much of the effect of his blow at English criticism and English snobbery by allowing American resentment and American complacency to creep in.

K. M. T.

Has English life lost its continuity? There is a missing link between so many of the younger English novelists and their background, a missing link which in other countries the war has brought to light and put in its place again. . . . Gilbert Cannan is a conscientious objector; that his position is the result not of conscience merely, but of a fundamental want of sympathy with his own people one is led to feel from reading "Mendel" (Doran). It is in this that he differs from his master, M. Rolland, and this is not the least of the reasons why "Mendel," everything else aside, is so far less satisfying than its prototype "Jean-Christophe." Continental literature has swept Mr. Cannan almost as completely out of the current of his heritage as if he were an American writer, and for the same reason—that he has found, apparently, so little to love in his own experience. The marvel of "Jean-Christophe" was that its author could not have loved Germany half so much had he not loved France more. Mr. Cannan has also chosen for his hero a great artist of foreign birth—Mendel is an Austrian Jew, who grows up in East London; but he conveys a very dim, cold, and almost abstract sense of the English society which Mendel is supposed to throw into relief. Surely Mr. Cannan ought to have done better than Logan, Mendel's English comrade-in-arms! Even Greta Morrison, lovely as she is, is a fragrance rather than a flame. In Mendel himself, and in Mendel's father and mother, Mr. Cannan has suggested "what's solid." Is there really nothing solid in his own world?

Liszt and Berlioz

The interesting thing about Margaret Prescott Montague's "Twenty Minutes of Reality" (Dutton) is not so much the essay itself as the collection of twelve "illuminating letters" which the essay called forth when it first appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," and which have been re-printed as an appendix. The "twenty minutes" in question occurred during the author's convalescence after a surgical operation; pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital, she caught "for the first time . . . a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality." Eloquent as are the pages in which she describes her vision they are, after all, only the barest notation of the creative mood, "simply the language of art and of music," as one of her correspondents says. But how do the other correspondents, who might have been chosen almost at random from the American population, explain it? By every conceivable rag-tag and bob-tail of theology, for the most part, so little do we know how to put to account the shreds of our human birthright that the "efficient" life has left to us. . . . This unpretentious little book is one of those that come along from time to time to remind us that "twenty minutes of reality" distributed among every ten thousand of the population is more nearly below than above the average.

Liszt and Berlioz

On March 15th, Dr. Muck conducted the "Faust Symphony" of Liszt at Carnegie Hall. On April 1st, Berlioz' Requiem Mass was sung at the Hippodrome by the Scranton Choral Society, under the baton of a young French conductor and composer, M. Edger Varèse. The performances, the one thanks to the brilliant and ardent directing of Dr. Muck, the other despite a ragged and uncertain execution, were among the few gratifying events of an overcrowded, pretentious and insignificant musical season. But, had the season been more vivid, they would have been none the less gratifying.

For they not only recreated two great works. They recreated, for the present generation, two composers long misprised. In Liszt, we had seen little save jugglery and affection. We were shown passion and incisiveness. Berlioz' work we had thought a scaffolding. We saw the edifice. We, who had heard the "Faust Symphony" only under Stransky, who had supposed the "Fantastic Symphony" and "Harold in Italy" the best of Berlioz, knew that we had confronted neither master before.

The "Faust Symphony" has ingratiated Liszt with folk who had hitherto disliked him and all his works. It has done so deservedly. For it is good music, and as such exceptional among his compositions. True, it is not one of those pieces that are the best of music. Its creator was not of the stuff that brings such art into being. But it is a sound, a bold, and a prodigiously brilliant piece of writing. It is warm and fervent. It demonstrates that there were moments when Liszt ceased to be the artifex he usually was and became an artist. It demonstrates that not all his music is hollow.

It is curious to realize how rarely Liszt was an artist. He was opulently talented. His ideas supplied not only his own work, but much of Wagner's.

As James Huneker once put it, "Wagner owed much to Liszt besides money, sympathy and a wife!" Liszt anticipated in his piano technique the developments of half a century, anticipated the modern French and Spanish schools as he anticipated Sszymanowski and Scriàbine. He established the symphonic poem as a musical form. He refined and elaborated musical means. And yet he was little of an artist. His music is perhaps the most deliberately artificial music known to us. It is mechanical, coldly calculated, carpentered for effect. Those ostentatious recitativos, those treble runs and shakes and ornaments that are like exploding icy stars, those syrupy progressions, those voluptuous lingerings over certain insinuating tones—how they impress—at a first hearing! Indeed, so cleverly is the gesture calculated, so astutely is the passion simulated, that generations of musicians have been deceived by this music. It is long before most of us realize that the music is the work of an actor, perhaps the most brilliant actor that ever composed, but still an actor. It is not the deep interior bourn of all creative work that speaks in this music. It is an external and controlled thing. It is a cold and dispassionate intellect that apes fire and passion, and all the while calmly watches itself at work.

Sometimes, the music is religious. Perhaps there was a streak of religious sincerity in Liszt. The fact that he took holy orders to escape marrying the Princess of Sayn-Wittgenstein does not disprove its existence entirely. But, for the most part, the religiosity of his music is the piety of the fashionable Jesuit. If Liszt brings religious consolation, he brings it by choice to women, principally to women who are in need of love. He makes a series of the most beautiful gestures over them. He whispers honeyed consolation. He always excites their tears and their gratitude.

Or, he is the restaurant fiddler, the Magyar in the frogged coat. He draws a passionate lament from his violin. In a sort of ecstasy, he celebrates his land. Then, smiling brilliantly, he passes the hat.

It is only when we remember Liszt's profession that we can read the riddle he presents. From childhood up, he was the idolized piano virtuoso. He was petted and adored all his life. He was successful from the beginning. He was smothered all his life under the adulation showered upon him in every capital of Europe, showered upon him in very tangible form by women of the highest society. His was not a character profound or fine enough to right itself. He never managed to develop out of that stage, to contact with truly nourishing things. On the contrary, he became completely uprooted, came to exist entirely in this modern Capua, came to love it and to crave the rose-leaves and the clouds of perfume. His music is largely an aspiration toward it, an attempt to perpetuate about him the admiration and adulation, the glowing eyes and half-parted lips, the heaving bosoms. It is a mechanism for procuring for himself the Pascha-power he desired. Indeed, beside Liszt, Chopin seems a veritable anchorite.

True, Liszt interested himself in music for another reason. If it served to procure him the particular "place in the sun" that he craved, it furnished him also with a most engaging pastime. He interested himself in music as one might interest oneself in a sport that becomes more engaging as one becomes more proficient in it. He studied its rules, its

technique, its tricks. With what keenness he mastered them, his compositions show. But that interest was only minor. The other was the major.

Strange, to what an extent the many amiable elements of the man's character absented themselves from his work. One finds it difficult to recollect, in listening to this music, that Liszt was the generous man his relations with his fellows proves him to have been. It is scarcely possible to associate with this tonal posturing the largeness of the man's nature. He must have given his goodness to Wagner and César Franck and the rest, reserving his perversity for his work.

There are, of course, compositions that are untainted by it. The "Faust Symphony" is one of them. Here, no liquid eye fixed on the gallery, no scheming for tittilating effects, no pandering to the bad taste of his time, its frivolity, its sensuality, its vulgar love of ornament, worked havoc. Instead, we feel a dignity, a fine passion, a deep sincerity that is wanting in his other works. We feel some of that power to represent human life that we call genius. Doubtless, Goethe evoked it. He must have tapped with his tragedy some deep-choked vein in Liszt, and liberated the artist in him. He made Liszt speak from out a portion of his being long gagged, made him speak out of his deep experience: It was particularly the Mephisto idea that opened the sluices of Liszt's genius. It is the movement that portrays Mephisto that makes the symphony what it is. The first movement, the "Faust" section, has in it to some extent, Liszt's genius, especially in the broad full theme that evokes before us "Faust in ritterlicher Hofkleidung des Mittelalters." The second section, the "Marguerite" movement, has more of it. Perhaps Gretchen plucks her daisy a little too thoroughly. But the music has in it a warm, fragrant hush that is marvellous. It is of a rare sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling. There is something very youthful and pure in it, as if the man had recaptured, as he wrote, pristine emotions long since spoiled. It is all in pastels.

But it is the third movement, the Mephisto movement, that reveals Liszt in his power, the power that was peculiar to him. It is not by chance that it does. For in the Mephisto idea as he found it in Goethe, Liszt saw his own spiritual equation. He, too, was the victim of a disillusioned intellect, that played havoc with all that is pure and lovely, that poured its sulphuric mockery over all human aspiration. He had not a little in him of "der Geist der stets verneint." And so he was enabled to create that movement with all his genius. It is the best music he wrote. It will outlive his other work, express him perhaps for all time. There, the personality that we sense dimly behind his sugared and ostentatious works, speaks out, frankly. Listening to that scherzo, we know the cynicism that poisoned Liszt's spirit. We hear it fully in play. It pours its corroding laughter over grief and longing and pride, over purity and tenderness, in those outrageous orchestral arabesques that descend on the themes of the "Faust" and "Marguerite" movements, and whip them into grinning distortions. It denies and stamps and curses, topples over the whole world-structure in ribald scorn. The concluding chorus may call in another emotion. Liszt may turn with the mixture of maryolatry and luxuriousness that was so essential a part of him to "das Ewig-Weibliche," and

pray it to redeem him. The other expression, by virtue of the music that carries it, remains the telling one. It is one of the supreme pieces of musical irony. It ranks with "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Petrouchka." And it reveals, once for all, what manner of genius Liszt was.

If Liszt became articulate during that unforgettable performance, it was largely because of the ardor of Dr. Muck and his men. Berlioz, on the other hand, spoke unaided. M. Varèse was unable to assist him further than by permitting him to speak. Whatever the young conductor contributed to the performance was vitiated by the circumstance that the Mass had had insufficient rehearsing. And so his function was of necessity limited to maintaining the alliance between a somewhat wavering choir and uncertain orchestra on one hand, and the music on the other. It is a pity that M. Varèse mounted the work with insufficiently practised performers. Not that Berlioz suffered materially. Despite the roughness of the execution, he took form in an imposing fashion. It is for the sake of the conductor that one wishes the Requiem had been more thoroughly rehearsed. For then he would have been freer to pour himself into the concert, and we should have been able to guage something of his powers.

It is said that M. Varèse was sent by his government to this country to discover Berlioz to us. If that is so, he has been faithful. For Berlioz did manifest himself that night at the Hippodrome in a veritable blaze of power. He manifested himself in a manner that revolutionized all our conceptions. It was not as the romanticist, the loud Victor Hugo of music, that he appeared. Nor was it as the literary musician, or the bizarre technical innovator. It was as perhaps the most classic artist that ever composed music.

The music of Berlioz is classic chiefly by the purity and the preponderence of its line. That of the Requiem consists largely of a melodic line singularly powerful, flexible, and direct. It is practically unsupported. Critics pretend that Berlioz wanted a knowledge of harmony. They may be right. But they fail to realize that just because he was deficient in harmonic resource, he managed to make his art independent of harmony, and gained his effects through a sharp, piercing and rhythmically supple melody. For strength, we can compare that line only with the lines of Egyptian sculpture. It is as uncompromising. It is perhaps the simplest, the nakedest, the starkest musical speech. There is no hesitation, no northern complexity and subtlety in this music. For there was no hesitation, no subtlety and complexity in the soul of the man who wrote it. Berlioz seems to have felt with Baudelaire that "L'energie, c'est la grace suprême." He seems to have felt that the beauty of music lay in representing a thing with all possible directness and vigor, that the character of music, its sharp original contour, was everything. And upon such an aesthetic he proceeded. To those who are baffled by it, the music may seem thin. But if it is thin, it has the thinness of the steel cable.

How pale alongside the originality of Berlioz much of modern music seems! Here was an anarchist of music who could represent life in language absolutely his own, and with a rhythmic power, a sustained energy, almost prodigious. Where the strength of others might have failed, Berlioz' persists unflaggingly. In the "Requiem," one felt a lush babaric

power that could heap up gigantic masses of music, that revelled in the furious clangor of trumpets, that could rival Handel in the clear fulness of his choruses. Here was music that was like no other, and yet, music in which pyramidal choruses such as "Rex Tremendae" and "Lacrymosa" are contrasted with passages like the tender and serene "Sanctus," or with moments that, like the "Hostias et preces," recall the Orcagna frescoes in Pisa. But, however varied, the work is fundamentally unified. It is unified by the simplicity, the sinewy directness of its style. It grows directly, all of it, from the classic Mediterannean soil.

It is classic most of all by virtue of the frame of mind in which it was written. For all its energy, a singular calm pervades the work. It is not the calm of coldness and impersonality. It is the grand classic calm, the classic restraint and repose, the classic resignation. Listening to it, one had the sensation that some *vates* of a Mediterranean people were come in rapt and lofty mood, to offer sacrifice, to pacify the living, and celebrate the heroic dead.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

John Sloan's Exhibition

JOHN SLOAN, whose pictures have recently been exhibited at Kraushaar's gallery, is that rare and poignant kind of artist, a personality. Like a rock, he stands for truth and hence comes that infallible mark of the true genius in art and poetry, an accurate portraiture. A true artist and therefore an honest man, Mr. Sloan in every picture gives the facts.

His "Shop-window" is an instance. Here are some ugly and clumsy women slovenly and showily dressed and the streets and all the circumstances mean in the extreme. There is perhaps something of genuine attraction in the rich obscuro of the heavy shadows and in the garish light. The human part is mere ugliness. Infallibly it is an accurate portrait of a New York street in this shabby quarter. But why paint it? you will ask. And why does anyone paint the ugly? It might also be asked why do pictures of the ugly always attract, while from the ugly in life all except artists flee away? The fact is that men seek self-discipline with an instinct just as strong as that which impels them to pleasure. I have walked among these streets with Mr. Sloan and have noticed with what a "horrid" show of mysticism, awe, and delight he would look at everything. "Pain braces," says Blake, "and pleasure relaxes." Mr. Sloan is of the kind who braces himself. Feeling, whether it be sorrow or hope or love, is avid of the truth, and poets and painters of feeling have an instinct for the truth which is part of their equipment.

Hogarth was a satirist, and sometimes a tragic satirist, yet though tender-hearted to those sad-eyed sinning women he makes so gentle and attractive, never a poet. The savage moralities of the eighteenth century are impossible to Mr. Sloan or to this century. Instead of satires he gives us his pictured comedies. In "Renganeschi's, Sunday Night" we have some six or seven young girls sitting at tables eating and drinking and chatting together; there is also a foreign waiter, and in a distant corner an old baldhead indifferent to everything except his soup. In a picture, say the critics, there should

be a point of fixity. It is here furnished to us by the baldhead supping his soup. Only one of these girls is smiling. I had said in my haste, "Mr. Sloan does not finish his pictures"; from the days of Goldsmith it is the cry of the Philistine always. This smiling girl is a miracle of finish,—not a touch too much, not a touch too little, and the touches are so few—economy of means, a final simplicity; with love and laughter in a mood of poetical comedy he has painted her; her athletic little body, her "corpusculum" is all alertness: she is like a bird newly alighted on a swinging bough; the belle of the room,—we feel she is the belle of the quarter. At the table next to her sits the only young man present, got up in his Sunday best, with his back toward us and toward the girl. He is self-complacent; by the set of his elbows we know he is shy. He thinks she is laughing at him and that all are talking of him. It is only his masculine egotism,—she has not given him a thought. She is wanton and gay, and yet for all her naughty graces she wears the pearl of innocence and of her adolescence..... Having studied these details step back and admire the ensemble of these well-organized curves and lines and masses and shifting lights and colors and confess, even though you be a cubist or neo-impressionist, that a still-life of "onions and cabbages" compared with it is as a dish-clout to a queen. It is one of your own writers who has said, "Aesthetic form, in order to become emotion-producing, must reflect the form which is most intimately associated with our sensitivities."

In the picture of the three girls in a back garden there is one leaning against a post who seems to me the Sloan woman, as the lady with the curled lips, the greenish eyes, and the columnar neck is the Rossetti woman. Mr. Sloan is a physiognomist; would that he had been a palmist and had had Rossetti's passion for lovely ladies' hands; had he painted the hand placed on her hip as carefully as he has painted her face she might be regarded as the abstract woman of his imagination. She is ample and gorgeous in her frank animalism, too alarming to be alluring,—a hero might have ventured, yet even he would have waited till she showed a preference. In Mr. Sloan's mind is a quality of coldness and austerity which is something new in these times. His women have courage and are good comrades but not given to love-making. Even in his color I find a splendor which is repellent; it is primitive and barbarous, and we know barbarians are not exactly sympathetic.

The picture entitled "Haymarket" and the "Madison Square at Night" have pleased even the adverse critics. In both I find what reminds me of Giorgione: the poetic light. In the "Haymarket" are two street girls moving toward the door, indolent and insolent, while a third is just entering, slowly and loftily sweeping past two elderly men, who are a sorry contrast, one of them of faded rakishness expressed in his tilted straw hat and shabby modish white waistcoat. Mr. Sloan is the historian of New York. The Haymarket has disappeared, and the women—where are they? Among the incidents is a little group at the window buying their tickets and there are children about, one of these a boy with a hoop and a little girl beside her mother turning back to look at the gaudy women.

"Madison Square at Night" is at

once a portrait and a vision—exactly like the place, but as a man of imagination sees it. The color, this time most attractive, is subdued into a general silveriness. There is a scintillating chiaroscuro, and form and volume and mobility, so that the lights and shadows seem to shift and sway before our eyes.

In "A Woman's Work" we have the woman of the domestic imagination, peaceable, rooted in the small activities of busy life, a woman to infuse tenderness and cure passion. We have evidence that the artist liked her best of all; has he not stayed long enough with this picture to finish it almost *ad unguem?* The color arrangement is quiet and sensitive and tremulous with morning sunshine. "The Clown" is a haunting picture; one returns to it again and again. This ugly man is more real than the people in the room. Some one some day will be inspired to write a ghoulish short story about that old specter so busy there behind the scenes. A triumph of technique, a picture to paint once and never again.

"Going Barefoot" is a happy thought and a great contrast to "The Clown." It is also a gem of art—such cold blues and such warm browns and such superb drawing of those sprawling, handsome legs. The entire abandonment of the well-articulated creature, in a position unashamed and impossible except to a young girl in her prime, proclaims her innocence. "No thought infirm colored her cheeks," nor does it color our cheeks. This picture is like the sound of a trumpet cutting the morning air to arouse the sleepers. There is another picture of two children. Who possesses one of these pictures should acquire the other. Such children do not grow in congested cities or in millionaires' houses:

"My imps though hardy, bold and wild
As best befits the mountain child."

"Yeats at Petitpas." Here Mr. Sloan is again the historian and remembering the portrait of myself I hope a confessed caricaturist. It reminds me of Dickens. There is only one figure sympathetically rendered. It is that of Alan Seeger and was painted long before this war in which he was killed; on every other face is a smile which is wicked portraiture. Seeger is sitting as I so often saw him, courteously attentive yet himself silent, his head drooping forward, all of him in deep shadow—a man with the poet's soul, of which there is ample evidence in what he has written—it is scarce among the writers of accomplished verse. It was characteristic of Sloan to introduce this note of tender appreciation into the noisy scene. One is tempted to think that he is psychic and knew what must happen.

In these remarks I have made few allusions to technique, although myself a painter bred. Why should I? When people came from an evening with Lamb and his sister be sure they were too pleased and too pleasantly stimulated to wonder how it all happened. It might be otherwise with those come from the rich man's table. The test of technique is the result. If the guests are pleased there is nothing more to be said. Yet let me hint a fault. Some of these pictures look like improvisations. As a personality Mr. Sloan should take himself more seriously.

JOHN BUTLER YEATS.

An Appeal for "The Conservator"

HORACE TRAUBEL is the living link between Walt Whitman and the present. He was Whitman's friend; he has published several volumes of what must be Whitman's chief literary monument, "With Walt Whitman in Camden," and he has since 1890 edited and published *The Conservator,* a monthly magazine which in expressing Traubel serves also as a poignant extension of the spirit of his great friend.

Like Whitman's, Traubel's writings do not earn much money. He has had a constant struggle to keep going. Although his works are known and translated throughout the world, it has been a hard fight for Traubel. And since the War, the fight has been a losing one.

Unless help comes at once *The Conservator,* which for 27 years has served to keep alive in his own country the message of Walt Whitman, will go out of existence. And unless *The Conservator* continues, Traubel will be unable to bring to a conclusion his historic biography of our greatest poet.

The literary honor of our country is in no small way at stake.

THE SEVEN ARTS believes that this misfortune should not befall so true a man and so great a work. It therefore solicits the financial help of its readers for this cause. All contributions that it receives will go to the continuance of *The Conservator.*

The Shadow in The White House

By James Oppenheim

A Room in the White House, dim and large, and through the windows in the rear, the streaming light from a high moon. It is about one in the morning.

The President enters in a long robe. His eyes are wide open, and yet he does not seem to be awake.

THE PRESIDENT

(*Raising a hand high and speaking low and earnestly.*)

SILENCE. . . .

(*He advances a few steps.*)

You cannot hide there. I am wide awake, I tell you. Stand out, I say.

(*He stares into the dark corner at the right*)

Yes: I see you—you can't escape me. . . .

(*A tall shadowy form stands out indistinctly from the corner.*)

So. . . .

(*There is silence.*)

(*The President passes a hand over his eyes and stares again.*)

Who are you?

THE SHADOW

(*In a deep voice.*)

I am the answer. . . .

THE PRESIDENT

The answer? The answer to what?

THE SHADOW

To you . . . you are the question. . . .

THE PRESIDENT

I can't understand. . . . I thought *he* was the answer. . . . Perhaps if I put on an old stovepipe hat, perhaps if I wore a shawl, perhaps if I grew a beard around the edge of my face.. . .

THE SHADOW

(*Laughing softly.*)

What then?

THE PRESIDENT

I, too, might be the answer. . . .

THE SHADOW

(*Advancing and speaking in a fatherly kindly voice.*)

Sit down, Woodrow Wilson. Let's just forget the dead Presidents in this room.

(*The Shadow seats himself, crossng his legs. He is now more distinct, a great shawl around his stooping shoulders, a stovepipe hat on his lap.*)

(*The President hesitates, then sits opposite the Shadow.*)

THE SHADOW

(*Drawling.*)

It's a hard job, isn't it, trying to be a real American?

THE PRESIDENT

(*Laughing, without mirth.*)

I suppose so.

THE SHADOW

And yet it mightn't be so hard a job after all.

THE PRESIDENT

How?

THE SHADOW

Well, for instance, if you didn't try at all. You see you *are* an American. If you were just Woodrow Wilson, instead of trying to be Abe Lincoln. . . .

THE PRESIDENT

But Lincoln was our noblest and truest American. . . .

THE SHADOW

He didn't try to be, Woodrow. He was plenty busy being himself. He didn't try, for instance, to be George Washington.

THE PRESIDENT

He tried surely to carry out the great principles of democracy laid down by the Fathers. . . .

THE SHADOW

Well, yes. But only so far as it came natural to him. You see he was interested in democracy because he had a hankering after average folk, and babies, and young fellows. He used to sit in the grocery store and enjoy killing time with the boys. In fact, when it came to being President, he couldn't be half as dignified and correct and polished as he should have liked. He made an awful impression on the . . . the high-brows, you call 'em . . . and on the foreigners. And it cut him to the quick. He'd have given much to be like you. That is, so far as manners go.

THE PRESIDENT

And yet I *must* be like him! I must make safe for the world "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

THE SHADOW

Well, how's that to be done?

THE PRESIDENT

By crushing autocracy, as Lincoln crushed the South.

THE SHADOW

What do the people say about it?

THE PRESIDENT

It's amazing. There seems to be so much apathy and ques-

tioning . . . they haven't come forward in good style at all. . . . If I could only make them *understand*. . . .

THE SHADOW

Perhaps they do understand.

THE PRESIDENT

No. They can't see the vast international intricacies, the problems of statesmanship. . . .

THE SHADOW

Well, I was never much of a hand at understanding such things myself. But perhaps they understand some other things. . . .

THE PRESIDENT

What sort of things?

THE SHADOW

Perhaps they understand that democracy begins at home. Perhaps they understand that America isn't Europe—seeing that they came to America because they couldn't stand Europe —and perhaps they think it is risky business to meddle in the councils of kings and courtiers, and perhaps we aren't sharp enough to get through with it. Besides that, perhaps they think we could work for peace, and really do something.

THE PRESIDENT

I hate war myself: I even hate to read the newspaper accounts of battles: and I worked hard for peace. But I was convinced in spite of myself. . . .

THE SHADOW

That was the moment when you should have trusted yourself least. And that was the moment when you could have tried out democracy—just tried, for a change, government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

THE PRESIDENT

How could I have done that?

THE SHADOW

By asking the people what they wanted. Give them a vote on it.

THE PRESIDENT

But that has never been done. Not even Lincoln did that.

THE SHADOW

You see, that's what comes of trying to be Lincoln, or Jefferson, or Moses, instead of trying out your own Wilsonhood. Woodrow, you could have done for democracy more than Lincoln did when he freed the slaves. You could have struck terror into every kingdom of the Earth by saying, a free people shall declare its own wars. How that would have set the soldiers and workers in Europe thinking! It would have put in the shade the Russian Revolution! Think of it . . . the democracy of America can be trusted to decide for itself whether it shall be shipped to Europe to kill and be killed. You see, Woodrow, you don't really believe in the people, do you?

THE PRESIDENT

If I don't, Lincoln didn't. He was autocrat enough.

THE SHADOW

(*Laughing.*)

In spots. But when you're inside a house on fire you don't stand on ceremony. I can't see that this country is burning up. It looks peaceful and quiet, and no damage done.

THE PRESIDENT

He declared war as I did.

THE SHADOW

Not the same. He was elected to declare war if the South seceded: you, as I understand it, were elected to keep America out of the war. Besides, the issue was different—the country was split in two, and our enemies were inside our own borders. It was a case of life and death.

THE PRESIDENT

So is this a case of life and death. . . . If the country understood it. . . .

THE SHADOW

Well, all I know is, that if democracy can't save itself, no one on God's Earth can save it—not even Woodrow Wilson.

(*A silence. The Shadow rises, and then the President. The Shadow looms over the President impressively and solemnly.*)

THE SHADOW

Woodrow Wilson, I suffered in this house, and in this room too. I lived here for nearly five years, while the battle raged across the country. I saw the boys in the hospitals and knew I was a failure compared with the worst of them. I had the mothers come in to see me, and I knew who was bearing the brunt of the war. I lived through something that was black and cruel, and made my heart a lamentation. And I learned that it wasn't I who understood, nor even the people who understood. None of us were anything unless we listened to what lay deepest in us all. But if it had to come between deciding what the people wanted and what I wanted, I made way for the people. For this country is theirs, and this government is their government, and the power that I had, and that you have, is their power. If the people want to ruin themselves they have a perfect right to do so: and if the people want to be unwise, they can't be stopped. But I have a feeling that that's the sort of Earth we may expect to come—whether it's good or bad, wise or foolish. At least, you who know something of history, know that the Earth under other governments was both bad and foolish.

(*Silence.*)

You have wrought faithfully. You have been very patient. You have tried hard to believe in democracy. You have done much. Perhaps what you need most is to learn how to joke

and how to be a joke. The man you admire so much was the greatest joke of his time. You might imitate that, and then perhaps you could trust a little more to democracy and be a democrat—even if it meant changing your mind and your manners, too. . . .

(*Silence.*)

At any rate, don't feel that America is on your shoulders. It isn't on any one man's shoulders. The power that is in it is something greater than any one man or group of men.

(*Silence.*)

Woodrow, I know what you are facing. Few living men have a harder or greater task. May God—and the common people—be with you!

(*The Shadow withdraws.*)

THE PRESIDENT

The common people?

(*He starts after the Shadow.*)

Abraham Lincoln!

Below the Battle

By Randolph Bourne

HE is one of those young men who, because his parents happened to mate during a certain ten years of the world's history, has had now to put his name on a wheel of fate, thereby submitting himself to be drawn into a brief sharp course of military training before being shipped across the sea to kill Germans or be killed by them. He does not like this fate that menaces him, and he dislikes it because he seems to find nothing in the programme marked out for him which touches remotely his aspirations, his impulses, or even his desires. My friend is not a happy young man, but even the unsatisfactory life he is living seems supplemented at no single point by the life of the drill-ground or the camp or the stinking trench. He visualizes the obscenity of the battlefield and turns away in nausea. He thinks of the weary regimentation of young men, and is filled with disgust. His mind has turned sour on war and all that it involves. He is poor material for the military proclamation and the drill-sergeant.

I want to understand this friend of mine, for he seems rather typical of a scattered race of young Americans of today. He does not fall easily into the categories of patriot and coward which the papers are making popular. He feels neither patriotism nor fear, only an apathy toward the war, faintly warmed into a smouldering resentment at the men who have clamped down the war-pattern upon him and that vague mass of people and ideas and workaday living around him that he thinks of as his country. Now that resentment has knotted itself into a tortured tangle of what he should do, how

he can best be true to his creative self? I should say that his apathy cannot be imputed to cowardly ease. My friend earns about fifteen hundred dollars a year as an architect's assistant, and he lives alone in a little room over a fruitshop. He worked his way through college, and he has never known even a leisurely month. There is nothing Phæacian about his life. It is scarcely to save his skin for riotous living that he is reluctant about war. Since he left college he has been trying to find his world. He is often seriously depressed and irritated with himself for not having hewed out a more glorious career for himself. His work is just interesting enough to save it from drudgery, and yet not nearly independent and exacting enough to give him a confident professional sense. Outside his work, life is deprived and limited rather than luxurious. He is fond of music and goes to cheap concerts. He likes radical meetings, but never could get in touch with the agitators. His friends are seeking souls just like himself. He likes midnight talks in cafés and studios, but he is not especially amenable to drink. His heart of course is hungry and turbid, but his two or three love-affairs have not clarified anything for him. He eats three rather poor restaurant meals a day. When he reads, it is philosophy—Nietzsche, James, Bergson—or the novels about youth—Rolland, Nexö, Cannan, Frenssen, Beresford. He has a rather constant mood of futility, though he is in unimpeachable health. There are moments when life seems quite without sense or purpose. He has enough friends, however, to be not quite lonely, and yet they are so various as to leave him always with an ache for some more cohesive, purposeful circle. His contacts with people irritate him without rendering him quite unhopeful. He is always expecting he doesn't know quite what, and always being frustrated of he doesn't quite know what would have pleased him. Perhaps he never had a moment of real external or internal ease in his life.

Obviously a creature of low vitality, with neither the broad

vision to be stirred by the President's war message, nor the red blood to itch for the dummy bayonet-charge. Yet somehow he does not seem exactly weak, and there is a consistency about his attitude which intrigues me. Since he left college eight years ago, he has been through most of the intellectual and emotional fads of the day. He has always cursed himself for being so superficial and unrooted, and he has tried to write a little of the thoughts that stirred him. What he got down on paper was, of course, the usual large vague feeling of a new time that all of us feel. With the outbreak of the Great War, most of his socialist and pacifist theories were knocked flat. The world turned out to be an entirely different place from what he had thought it. Progress and uplift seemed to be indefinitely suspended, though it was a long time before he realized how much he had been corroded by the impact of news and the endless discussions he heard. I think he gradually worked himself into a truly neutral indifference. The reputable people and the comfortable classes who were having all the conventional emotions rather disgusted him. The neurotic fury about self-defence seemed to come from types and classes that he instinctively detested. He was not scared, and somehow he could not get enthusiastic about defending himself with "preparedness" unless he were badly scared. Things got worse. All that he valued seemed frozen until the horrible mess came to a close. He had gone to an unusually intelligent American college, and he had gotten a feeling for a humane civilization that had not left him. The war, it is true, bit away piece by piece every ideal that made this feeling seem plausible. Most of the big men—intellectuals—whom he thought he respected had had so much of their idealism hacked away and got their nerves so frayed that they became at last, in their panic, willing and even eager to adopt the war-technique in aid of their government's notions of the way to impose democracy on the world.

My poor young friend can best be understood as too naive

and too young to effect this metamorphosis. Older men might mix a marvellous intellectual brew of personal anger, fear, a sense of "dishonor," fervor for a League of Peace, and set going a machinery that crushed everything intelligent, humane and civilized. My friend was less flexible. War simply did not mix with anything that he had learned to feel was desirable. Something in his mind spewed it out whenever it was suggested as a cure for our grievous American neutrality. As I got all this from our talks, he did not seem weak. He merely had no notion of the patriotism that meant the springing of a nation to arms. He read conscientiously *The New Republic's* feast of eloquent idealism, with its appealing harbingers of a cosmically efficacious and well-bred war. He would often say, This is all perfectly convincing; why, then, are we not all convinced? He seemed to understand the argument for American participation. We both stood in awe at the superb intellectual structure that was built up. But my friend is one of those unfortunate youths whose heart has to apprehend as well as his intellect, and it was his heart that inexorably balked. So he was in no mood to feel the worth of American participation, in spite of the infinite tact and Fabian strategy of the Executive and his intellectualist backers. He felt apart from it all. He had not the imagination to see a healed world-order built out of the rotten materials of armaments, diplomacy and "liberal" statesmanship. And he wasn't affected by the psychic complex of panic, hatred, rage, class-arrogance and patriotic swagger that was creating in newspaper editors and in the ' jeunesse dorée" around us the authentic élan for war.

My friend is thus somehow in the nation but not of the nation. The war has as yet got no conceivable clutch on his soul. He knows that theoretically he is united with a hundred million in purpose, sentiment and deed for an idealistic war to defend democracy and civilization against predatory autocracy. Yet somehow, in spite of all the excitement, nobody has as yet been able to make this real to him. He is healthy,

intelligent, idealistic. The irony is that the demand which his country now makes on him is one to which not one single cell or nerve of idealism or desire responds. The cheap and silly blare of martial life leaves him cold. The easy inflation of their will-to-power which is coming to so many people from their participation in volunteer or government service, or, better still, from their urging others to farm, enlist, invest, retrench, organize,—none of this allures him. His life is uninteresting and unadventurous, but it is not quite dull enough to make this activity or anything he knows about war seem a release into lustier expression. He has ideals but he cannot see their realization through a desperate struggle to the uttermost. He doubts the "saving" of an America which can only be achieved through world-suicide. He wants democracy, but he does not want the kind of democracy we will get by this war enough to pay the suicidal cost of getting it in the way we set about it.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori, sweet and becoming is it to die for one's country. This is the young man who is suddenly asked to die for his country. My friend was much concerned about registration. He felt coercive forces closing in upon him. He did not want to register for the purposes of being liable to conscription. It would be doing something positive when he felt only apathy. Furthermore, if he was to resist, was it not better to take a stand now than to wait to be drafted? On the other hand, was it not too much of a concession to rebel at a formality? He did not really wish to be a martyr. Going to prison for a year for merely refusing to register was rather a grotesque and futile gesture. He did not see himself as a hero, shedding inspiration by his example to his fellows. He did not care what others did. His objection to prison was not so much fear perhaps as contempt for a silly sacrifice. He could not keep up his pose of complete aliency from the war-enterprise, now that registration was upon him. Better submit stoically, he thought, to the physical pressure,

mentally reserving his sense of spiritual aliency from the enterprise into which he was being remorselessly moulded. Yet my friend is no arrant prig. He does not pretend to be a "world-patriot," or a servant of some higher law than his country's. Nor does he feel blatantly patriotic. With his groping philosophy of life, patriotism has merely died as a concept of significance for him. It is to him merely the emotion that fills the herd when it imagines itself engaged in massed defence or massed attack. Having no such images, he has no feeling of patriotism. He still feels himself inextricably a part of this blundering, wistful, crass civilization we call America. All he asks is not to be identified with it for warlike ends. He does not feel pro-German. He tells me there is not a drop of any but British blood in his veins. He does not love the Kaiser. He is quite willing to believe that it is the German government and not the German people whom he is asked to fight, although it may be the latter whom he is obliged to kill. But he cannot forget that it is the American government rather than the American people who got up the animus to fight the German government. He does not forget that the American government, having through tragic failure slipped into the war-technique, is now trying to manipulate him into that war-technique. And my friend's idea of *patria* does not include the duty of warlike animus, even when the government decides such animus is necessary to carry out its theories of democracy and the future organization of the world. There are ways in which my friend would probably be willing to die for his country. If his death now meant the restoration of those ravaged lands and the bringing back of the dead, that would be a cause to die for. But he knows that dead cannot be brought back or the brotherly currents restored. The work of madness will not be undone. Only a desperate war will be prolonged. Everything seems to him so mad that there is nothing left worth dying for. *Pro partria mori,* to my friend, means something different

from lying gaunt as a conscript on a foreign battlefield, fallen in the last desperate fling of an interminable world-war.

Does this mean that if he is drafted he will refuse to serve? I do not know. It will not be any plea of "conscientious objection" that keeps him back. That phrase to him has already an archaic flavor which implies a ruling norm, a stiff familiar whom he must obey in the matter. It implies that one would be delighted to work up one's blood-lust for the business, except that this unaccountable conscience, like a godly grandmother, absolutely forbids. In the case of my friend, it will not be any objective "conscience." It will be something that is woven into his whole modern philosophic feel for life. This is what paralyzes him against taking one step toward the war-machine. If he were merely afraid of death, he would seek some alternative service. But he does not. He remains passive and apathetic, waiting for the knife to fall. There is a growing cynicism in him about the brisk and inept bustle of war-organization. His attitude suggests that if he is worked into war-service, he will have to be coerced every step of the way.

Yet he may not even rebel. He may go silently into the ranks in a mood of cold contempt. His horror of useless sacrifice may make even the bludgeoning of himself seem futile. He may go in the mood of so many young men in the other countries, without enthusiasm, without idealism, without hope and without belief, victims of a tragically blind force behind them. No other government, however, has had to face from the very start quite this appalling skepticism of youth. My friend is significant because all the shafts of panic, patriotism and national honor have been discharged at him without avail. All the seductions of "liberal" idealism leave him cold. He is to be susceptible to nothing but the use of crude, rough, indefeasible violence. Nothing could be more awkward for a "democratic" President than to be faced with this cold, staring skepticism of youth, in the prosecution of his

war. The attitude of my friend suggests that there is a personal and social idealism in America which is out of reach of the most skilful and ardent appeals of the older order, an idealism that cannot be hurt by the taunts of cowardice and slacking or kindled by the slogans of capitalistic democracy. This is the cardinal fact of our war—the non-mobilization of the younger intelligentsia.

What will they do to my friend? If the war goes on they will need him. Pressure will change skepticism into bitterness. That bitterness will well and grow. If the country submissively pours month after month its wealth of life and resources into the work of annihilation, that bitterness will spread out like a stain over the younger American generation. If the enterprise goes on endlessly, the work, so blithely undertaken for the defence of democracy, will have crushed out the only genuinely precious thing in a nation, the hope and ardent idealism of its youth.

Out of the Storm

By Louis Untermeyer

I TURNED and tossed and could not sleep.
The earth was restless with the deep
Growls of approaching thunder.
Then suddenly the heavens lurched
Out of their depths as lightnings searched
Stabbing and splitting the skies asunder.
The cannonade grew nearer, louder.
There was a rushing in my ears.
I heard the hoarse winds charge; the groans and cheers
Of grappling armies shook me. I smelt powder
Drifting across black pools and fresh
Hummocks of earth and flesh.
Ominous cries were in that thunder
That grew so horribly and came so close.
Yet under
The tumult and the shattering throes
A small thing stirred;
A whisper, a fragment broken and blurred;
A voice that struggled beneath great blows—
And then it arose:

"Throw down your guns, it cried,
Throw down your swords!
What is this talk of hate or pride,
Of captured lands or hoards?
Whatever may be left, they will divide
Only among our lords.

"Throw down your guns and go
Back to your farm or town.
What madness made you seem our foe?
Come, let us make our masters know
That, having torn their banners down,
They too shall lie as low!

"Throw down the ancient signs.
Open your death-bewildered eyes and see
We are already free!
The sun breaks through the smoke and shines
Upon our only enemy
Trading—behind the lines!

"Rejoice then, ye who died
Unknown, unglorified;
Rejoice, ye living, at last
The fierce and torturing night has passed.
The lights of morning stream
Over a healed and liberal world.
Our guns rot sweetly, side by side;
The insolent flags are furled. . . ."

Again the storm's black thunder rolling wide,
And fresh assaults. I saw the earth divide
Beneath the lightning's pitiless gleam.
"Throw down your guns," the voice had cried . . .
It was a dream.

The Mortal Coil

By D. H. Lawrence

I.

SHE stood motionless in the middle of the room, something tense in her reckless bearing. Her gown of reddish stuff fell silkily about her feet; she looked tall and splendid in the candlelight. Her dark-blond hair was gathered loosely in a fold on top of her head, her young, blossom-fresh face was lifted. From her throat to her feet she was clothed in the elegantly-made dress of silky red stuff, the color of red earth. She looked complete and lovely, only love could make her such a strange, complete blossom. Her cloak and hat were thrown across a table just in front of her.

Quite alone, abstracted, she stood there arrested in a conflict of emotions. Her hand, down against her skirt, worked irritably, the ball of the thumb rubbing, rubbing across the tips of the fingers. There was a slight tension between her lifted brows.

About her the room glowed softly, reflecting the candlelight from its whitewashed walls, and from the great, bowed, whitewashed ceiling. It was a large attic, with two windows, and the ceiling curving down on either side, so that both the far walls were low. Against one, on one side, was a single bed, opened for the night, the white over-bolster piled back. Not far from this was the iron stove. Near the window closest to the bed was a table with writing materials, and a handsome cactus-plant with clear scarlet blossoms threw its bizarre shadow on the wall. There was another table near the second window, and opposite was the door on which hung a military

cloak. Along the far wall, were guns and fishing-tackle, and some clothes too, hung on pegs—all men's clothes, all military. It was evidently the room of a man, probably a young lieutenant.

The girl, in her pure red dress that fell about her feet, so that she looked a woman, not a girl, at last broke from her abstraction and went aimlessly to the writing-table. Her mouth was closed down stubbornly, perhaps in anger, perhaps in pain. She picked up a large seal made of agate, looked at the ingraven coat of arms, then stood rubbing her finger across the cut-out stone, time after time. At last she put the seal down, and looked at the other things—a beautiful old beer-mug used as a tobacco-jar, a silver box like an urn, old and of exquisite shape, a bowl of sealing wax. She fingered the pieces of wax. This, the dark-green, had sealed her last letter. Ah, well! She carelessly turned over the blotting book, which again had his arms stamped on the cover. Then she went away to the window. There, in the window-recess, she stood and looked out. She opened the casement and took a deep breath of the cold night air. Ah, it was good! Far below was the street, a vague golden milky way beneath her, its tiny black figures moving and crossing and re-crossing with marionette, insect-like intentness. A small horse-car rumbled along the lines, so belittled, it was an absurdity. So much for the world! . . . he did not come.

She looked overhead. The stars were white and flashing, they looked nearer than the street, more kin to her, more real. She stood pressing her breast on her arms, her face lifted to the stars, in the long, anguished suspense of waiting. Noises came up small from the street, as from some insect-world. But the great stars overhead struck white and invincible, infallible. Her heart felt cold like the stars.

At last she started. There was a noisy knocking at the door, and a female voice calling:

"Anybody there?"

"Come in," replied the girl.

She turned round, shrinking from this intrusion, unable to bear it, after the flashing stars.

There entered a thin, handsome dark girl dressed in an extravagantly-made gown of dark purple silk and dark blue velvet. She was followed by a small swarthy, inconspicuous lieutenant in pale-blue uniform.

"Ah *you!* . . . alone?" cried Teresa, the newcomer, advancing into the room. "Where's the Fritz, then?"

The girl in red raised her shoulders in a shrug, and turned her face aside, but did not speak.

"Not here! You don't know where he is? Ach, the dummy, the lout!" Teresa swung round on her companion.

"Where is he?" she demanded.

He also lifted his shoulders in a shrug.

"He said he was coming in half an hour," the young lieutenant replied.

"Ha!—half an hour! Looks like it! How long is that ago—two hours?"

Again the young man only shrugged. He had beautiful black eye-lashes, and steady eyes. He stood rather deprecatingly, whilst his girl, golden like a young panther, hung over him.

"One knows where he is," said Teresa, going and sitting on the opened bed. A dangerous contraction came between the brows of Marta, the girl in red, at this act.

"Wine, Women and Cards!" said Teresa, in her loud voice. "But they prefer the women on the cards.

"'My love he has four Queenies,
Four Queenies has my lo-o-ove.'"

she sang. Then she broke off, and turned to Podewils. "Was he winning when you left him, Karl?"

Again the young baron raised his shoulders.

"Tant pis que mal," he replied, cryptically.

"Ah, *you!*" cried Teresa, "with your *tant pis que mal!*

Are *you* tant pis que mal?" She laughed her deep, strange laugh. "Well," she added, "he'll be coming in with a fortune for you, Marta—"

There was a vague, unhappy silence.

"I know his fortunes," said Marta.

"Yes," said Teresa, in sudden sober irony, "he's a horse-shoe round your neck, is that young jockey.—But what are you going to do, Matzen dearest? You're not going to wait for him any longer?—Don't dream of it! The idea, waiting for that young gentleman as if you were married to him!—Put your hat on, dearest, and come along with us . . . Where are we going, Karl, you pillar of salt?—Eh?—Geier's?—To Geier's, Marta, my dear. Come, quick, up—you've been martyred enough, Marta, my martyr—haw!—haw!!—put your hat on. Up—away!"

Teresa sprang up like an explosion, anxious to be off.

"No, I'll wait for him," said Marta, sullenly.

"Don't be such a fool!" cried Teresa, in her deep voice. "Wait for him! *I'd* give him wait for him. Catch this little bird waiting." She lifted her hand and blew a little puff across the fingers. "Choo-fly!" she sang, as if a bird had just flown.

The young lieutenant stood silent with smiling dark eyes. Teresa was quick, and golden as a panther.

"No, but really, Marta, you're not going to wait any more —really! It's stupid for you to play Gretchen—your eyes are much too green. Put your hat on, there's a darling."

"No," said Marta, her flower-like face strangely stubborn. "I'll wait for him. He'll have to come some time."

There was a moment's uneasy pause.

"Well," said Teresa, holding her shoulders for her cloak, "so long as you don't wait as long as Lenora-fuhr-ums-Morgenrot—! Adieu, my dear, God be with you."

The young lieutenant bowed a solicitous bow, and the two went out, leaving the girl in red once more alone.

She went to the writing table, and on a sheet of paper began writing her name in stiff Gothic characters, time after time:

Marta Hohenest
Marta Hohenest
Marta Hohenest.

The vague sounds from the street below continued. The wind was cold. She rose and shut the window. Then she sat down again.

At last the door opened, and a young officer entered. He was buttoned up in a dark-blue great-coat, with large silver buttons going down on either side of the breast. He entered quickly, glancing over the room, at Marta, as she sat with her back to him. She was marking with a pencil on paper. He closed the door. Then with fine beautiful movements he divested himself of his coat and went to hang it up. How well Marta knew the sound of his movements, the quick light step! But she continued mechanically making crosses on the paper, her head bent forward between the candles, so that her hair made fine threads and mist of light, very beautiful. He saw this, and it touched him. But he could not afford to be touched any further.

"You have been waiting?" he said formally. The insulting futile question! She made no sign, as if she had not heard. He was absorbed in the tragedy of himself, and hardly heeded her.

He was a slim, good-looking youth, clear-cut and delicate in mould. His features now were pale, there was something evasive in his dilated, vibrating eyes. He was barely conscious of the girl, intoxicated with his own desperation, that held him mindless and distant.

To her, the atmosphere of the room was almost unbreathable, since he had come in. She felt terribly bound, walled up. She rose with a sudden movement that tore his nerves. She looked to him tall and bright and dangerous, as she faced

round on him.

"Have you come back with a fortune?" she cried, in mockery, her eyes full of dangerous light.

He was unfastening his belt, to change his tunic. She watched him up and down, all the time. He could not answer, his lips seemed dumb. Besides, silence was his strength.

"Have you come back with a fortune?" she repeated, in her strong, clear voice of mockery.

"No," he said, suddenly turning. "Let it please you that—that I've come back at all."

He spoke desperately, and tailed off into silence. He was a man doomed. She looked at him: he was insignificant in his doom. She turned in ridicule. And yet she was afraid; she loved him.

He had stood long enough exposed, in his helplessness. With difficulty he took a few steps, went and sat down at the writing-table. He looked to her like a dog with its tail between its legs.

He saw the paper, where her name was repeatedly written. She must find great satisfaction in her own name, he thought vaguely. Then he picked up the seal and kept twisting it round in his fingers, doing some little trick. And continually the seal fell on to the table with a sudden rattle that made Marta stiffen cruelly. He was quite oblivious of her.

She stood watching as he sat bent forward in his stupefaction. The fine cloth of his uniform showed the moulding of his back. And something tortured her as she saw him, till she could hardly bear it: the desire of his finely-shaped body, the stupefaction and the abjectness of him now, his immersion in the tragedy of himself, his being unaware of her. All her will seemed to grip him, to bruise some manly nonchalance and attention out of him.

"I suppose you're in a fury with me, for being late?" he said, with impotent irony in his voice. Her fury over trifles, when he was lost in calamity! How great was his real misery,

how trivial her small offendedness!

Something in his tone burned her, and made her soul go cold.

"I'm not exactly pleased," she said coldly, turning away to a window.

Still he sat bent over the table, twisting something with his fingers. She glanced round on him. How nervy he was! He had beautiful hands, and the big topaz signet-ring on his finger made yellow lights. Ah, if only his hands were really dare-devil and reckless! They always seemed so guilty, so cowardly.

"I'm done for now," he said suddenly, as if to himself, tilting back his chair a little. In all his physical movement he was so fine and poised, so sensitive! Oh, and it attracted her so much!

"Why?" she said, carelessly.

An anger burned in him. She was so flippant. If he were going to be shot, she would not be moved more than about half a pound of sweets.

"Why!" he repeated laconically. "The same unimportant reason as ever."

"Debts?" she cried, in contempt.

"Exactly."

Her soul burned in anger.

"What have you done now?—lost more money?"

"Three thousand marks."

She was silent in deep wrath.

"More fool you!" she said. Then, in her anger, she was silent for some minutes. "And so you're done for, for three thousand marks?" she exclaimed, jeering at him. "You go pretty cheap."

"Three thousand—and the rest," he said, keeping up a manly *sang froid*.

"And the rest!" she repeated in contempt. "And for three thousand—and the rest, your life is over!"

"My career," he corrected her.

"Oh," she mocked, "only your career! I thought it was a matter of life and death. Only your career? Oh, only that!"

His eyes grew furious under her mockery.

"My career *is* my life," he said.

"Oh, is it!—You're not a *man* then, you are only a career?"

"I am a gentleman."

"Oh, are you! How amusing! How very amusing, to be a gentleman and not a man!—I suppose that's what it means, to be a gentleman, to have no guts outside your career?"

"Outside my honor—none."

"And might I ask what *is* your honor?" She spoke in extreme irony.

"Yes, you may ask," he replied coolly. " But if you don't know without being told, I'm afraid I could never explain it."

"Oh, you couldn't! No, I believe you—you are incapable of explaining it, it wouldn't bear explaining." There was a long, tense pause. "So you've made too many debts, and you're afraid they'll kick you out of the army, therefore your honor is gone, is it?—And what then—what after that?"

She spoke in extreme irony. He winced again at her phrase "kick you out of the army." But he tilted his chair back with assumed nonchalance.

"I've made too many debts, and I *know* they'll kick me out of the army," he repeated, thrusting the thorn right home to the quick. "After that—I can shoot myself. Or I might even be a waiter in a restaurant—or possibly a clerk, with twenty-five shillings a week."

"Really!—All those alternatives!—Well, why not, why not be a waiter in the Germania? It might be awfully jolly."

"Why not?" he repeated ironically. "Because it wouldn't become me."

She looked at him, at his aristocratic fineness of physique, his extreme physical sensitiveness. And all her German worship for his old, proud family rose up in her. No, he could

not be a waiter in the Germania: she could not bear it. He was too refined and beautiful a thing.

"Ha!" she cried suddenly. "It wouldn't come to that, either. If they kick you out of the army, you'll find somebody to get round—you're like a cat, you'll land on your feet."

But this was just what he was not. He was not like a cat. His self-mistrust was too deep. Ultimately he had no belief in himself, as a separate isolated being. He knew he was sufficiently clever, an aristocrat, good-looking, the sensitive superior of most men. The trouble was, that apart from the social fabric he belonged to, he felt himself nothing, a cipher. He bitterly envied the common working-men for a certain manly aplomb, a grounded, almost stupid self-confidence he saw in them. Himself—he could lead such men through the gates of hell—for what did he care about danger or hurt to himself, whilst he was leading? But—cut him off from all this, and what was he? A palpitating rag of meaningless human life.

But she, coming from the people, could not fully understand. And it was best to leave her in the dark. The free indomitable self-sufficient being which a man must be in his relation to a woman who loves him—this he could pretend. But he knew he was not it. He knew that the world of man from which he took his value was his mistress beyond any woman. He wished, secretly, cravingly, almost cravenly, in his heart, it was not so. But so it was.

Therefore, he heard her phrase "you're like a cat," with some bitter envy.

"Whom shall I get round?—some woman, who will marry me?" he said.

This was a way out. And it was almost the inevitable thing, for him. But he felt it the last ruin of his manhood, even he.

The speech hurt her mortally, worse than death. She would rather he died, because then her own love would not turn

to ash.

"Get married, then, if you want to," she said, in a small broken voice.

"Naturally," he said.

There was a long silence, a foretaste of barren hopelessness.

"Why is it so terrible to you," she asked at length, "to come out of the army and trust to your own resources? Other men are strong enough."

"Other men are not me," he said.

Why would she torture him? She seemed to enjoy torturing him. The thought of his expulsion from the army was an agony to him, really worse than death. He saw himself in the despicable civilian clothes, engaged in some menial occupation. And he could not bear it. It was too heavy a cross.

Who was she to talk? She was herself, an actress, daughter of a tradesman. He was himself. How should one of them speak for the other? It was impossible. He loved her. He loved her far better than men usually loved their mistresses. He really cared.—And he was strangely proud of his love for her, as if it were a distinction to him . . . But there was a limit to her understanding. There was a point beyond which she had nothing to do with him, and she had better leave him alone. Here in this crisis, which was *his* crisis, his downfall, she should not presume to talk, because she did not understand.—But she loved to torture him, that was the truth.

"Why should it hurt you to work?" she reiterated.

He lifted his face, white and tortured, his grey eyes flaring with fear and hate.

"Work!" he cried. "What do you think I am worth?—Twenty-five shillings a week, if I am lucky."

His evident anguish penetrated her. She sat dumbfounded, looking at him with wide eyes. He was white with misery and fear; his hand, that lay loose on the table, was abandoned

in nervous ignominy. Her mind filled with wonder, and with deep, cold dread. Did he really care so much? But did it *really* matter so much to him? When he said he was worth twenty-five shillings a week, he was like a man whose soul is pierced. He sat there, annihilated. She looked for him, and he was nothing then. She looked for the man, the free being that loved her. And he was not, he was gone, this blank figure remained. Something with a blanched face sat there in the chair, staring at nothing.

His amazement deepened with intolerable dread. It was as if the world had fallen away into chaos. Nothing remained. She seemed to grasp the air for foothold.

He sat staring in front of him, a dull numbness settled on his brain. He was watching the flame of the candle. And, in his detachment, he realized the flame was a swiftly travelling flood, flowing swiftly from the source of the wick through a white surge and on into the darkness above. It was like a fountain suddenly foaming out, then running on dark and smooth. Could one dam the flood? He took a piece of paper, and cut off the flame for a second.

The girl in red started at the pulse of the light. She seemed to come to, from some trance. She saw his face, clear now, attentive, abstract, absolved. He was quite absolved from his temporal self.

"It isn't true," she said, "is it? It's not so tragic, really?—It's only your pride is hurt, your silly little pride?" She was rather pleading.

He looked at her with clear steady eyes.

"My pride!" he said. "And isn't my pride *me?* What am I without my pride?"

"You are *yourself,*" she said. "If they take your uniform off you, and turn you naked into the street, you are still *yourself.*"

His eyes grew hot. Then he cried:

"What does it mean, *myself!* It means I put on ready-

made civilian clothes and do some dirty drudging elsewhere: that is what *myself* amounts to."

She knitted her brows.

"But what you are *to me*—that naked self which you are to me—that is something, isn't it?—everything," she said.

"What is it, if it means nothing?" he said: "What is it, more than a pound of chocolate *dragées?*—It stands for nothing—unless as you say, a petty clerkship, at twenty-five shillings a week."

These were all wounds to her, very deep. She looked in wonder for a few moments.

"And what does it stand for now?" she said. "A magnificent second-lieutenant!"

He made a gesture of dismissal with his hand.

She looked at him from under lowered brows.

"And our love!" she said. "It means nothing to you, nothing at all?"

"To me as a menial clerk, what does it mean? What does love mean! Does it mean that a man shall be no more than a dirty rag in the world?—What worth do you think I have in love, if in life I am a wretched inky subordinate clerk?"

"What does it matter?"

"It matters everything."

There was silence for a time, then the anger flashed up in her.

"It doesn't matter to you what *I* feel, whether *I* care or not," she cried, her voice rising. "They'll take his little uniform with buttons off him, and he'll have to be a common little civilian, so all he can do is to shoot himself!—It doesn't matter that I'm there—"

He sat stubborn and silent. He thought her vulgar. And her raving did not alter the situation in the least.

"Don't you see what value you put on *me,* you clever little man?" she cried in fury. "I've loved you, loved you with all my soul, for two years—and you've lied, and said you loved

me. And now, what do I get? He'll shoot himself, because his tuppenny vanity is wounded.—Ah, *fool—!"*

He lifted his head and looked at her. His face was fixed and superior.

"All of which," he said, "leaves the facts of the case quite untouched!"

She hated his cool little speeches.

"Then shoot yourself," she cried, "and you'll be worth *less* than twenty-five shillings a week!"

There was a fatal silence.

"Then there'll be no question of worth," he said.

"Ha!" she ejaculated in scorn.

She had finished. She had no more to say. At length, after they had both sat motionless and silent, separate, for some time, she rose and went across to her hat and cloak. He shrank in apprehension. Now, he could not bear her to go. He shrank as if he were being whipped. She put her hat on, roughly, then swung her warm plaid cloak over her shoulders. Her hat was of black glossy silk, with a sheeny heap of cocks-feathers, her plaid cloat was dark green and blue, it swung open above her clear harsh-red dress. How beautiful she was, like a fiery Madonna!

"Good-bye," she said, in her voice of mockery. "I'm going now."

He sat motionless, as if loaded with fetters. She hesitated, then moved toward the door.

Suddenly, with a spring like a cat, he was confronting her, his back to the door. His eyes were full and dilated, like a cat's, his face seemed to gleam at her. She quivered, as some subtle fluid ran through her nerves.

"Let me go," she said dumbly. "I've had enough." His eyes, with a wide, dark electric pupil, like a cat's, only watched her objectively. And again a wave of female submissiveness went over her.

"I want to go," she pleaded. "You know it's no good.—

You know this is no good."

She stood humbly before him. A flexible little grin quivered round his mouth.

"You know you don't want me," she persisted. "You know you don't really want me.—You only do this to show your power over me—which is a mean trick."

But he did not answer, only his eyes narrowed in a sensual, cruel smile. She shrank, afraid, and yet she was fascinated.

"You won't go yet," he said.

She tried in vain to rouse her real opposition.

"I shall call out," she threatened. "I shall shame you before people."

His eyes narrowed again in the smile of vindictive, mocking indifference.

"Call then," he said.

And at the sound of his still, cat-like voice, an intoxication ran over her veins.

"I *will,*" she said, looking defiantly into his eyes. But the smile in the dark, full, dilated pupils made her waver into submission again.

"Won't you let me go?" she pleaded sullenly.

Now the smile went openly over his face.

"Take your hat off," he said.

And with quick, light fingers he reached up and drew out the pins of her hat, unfastened the clasp of her cloak, and laid her things aside.

She sat down in a chair. Then she rose again, and went to the window. In the street below, the tiny figures were moving just the same. She opened the window, and leaned out, and wept.

He looked round at her in irritation as she stood in her long, clear-red dress in the window-recess, leaning out. She was exasperating.

"You will be cold," he said.

She paid no heed. He guessed, by some tension in her attitude, that she was crying. It irritated him exceedingly, like a madness. After a few minutes of suspense, he went across to her, and took her by the arm. His hand was subtle, soft in its touch, and yet rather cruel than gentle.

"Come away," he said. "Don't stand there in the air—come away."

He drew her slowly away to the bed, she sat down, and he beside her.

"What are you crying for?" he said in his strange, penetrating voice, that had a vibration of exultancy in it. But her tears only ran faster.

He kissed her face, that was soft, and fresh, and yet warm, wet with tears. He kissed her again, and again, in pleasure of the soft, wet saltness of her. She turned aside and wiped her face with her handkerchief, and blew her nose. He was disappointed—yet the way she blew her nose pleased him.

Suddenly she slid away to the floor, and hid her face in the side of the bed, weeping and crying loudly:

"You don't love me—Oh, you don't love me—I thought you did, and you let me go on thinking it—but you don't, no, you don't, and I can't bear it.—Oh, I can't bear it."

He sat and listened to the strange, animal sound of her crying. His eyes flickered with exultancy, his body seemed full and surcharged with power. But his brows were knitted in tension. He laid his hand softly on her head, softly touched her face, which was buried against the bed.

She suddenly rubbed her face against the sheets, and looked up once more.

"You've deceived me," she said, as she sat beside him.

"Have I? Then I've deceived myself." His body felt so charged with male vigor, he was almost laughing in his strength.

"Yes," she said enigmatically, fatally. She seemed absorbed in her thoughts. Then her face quivered again.

"And I loved you so much," she faltered, the tears rising. There was a clangor of delight in his heart.

"I love *you,*" he said softly, softly touching her, softly kissing her, in a sort of subtle, restrained ecstasy.

She shook her head stubbornly. She tried to draw away. Then she did break away, and turned to look at him, in fear and doubt. The little, fascinating, fiendish lights were hovering in his eyes like laughter.

"Don't hurt me so much," she faltered, in a last protest.

A faint smile came on his face. He took her face between his hands and covered it with soft, blinding kisses, like a soft, narcotic rain. He felt himself such an unbreakable fountain-head of powerful blood. He was trembling finely in all his limbs, with mastery.

When she lifted her face and opened her eyes, her face was wet, and her greenish-golden eyes were shining, it was like sudden sunshine in wet foliage. She smiled at him like a child of knowledge, through the tears, and softly, infinitely softly he dried her tears with his mouth and his soft young moustache.

"You'd never shoot yourself, because you're mine, aren't you!" she said, knowing the fine quivering of his body, in mastery.

"Yes," he said.

"Quite mine?" she said, her voice rising in ecstasy.

"Yes."

"Nobody else but mine—nothing at all—?"

"Nothing at all," he re-echoed.

"But me?" came her last words of ecstasy.

"Yes."

And she seemed to be released free into the infinite of ecstasy.

II.

They slept in fulfilment through the long night. But then strange dreams began to fill them both, strange dreams that were neither waking nor sleeping;—only, in curious weariness, through her dreams, she heard at last a continual low rapping. She awoke with difficulty. The rapping began again—she started violently. It was at the door—it would be the orderly rapping for Friedeburg. Everything seemed wild and unearthly. She put her hand on the shoulder of the sleeping man, and pulled him roughly, waited a moment, then pushed him, almost violently, to awake him. He woke with a sense of resentment at her violent handling. Then he heard the knocking of the orderly. He gathered his senses.

"Yes, Heinrich!" he said.

Strange, the sound of a voice! It seemed a far-off tearing sound. Then came the muffled voice of the servant.

"Half past four, Sir."

"Right!" said Friedeburg, and automatically he got up and made a light. She was suddenly as wide awake as if it were daylight. But it was a strange, false day, like a delirium. She saw him put down the match, she saw him moving about, rapidly dressing. And the movement in the room was a trouble to her. He himself was vague and unreal, a thing seen but not comprehended. She watched all the acts of his toilet, saw all the motions, but never saw him. There was only a disturbance about her, which fretted her, she was not aware of any presence. Her mind, in its strange, hectic clarity, wanted to consider things in absolute detachment. For instance, she wanted to consider the cactus plant. It was a curious object with pure scarlet blossoms. Now, how did these scarlet blossoms come to pass, upon that earthly-looking unliving creature? Scarlet blossoms! How wonderful they were! What were they, then, how could one lay hold on their being? Her mind turned to him. Him, too, how could one lay hold

on him, to have him? Where was he, what was he? She seemed to grasp at the air.

He was dipping his face in the cold water—the slight shock was good for him. He felt as if someone had stolen away his being in the night, he was moving about a light, quick shell, with all his meaning absent. His body was quick and active, but all his deep understanding, his soul was gone. He tried to rub it back into his face. He was quite dim, as if his spirit had left his body.

"Come and kiss me," sounded the voice from the bed. He went over to her automatically. She put her arms round him, and looked into his face with her clear brilliant, grey-green eyes, as if she too were looking for his soul.

"How are you?" came her meaningless words.

"All right."

"Kiss me."

He bent down and kissed her.

And still her clear, rather frightening eyes seemed to be searching for him inside himself. He was like a bird transfixed by her pellucid, grey-green, wonderful eyes. She put her hands into his soft, thick, fine hair, and gripped her hands full of his hair. He wondered with fear at her sudden painful clutching.

"I shall be late," he said.

"Yes," she answered. And she let him gó.

As he fastened his tunic he glanced out of the window. It was still night: a night that must have lasted since eternity. There was a moon in the sky. In the streets below the yellow street-lamps burned small at intervals. This was the night of eternity.

There came a knock at the door, and the orderly's voice.

"Coffee, Sir."

"Leave it there."

They heard the faint jingle of the tray as it was set down outside.

Friedeburg sat down to put on his boots. Then, with a man's solid tread, he went and took in the tray. He felt properly heavy and secure now in his accoutrement. But he was always aware of her two wonderful, clear, unfolded eyes, looking on his heart, out of her uncanny silence.

There was a strong smell of coffee in the room.

"Have some coffee?" His eyes could not meet hers.

"No, thank you."

"Just a drop?"

"No, thank you."

Her voice sounded quite gay. She watched him dipping his bread in the coffee and eating quickly, absently. He did not know what he was doing, and yet the dipped bread and hot coffee gave him pleasure. He gulped down the remainder of his drink, and rose to his feet.

"I must go," he said.

There was a curious, poignant smile in her eyes. Her eyes drew him to her. How beautiful she was, and dazzling, and frightening, with this look of brilliant tenderness seeming to glitter from her face. She drew his head down to her bosom, and held it fast prisoner there, murmuring with tender, triumphant delight: "Dear! Dear!"

At last she let him lift his head, and he looked into her eyes, that seemed to concentrate in a dancing, golden point of vision in which he felt himself perish.

"Dear!" she murmured. "You love me, don't you?"

"Yes," he said mechanically.

The golden point of vision seemed to leap to him from her eyes, demanding something. He sat slackly, as if spellbound. Her hand pushed him a little.

"Mustn't you go?" she said.

He rose. She watched him fastening the belt round his body, that seemed soft under the fine clothes. He pulled on his great-coat, and put on his peaked cap. He was again a young officer.

But he had forgotten his watch. It lay on the table near the bed. She watched him slinging it on his chain. He looked down at her. How beautiful she was, with her luminous face and her fine, stray hair! But he felt far away.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"No, thank you—I'll sleep," she replied, smiling. And the strange golden spark danced on her eyes again, again he felt as if his heart were gone, destroyed out of him. There was a fine pathos too in her vivid, dangerous face.

He kissed her for the last time, saying:

"I'll blow the candles out, then?"

"Yes, my love—and I'll sleep."

"Yes—sleep as long as you like."

The golden spark of her eyes seemed to dance on him like a destruction, she was beautiful, and pathetic. He touched her tenderly with his finger-tips, then suddenly blew out the candles, and walked across in the faint moonlight to the door.

He was gone. She heard his boots click on the stone stairs —she heard the far below tread of his feet on the pavement. Then he was gone. She lay quite still, in a swoon of deathly peace. She never wanted to move any more. It was finished. She lay quite still, utterly, utterly abandoned.

But again she was disturbed. There was a little tap at the door, then Teresa's voice saying, with a shuddering sound because of the cold:

"Ugh!—I'm coming to you, Marta my dear. I can't stand being left alone."

"I'll make a light," said Marta, sitting up and reaching for the candle. "Lock the door, will you, Resie, and then nobody can bother us."

She saw Teresa, loosely wrapped in her cloak, two thick ropes of hair hanging untidily. Teresa looked voluptuously sleepy and easy, like a cat running home to the warmth.

"Ugh!" she said, "it's cold!"

And she ran to the stove. Marta heard the chink of the

little shovel, a stirring of coals, then a clink of the iron door. Then Teresa came running to the bed, with a shuddering little run, she puffed out the light and slid in beside her friend.

"So cold!" she said, with a delicious shudder at the warmth. Marta made place for her, and they settled down.

"Aren't you glad you're not them?" said Resie, with a little shudder at the thought. "Ugh!—poor devils!"

"I am," said Marta.

"Ah, sleep—sleep, how lovely!" said Teresa, with deep content. "Ah, it's so good!"

"Yes," said Marta.

"Good morning, good night, my dear," said Teresa, already sleepily.

"Good night," responded Marta.

Her mind flickered a little. Then she sank unconsciously to sleep. The room was silent.

Outside, the setting moon made peaked shadows of the high-roofed houses; from twin towers that stood like two dark, companion giants in the sky, the hour trembled out over the sleeping town. But the footsteps of hastening officers and cowering soldiers rang on the frozen pavements. Then a lantern appeared in the distance, accompanied by the rattle of a bullock wagon. By the light of the lantern on the wagon-pole could be seen the delicately moving feet and the pale, swinging dewlaps of the oxen. They drew slowly on, with a rattle of heavy wheels, the banded heads of the slow beasts swung rhythmically.

Ah, this was life! How sweet, sweet each tiny incident was! How sweet to Friedeburg, to give his orders ringingly on the frosty air, to see his men like bears shambling and shuffling into their places, with little dancing movements of uncouth playfulness and resentment, because of the pure cold.

Sweet, sweet it was to be marching beside his men, sweet to hear the great thresh-thresh of their heavy boots in the unblemished silence, sweet to feel the immense mass of living

bodies co-ordinated into oneness near him, to catch the hot waft of their closeness, their breathing. Friedeburg was like a man condemned to die, catching at every impression as at an inestimable treasure.

Sweet it was to pass through the gates of the town, the scanty, loose suburb, into the open darkness and space of the country. This was almost best of all. It was like emerging in the open plains of eternal freedom.

They saw a dark figure hobbling along under the dark side of a shed. As they passed, through the open door of the shed, in the golden light were seen the low rafters, the pale, silken sides of the cows, evanescent. And a woman with a red kerchief bound round her head lifted her face from the flank of the beast she was milking, to look at the soldiers threshing like multitudes of heavy ghosts down the darkness. Some of the men called to her, cheerfully, impudently. Ah, the miraculous beauty and sweetness of the merest trifles like these!

They tramped on down a frozen, rutty road, under lines of bare trees. Beautiful trees! Beautiful frozen ruts in the road! Ah, even, in one of the ruts there was a silver of ice and of moon-glimpse. He heard ice tinkle as a passing soldier purposely put his toe in it. What a sweet noise!

But there was a vague uneasiness. He heard the men arguing as to whether dawn were coming. There was the silver moon, still riding on the high seas of the sky. A lovely thing she was, a jewel! But was there any blemish of day? He shrank a little from the rawness of the day to come. This night of morning was so rare and free.

Yes, he was sure. He saw a colorless paleness on the horizon. The earth began to look hard, like a great, concrete shadow. He shrank into himself. Glancing at the ranks of his men, he could see them like a company of rhythmic ghosts. The pallor was actually reflected on their livid faces. This was the coming day! It frightened him.

The dawn came. He saw the rosiness of it hang trembling with light, above the east. Then a strange glamor of scarlet passed over the land. At his feet, glints of ice flashed scarlet, even the hands of the men were red as they swung, sinister, heavy, reddened.

The sun surged up, her rim appeared, swimming with fire, hesitating, surging up. Suddenly there were shadows from trees and ruts, and grass was hoar and ice was gold against the ebony shadow. The faces of the men were alight, kindled with life. Ah, it was magical, it was all too marvellous! If only it were always like this!

When they stopped at the inn for breakfast, at nine o'clock, the smell of the inn went raw and ugly to his heart: beer and yesterday's tobacco!

He went to the door to look at the men biting huge bites from their hunks of grey bread, or cutting off pieces with their clasp-knives. This made him still happy. Women were going to the fountain for water, the soldiers were chaffing them coarsely. He liked all this.

But the magic was going, inevitably, the crystal delight was thawing to desolation in his heart, his heart was cold, cold mud. Ah, it was awful. His face contracted, he almost wept with cold, stark despair.

Still he had the work, the day's hard activity with the men. Whilst this lasted, he could live. But when this was over, and he had to face the horror of his own cold-thawing mud of despair: ah, it was not to be thought of. Still, he was happy at work with the men: the wild desolate place, the hard activity of mock warfare. Would to God it were real: war, with the prize of death!

By afternoon the sky had gone one dead, livid level of grey. It seemed low down, and oppressive. He was tired, the men were tired, and this let the heavy cold soak in to them like despair. Life could not keep it out.

And now, when his heart was so heavy it could sink no

more, he must glance at his own situation again. He must remember what a fool he was, his new debts like half thawed mud in his heart. He knew, with the cold misery of hopelessness, that he would be turned out of the army. What then? —what then but death? After all, death was the solution for him. Let it be so.

They marched on and on, stumbling with fatigue under a great leaden sky, over a frozen dead country. The men were silent with weariness, the heavy motion of their marching was like an oppression. Friedeburg was tired too, and deadened, as his face was deadened by the cold air. He did not think any more; the misery of his soul was like a frost inside him.

He heard someone say it was going to snow. But the words had no meaning for him. He marched as a clock ticks, with the same monotony, everything numb and cold-soddened.

They were drawing near to the town. In the gloom of the afternoon he felt it ahead, as unbearable oppression on him. Ah the hideous suburb! What was his life, how did it come to pass that life was lived in a formless, hideous grey structure of hell! What did it all mean? Pale, sulphur-yellow lights spotted the livid air, and people, like soddened shadows, passed in front of the shops that were lit up ghastly in the early twilight. Out of the colorless space, crumbs of snow came and bounced animatedly off the breast of his coat.

At length he turned away home, to his room, to change and get warm and renewed, for he felt as cold-soddened as the grey, cold, heavy bread which felt hostile in the mouths of the soldiers. His life was to him like this dead, cold bread in his mouth.

As he neared his own house, the snow was peppering thinly down. He became aware of some unusual stir about the house-door. He looked—a strange, closed-in wagon, people, police. The sword of Damocles that had hung over his heart, fell. O God, a new shame, some new shame, some new torture! His body moved on. So it would move on through

misery upon misery, as is our fate. There was no emergence, only this progress through misery unto misery, till the end. Strange, that human life was so tenacious! Strange, that men had made of life a long, slow process of torture to the soul. Strange, that it was no other than this! Strange, that but for man, this misery would not exist. For it was not God's misery, but the misery of the world of man.

He saw two officials push something white and heavy into the cart, shut the doors behind with a bang, turn the silver handle, and run round to the front of the wagon. It moved off. But still most of the people lingered. Friedeburg drifted near in that inevitable motion which carries us through all our shame and torture. He knew the people talked about him. He went up the steps and into the square hall.

There stood a police-officer, with a note-book in his hand, talking to Herr Kapell, the housemaster. As Friedeburg entered through the swing door, the housemaster, whose brow was wrinkled in anxiety and perturbation, made a gesture with his hand, as if to point out a criminal.

"Ah!—the Herr Baron von Friedeburg!" he said, in self-exculpation.

The police officer turned, saluted politely, and said, with the polite, intolerable *suffisance* of officialdom:

"Good evening! Trouble here!"

"Yes?" said Friedeburg.

He was so frightened, his sensitive constitution was so lacerated, that something broke in him, he was a subservient, murmuring ruin.

"Two young ladies found dead in your room," said the police-official, making an official statement. But under this cold impartiality of officialdom, what obscene unction! Ah, what obscene exposures now!

"Dead!" ejaculated Friedeburg, with the wide eyes of a child. He became quite child-like, the official had him com-

pletely in his power. He could torture him as much as he liked.

"Yes." He referred to his note-book. "Asphyxiated by fumes from the stove."

Friedeburg could only stand wide-eyed and meaningless. "Please—will you go upstairs?"

The police-official marshalled Friedeburg in front of himself. The youth slowly mounted the stairs, feeling as if transfixed through the base of the spine, as if he would lose the use of his legs. The official followed close on his heels.

They reached the bedroom. The policeman unlocked the door. The housekeeper followed with a lamp. Then the official examination began.

"A young lady slept here last night?"

"Yes."

"Name, please?"

"Marta Hohenest."

"H-o-h-e-n-e-s-t," spelled the official. "—And address?"

Friedeburg continued to answer. This was the end of him. The quick of him was pierced and killed. The living dead answered the living dead in obscene antiphony. Question and answer continued, the note-book worked as the hand of the old dead wrote in it the replies of the young who was dead.

The room was unchanged from the night before. There was her heap of clothing, the lustrous, pure-red dress lying soft where she had carelessly dropped it. Even, on the edge of the chair-back, her crimson silk garters hung looped.

But do not look, do not see. It is the business of the dead to bury their dead. Let the young dead bury their own dead, as the old dead have buried theirs. How can the dead remember, they being dead? Only the living can remember, and are at peace with their living who have passed away.

Three Improbables

By Benjamin DeCasseres

I. *The Ruling Passion*

PIERRE CHARDON, professor of philosophy in the University of Paris and sharpshooter to Her Majesty, La Belle France, sat concealed in the branches of an old oak slightly beyond the first line of trenches in the Champagne.

A warm winter night of unusual clarity, although there was no moon. The hidden Lapidary of the Stars had put some magic substance into their gleam on this night, for their rays fell on the German trenches with mystifying potency.

Pierre was comfortable, crouched against a giant limb about five feet from the ground. He had slept all that day. His brain was clear and his eyes sparkled like two polished and aureate stones.

Now by one of those singular chances that many have noted in their lives there crawled toward that tree slowly and bellywise Karl Kleine, professor of philosophy in the University of Heidelberg and scout to His Imperial Majesty, the King of Prussia.

About twenty yards from Pierre Karl was discovered. Pierre fired a shot at the moving mass. It struck the helmet. The German, still flat on his stomach, raised his hands in token of surrender, his rifle having got, somehow or other, under his long coat.

Pierre jumped from the tree and advanced toward Karl with his rifle pointed at his heart. Karl stood there motion-

less, hands up.

And then the strange thing happened, and strange things happen in quite other places than the "movies" in the strangest of all known worlds. When about three feet from Karl Kleine, Pierre dropped his rifle in petrified astonishment and Karl's hands came down.

"Karl!"

"Pierre!"

They embraced one another. A shell went screeching over their heads and a star dropped from Lyra into the nowhere.

"The last time I saw you, Karl," said Pierre, leading the German back to the oak, while the butt of his rifle trailed the ground, "you still stuck to the dillettantism of Renan as the last thing in philosophy. You were going straight toward the pragmatism of William James. I never heard such a specious plea for that old utilitarian stuff, and—"

"Ah!" said Karl, who had unconsciously squatted under the tree, in front of Pierre, "you still believe, then, in that old necromancer and moonshine-maker, Hegel, and all that spiritistic stuff! The Absolute is—"

"I never contended for the Absolute as thing-in-itself, and you can never quote me to that effect," shouted Pierre. "You had that crowd with you in that Heidelberg café that night, Karl, and you were ten to one; but I repeat now, as then, that —and—I quote Spinoza—"

"Mon Dieu! Spinoza! At this late day," screamed back Karl, bringing down his fist on his helmet which he had put on the ground, "and you are going to bounce his modalities at me again? I put Epicurus against all that Spinoza rubbish, and you, Pierre, have got to come around sooner or later to the solid fact of experience—"

"Experience! Experience! Gott im Himmel!" interrupted Pierre, kicking his rifle viciously, "what is experience? It is the content of an arc of the Unknowable Mind, the contact of Spirit with—"

"With what? With what?" asked Karl menacingly, as a German shell ripped a tree from its roots not a hundred feet away. (Neither paid the slightest attention to this incident.) "Contact of Spirit with what? Ten years ago at the picnic in the Bois you could not answer that question because, as Voltaire wittily said—"

"Not beyond that old bore yet, either, I see!" thundered back Pierre. "You know what Goethe said about Voltaire and that crowd! He said—"

"Never mind what he said, anyhow. I'm your prisoner, Pierre. Give me a cigarette and take me in."

"You always did change the subject to something wholly beside the question when you got stuck, Karl. Every time I'd pin you down to your Epicurean-pragmatic-dillettante sophisms you'd switch to something else. Oh, well, come along. But I'll finish this out with you on my first leave of absence."

Both rammed their helmets on their heads. Pierre forgot all about Karl's weapon and both disappeared in the forest dragging the butts of their rifles, while the star-swept darkness echoed with "Schlegel," "Schopenhauer," "Haeckel," "Bergson," "Nietzsche" and "Diderot."

II. *The Truce of the Champions*

Guynemer, the great French aviator, rose into the sparkling light over the battle front. The day was hallucinatingly real, so real that, by the subtle law of the merging of opposites at the extremes of phenomenal visualization, the earth beneath him seemed to the eyes of the aviator to be a phantom world soaked and awash to its scalp in light.

At two thousand feet directly over Arras he made a circle, and his soul stood petrified with wonder.

To the north, toward the Pole, glowing in the ether, three figures in three cars were posed. They were in battle dress, their whips raised as though to strike the backs of their winged steeds, whose distended nostrils were pointed to the

zenith. They vibrated, but did not move, and the lashes in the hands of these figures quivered, but did not descend.

They were Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon.

To the south, over the Northern Coast of Africa, on a direct level with the luminous figures in the north, three figures were posed. One was swathed in white, another in black, and the third shimmered against the heavens in naked contemplative glory. They stood upon altars of porphyry, their arms crossed. They vibrated, but did not move, and their arms quivered, but did not unlock.

They were Buddha, Christ and Apollo.

Guynemer, his mind struck to a stare, mechanically rose two thousand feet higher.

And beneath the figures posed in the north he saw columns of skeletons, the vestiges of warrior beings. These columns held the cars of the conquerors in the azure and reached down to the roots of the universe.

And beneath the figures posed to the south he saw columns of skeletons, the vestiges of billions of believing beings. These columns held the pedestals of the saviors in the azure and reached to the dark of the nadir.

Now toward Guynemer there came flying the plane of the great German aviator, Bielstock. A white flag was hoisted in his helmet. Their four eyes, which overflowed their goggles, flew at one another.

"Do you see anything?" called Bielstock.

"Yes," replied Guynemer, "just what you see. I'm ill."

"So am I," replied Bielstock. "Let us descend. *Auf wiedersehen!*"

"Au revoir," replied Guynemer.

The champions did not battle that week.

III. *Whom the Gods Love*

The Boy sat on the huge bank of snow that the snow sweepers had piled up in the middle of the street and hurled

snowballs at the sun, then very low in the clear western sky. He was a golden haired boy, with large, expressive brown eyes. He was about eight years old, and in the transfiguring power of the sun he seemed to me to be a plexus of beautiful rays, a mosaic of prisms.

"Why do you throw your snowballs at the sun?" I asked the Boy.

"Because I want to put that great fire out. Of course, I cannot hit the sun, but I am trying my best, and some day I shall make a snowball big enough and hurl it far enough to quench that light forever," replied the Boy as he threw a particularly big snowball at the orb.

"But why do you want to put out the sun?"

"Because I love the stars better, and cannot see the stars until the sun dies."

"What will you do in summer when there are no snowballs to hurl at the sun?"

"Papa takes me to the beach in summertime, and then I shall make huge balls of sand and throw them at the great red flame as it descends behind the ocean. Then, too, I shall see the beautiful stars—all of them, for there are no houses on the ocean to hide the view."

The Boy looked far away, and the poised snowball dropped from his hand, as if arrested by a memory.

"Do you like rainbows?" he asked, looking up at me, crossing his little legs in a mannish fashion.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well," said he, "in summer days after the rain I go coasting down rainbows right into the sea with my sled. Can *you* coast down rainbows into the sea? It is such sport!

"And when it rains I capture the finest, biggest raindrops and blow them up to big sparkling bubbles—bubbles as big as a room, and I jump into them, where I see the strangest and prettiest fairies, with long golden wings and eyes like tiny painted stars.

"And I eat the winds—the south-wind in April is like honey, and the north-wind in winter is like melted apple sauce."

"And when you grow up to be a man what will you do?" I asked the Boy, finally.

"Collect clouds," he whispered, "instead of money, like papa does."

But the sun was gone and it was night, so I took the Boy to his house, the house, I recognized, of a very rich grocer.

Out of China

By Eunice Tietjens

The Hand

AS you sit so, in the firelight, your hand is the color of new bronze.
I cannot take my eyes from your hand;
In it, as in a microcosm, the vast and shadowy Orient is made visible.
Who shall read me your hand?

You are a large man, yet it is small and narrow, like the hand of a woman, and the paw of a chimpanzee.
It is supple and boneless as the hands wrought in pigment by a fashionable portrait painter. The tapering fingers bend backward.
Between them burns a scented cigarette. You poise it with infinite daintiness, like a woman under the eyes of her lover. The long line of your curved nail is fastidiousness made flesh.

Very skillful is your hand.
With a tiny brush it can feather lines of ineffable suggestion, glints of hidden beauty. With a little tool it can carve strange dreams in ivory and milky jade.
And cruel is your hand.
With the same cold daintiness and skill it can devise exquisite tortures, eternities of incredible pain, that Torquemada never glimpsed.
And voluptuous is your hand, nice in its sense of touch.

Delicately it can caress a quivering skin, softly it can glide over golden thighs . . . Bilitis had not such long nails.
Who can read me your hand?
In the firelight the smoke curls up fantastically from the cigarette between your fingers which are the color of new bronze.
The room is full of strange shadows.
I am afraid of your hand . . .

New China: The Iron Works

The furnaces, the great steel furnaces, tremble and glow; gigantic machinery clanks, and in living iridescent streams the white-hot slag pours out.
This is tomorrow set in yesterday, the west imbedded in the east, a graft but not a growth.

And you who walk beside me, picking your familiar way between the dynamos, the cars, the piles of rails—you too are of tomorrow, grafted with an alien energy.
You wear the costume of the west; you speak my tongue as one who knows; you talk casually of Sheffield, Pittsburgh, Essen . . .
You touch on Socialism, walk-outs, and the industrial population of the British Isles.
Almost you might be one of us.

And then I ask:
"How much do those poor coolies earn a day, who take the place of carts?"
You smile and shrug.
"Eighteen coppers. Something less than eight cents in your money. They are not badly paid. They do not die."

Again I ask:
"And is it true that you've a Yamên, a police judge, all your own?" Another shrug and smile.
"Yes, he attends to all small cases of disorder. For larger crimes we pass the offender over to the city courts."

* * *

"Conditions" you explain as we sit later with a cup of tea, "conditions here are difficult."
Your figure has grown lax, your voice a little weary. You are fighting, I can see, upheld by that strange graft of western energy.
Yet odds are heavy, and the Orient is in your blood. Your voice is weary.
"There are no skilled laborers," you say; "among the owners no co-operation.
It is like—like working in a nightmare, here in China. It drags at me, it drags". . . .

You bow me out with great civility.
The furnaces, the great steel furnaces, tremble and glow, gigantic machinery clanks and in living iridescent streams the white-hot slag pours out.

Beyond, the gate of filth begins again.
A beggar rots and grovels, clutching at my skirt with leprous hands. A woman sits sorting hog-bristles; she coughs and sobs.
The stench is sickening.

Tomorrow! did they say?

Children of the Sun

By Wallace Gould

I

SHE was an old free woman, forsaken.
She walked along the highroad, humming, looking below upon the Sabbath-sleepy city which glimmered in the westward light of an afternoon of September
and she saw that the world had collapsed
and she looked upon the ruins of the world
and they were yellow
and white
and brown
and she turned from the highroad into a logging-road
and began to wander
and began to murmur
and she murmured, in a kind of song,
scattering white-plumed seeds as she wandered ———

"There is peace in the woods this afternoon, dear!
There is peace in the woods this afternoon, my child!
'Tis quieted!
'Tis easier to die!
Where are you now, dear?
Where are you now, my child?
Child, I am alone!
Child, I am wandering —— alone —— alone —— where the weeds and vines are broken down and entangled
and tarnished!
Child, I am weeping!

Child, I am growing old!
Oh, the dead weeds rasp
and the dead vines rattle
and I love you!
Child, I love you!
Child, I am growing old!"

The afternoon light was as mellow as the glimmer of candles
arranged around the faces of the dead
and the winds were as low of sound as the music which is
played when we pass before corpses, and were spiced
with the odors of death
and she sank upon her knees
and the dead weeds rasped
and the dead vines rattled
and she wept.

II

ACROSS the heights the June winds racing, unhindered;
whistling through the ripening grasses, in whims,
and around the rambling wall of rounded rocks, at
will,
and forever rumbling in my ears;
rushing over the summit-fields
and somewhere away
and away
and away
into the fearful space of the valley
and somewhere afar
and afar
and afar,
perhaps to join the winds of other summits ———

III

TO me, the heat was disgusting.

It was only when I sucked the fumes of my cigarette into me that I was conscious of breathing, so I pulled each drag to the bottom of my lungs where it struck with an ecstatic thud. Nothing else seemed to be either passing into my lungs or out of them.

It was depressingly hot.

For an hour or more, that noon, I lolled in the shaded door of the barn, smoking, sweating, gasping, desperate with the general depression, relieved only by feeling the tobacco-smoke pass into and out of my lungs, and I made a diversion of blowing whiffs at a caterpillar which clung to the tender leaves at the end of a long and low-hanging branch of woodbine.

Then came the little old woman from across the alley. She was bent and wrinkled but quick of step and glance. The step was firm. The glance was sharp. She had once been a grand dame and had commanded servants and her perfumery had cost six dollars an ounce. On this day she wore a percale dress which was greasy and which was shielded in front by a greasier apron. Her perfumery was the sweat of a laboring body. While passing the garden she picked a green string-bean from the vines and began to chew it. She saw me. Uttering a little squeak of delight, she came and sat near me, on a pile of old boards.

"Aint this a hell of a day?" she mumbled, munching the bean.

"Certainly is," I said, turning my head to blow the smoke away from her.

She watched the smoke vanish.

"Blow your cussed old smoke this way!" she commanded, mumbling, munching the bean. "You know very well how I like it. I haven't smoked since the time ———" and the poppies caught her eye.

So, after that, I blew the smoke her way

and she munched the bean and said no more for a while
but sniffed the smoke
and trotted one foot
and gazed at the poppies.
Soon, I arose
and gathered some poppies ———
nine scarlet poppies ———
and gave them to her
and blew a whiff in her face
and she laughed and went home to warm over some soup.

IV.

WHAT can be said?
What can be said
when the pericarps of the wayside rose
turn crimson, with leaves at the forest-edge?
when all of the leaves of the countryside
are coarse and their greens are dulled by dust?
when the seeds of the meadow-grasses are dried
and are bowed and hiss with the nervous winds?
when, at the last, comes the goldenrod ———
head-dress of Autumn's steed whose gaudy caparison is gemmed with the fruits of things and the last low-trailing fringes of which drag, frayed, in the cold, gray mires
of what is dead ———
when the shrunken river has broadened the marsh?
when the water-snakes bask long in the sun?
What can be said?

The Dream

By Theodore Dreiser

Scene: The vicinity of 115th Street and Broadway, New York City, on a warm, lowery May night. Time, 1.15.

Approach, along Broadway from 116th Street, George Paul Syphers, Professor of Chemistry; Forbes Mitchell, Professor of Philosophy; Abner Barrett, Professor of Physics. Syphers is medium in height, slim, fiery, black-whiskered, barbered to perfection. He is loquacious and demonstrative. Mitchell is attenuated, humped, grey. He is quite old. Barrett is fifty, blond, bald, heavy, silent.

SYPHERS

(*As they reach the corner*).

WELL, I turn off here. That was an interesting discussion we had, eh? The fact is, Mitchell, as I told you the other day, I have passed out of my old materialistic point of view to a certain extent—not entirely—but now I see more order in things than I once did. It seems more or less inescapable to me, doesn't it to you?

MITCHELL

(*Doubtfully*) Well, yes, I should say so. Of course—

BARRETT

(*Dogmatically*) I do not see how any one can doubt law. Everything obeys law of one kind and another.

SYPHERS

Quite so! Quite so! Nevertheless, there are so many con-

fusing contradictions. You don't deny that, do you?

BARRETT

More knowledge might prove them to be anything but contradictory.

SYPHERS

Well, I admit that, too. I am merely suggesting that I see more definite order than I once did. A few years ago I could see nothing but disorder, chaos, the inexplicable clashing of forces. Of late I am not so sure. This matter of orthogenesis, now. It appeals to me very much as demonstrating an intellectual, if not a spiritual order—some great controlling force somewhere. I seem to see a definite tendency to order in things. Life has certainly built itself up through the ages in a very intelligent way, indeed.

MITCHELL

(*To himself*) Indeed! Kind of him.

BARRETT

(*Loftily*) Yes, of course, but there is nothing very new in that.

SYPHERS

(*Almost unconscious of interruption*) I admit that. I admit that. What I am getting at is this. All life, as we know it, is based on the cell—cell origination, cell multiplication, cell arrangement. That is an old story. Now, here is something which is my idea, and which I hope isn't so old, and that is—it's a mere theory, of course—that the whole thing may have been originated, somehow, somewhere else outside of our visible material life—thought out beforehand, as it were, in the brain of something or somebody, and is now being orthogenetically directed from somewhere, being thrown on a screen, as it were, like a moving picture. And we are mere dot pictures, mere cell-built-up pictures, like the movies, only we are telegraphed or tele-autographed from somewhere

else, like those dot pictures that are now made electrically—built up dot by dot, millions of them coming rapidly by wireless or wire, and being thrown on a screen of some kind—ether, the elements—you know what I mean. You have seen the telautograph pictures I mean, of course.

BARRETT

Yes, of course. Very ingenious. Very ingenious. But how do you go about to prove the origination of the cell in the fashion that you want?

MITCHELL

(*Aside*) A rather slow movie, I should say, considering the length of time the thing has been being built up.

SYPHERS

Well, in this way, for one thing. It has its drawbacks, of course. You remember the experiments of that Irish scientist Burke, don't you? He generated what he called a radiobe—a single cell, in a plasm culture which he had hermetically sealed, and which he kept under the influence of radium. I do not recall the exact facts of the case at the moment, and I do not believe that his deductions have since been accepted, but that is neither here nor there. That idea—his idea—illustrates my idea very well. If we could prove that one cell, one radiobe, had been or could be originated or generated by on outside influence of this kind—radium, if you wish, in a plasm of that kind—we would have to admit that the whole thing might be built up in some such fashion. The idea might be true. You could base a new philosophy on that, Mitchell. One radiobe generated in a plasm culture under radium or something else—some auto-genetic force manifesting itself through a thing like radium, and there you are. After that you would have to grant the possibility of millions and billions of cells coming in that fashion, whole nations constructed of cells, as they have been.

MITCHELL

My dear Syphers!

BARRETT

There was some hitch in that experiment, however. The chain wasn't quite complete.

SYPHERS

I know. I know. I grant you that. All that I'm insisting on is that if one cell—one radiobe, say, can be generated by a synthesis of energy, why not millions?—and if millions, why not billions—the whole human family, in short, since we are a synthesis of cells—this whole visible scene in all its details? I know it sounds wild, but (*to Mitchell*) I have heard you yourself say that you thought it might be possible that we were all a part of some invisible psychic body—force body—in the mechanism of which we function in some way, just as the cells do in ours.

MITCHELL

(*Much flattered*) Yes, I have said as much.

SYPHERS

Well, then, why may not my theory be true?

BARRETT

May? May? Of course it may. But how are you going to prove it? I myself have suggested that Mitchell's larger psychic body, as he calls it, may be nothing more than a foetus, a secondary creature being built in the womb of a still larger organism, but what of it? All of us—everything that we see here—may be nothing more than the organs that you see being constructed in a child in the womb. This so-called higher psychic body may not even be complete yet—not ready to be born in its realm. But how do we know? There's nothing to prove it. You can't prove it.

SYPHERS

Just the same, if I had a few hundred thousand dollars, I

would enlarge my laboratory and pursue this subject. I believe that something may be discovered. I even believe that I could prove it in the course of time. Why, snow crystals, tree and flower forms, everything, gives us a hint, sometimes instantaneously. Why do snow crystals assume almost instantaneously, and out of nothing, their beautiful forms? The controlling impulse is certainly artistic, isn't it, and outside of anything we know? (*He notes that he is boring his two friends.*) Well, good night. Glad to see you two at the meeting tonight. It was interesting, wasn't it? (*He bows and departs.*)

BARRETT

(*To Mitchell*) He's an awful bore.

MITCHELL

I'm glad he's gone.

SYPHERS

Dolts! Fogies! That's always the way, dull and cautious.

BARRETT

(*As they walk up the street*) An ingenious theory, but dangerously speculative. He ought to read Stromeyer on "Impulse."

MITCHELL

I often wonder about his work and just how sound he is. *Syphers reaches his own house and goes up the steps. He unlocks the door and mounts the inside stairs to his room. He lights the gas in a chamber which is half library and half bedroom.*

SYPHERS

(*Seating himself and gazing about dreamily*) A great idea. I'm sure of it. Along this line is coming a scientific revolution. If I had sufficient quantities of radium and stromium, why,—but they cost so much. (*He yawns*) Life is really a dream. We are all an emanation, a shadow—a moving picture cast on a screen of ether—I'm sure of it. (*He gazes*

about, yawns again, and begins to undress.)

A TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT

(*At the* 110*th Street Station*) Tick, tick, tick,—tick, tick—tick,—tick—tick—tick—; tick—tick—tick.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

There goes that blamed machine again. (*He begins to write*) "Professor George Paul Syphers, 621 West 115th Street, New York City. Your uncle, Edward Fillmore, died at eleven tonight. By the terms of his will you are the sole heir to the bulk of his fortune, three hundred thousand dollars. Come at once. A. J. Berwin, Counsellor." (*Aside*) I wish someone would leave me three thousand cents. (*To a waiting telegraph messenger*) Here, Patsy. Take this up to 115th Street.

PATSY LAFERTY

(*Cock-eyed, overgrown, contentious*) Sure, it's just de night to keep busy. It's goin' to rain, an' it's my late watch. Oh, well, dere's nuttin like bein' poor an' honest. (*He seizes a black cotton umbrella almost as large as himself, and goes out.*)

SYPHERS

(*Crawling into his bed*) The curious thing is: why should any dominant force outside this seeming life wish to create it—the smallness, the pettiness, the suffering? I must write a book about that. Here I am—(*he suddenly bethinks him of opening a window, and gets out. Looking out*) It's going to rain, I do believe. (*He returns and stretches himself to rest*) There, it's thundering already. (*Thunder and lightning manifest themselves.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*Trudging up Broadway*) It's funny — dese mokes wot git messages at one in de mornin'. I'll lay a even bet I don't git nuttin, neider. If you'd come wit a million dollars after twelve o'clock, dere's guys wot'd git sore.

SYPHERS

(*Dozing, but still continuing his speculations, hazily*) I must try to find the psychic impulse which originates and directs the cell. That is the great thing. We're all shadows, I say—shadows—adumbrations—impalpable nothings—rumors—dreams. (*He turns on his side*) If our ills become too great we might be able to wake up or drive them away by thinking of this. It may be that we do when we die—wake up, perhaps. But that's Christian Science, isn't it? Bah! Anyhow, the impulse which creates cells can possibly be discovered. (*He snores slightly*) Or, if we are cell-built, we might find something to counteract the cell building tendency—overcome it—then we would disappear and all our troubles with us—or wake up to something else, if we are anything else. I wonder. I wonder. (*He sleeps.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*Arriving at the door and closing his umbrella*) A fine night, dis. An' he won't be in. Wot'll ya bet? Wait an' see. (*He rings the bell.*)

SYPHERS

(*Beginning to dream*) Radiobes! Radiobes! Flying radiobes as big as a house—monsters—(*He stirs. As he does so the ringing of the house bell, the rising wind and the thunder and lightning which rapidly become violent identify themselves in some weird way with his thoughts. He is on a large plain now, over which a battle is being fought. The flashes of lightning and bellows of thunder gradually identify themselves in his mind with some impending disaster, vague and yet oppressive. He begins to cerebrate in an imaginative, illogical way. A sense of something ominous pervades him—a feeling of great change. Then the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns begins, and armed figures running and fighting appear in the distance.*)

SYPHERS

(*Who has once seen military service*) War! And fighting men! (*It begins to rain*) That is a machine gun. Now I am in real danger. How did I come here, anyhow? (*He moves a hand, thinking he is hurrying to cover.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*Standing at the door, ringing the bell, and shifting from one foot to the other*) Wot a swell night! Wot a swell night! Now it's beginnin' to pour, an' I'll have to stand here awhile, I suppose. Holy Cripes—dem drops is as big as marbles. (*He presses the electric button again.*)

THE PROFESSOR

(*Hearing the whirr of the buzzer in his dreams and taking it for the rush of artillery and men*) Ah, the horror of war! What was I thinking? Ah, yes! If one had some method of waking up. (*He mingles the dream notions of his waking philosophy with the figures of his dream*) Then there would be no war like this—no horrors. It is entirely possible, now that we know that this existence of ours is a dream—this whole troublesome scheme of things—to wake up. I may be dreaming now—who knows? If so, I could wake up and all my ills would vanish—or would they? If the universe were kind? (*As the thunder and lightning outside increase*) How horrible this is! (*The dream sky lights up as if with red fire.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

T-r-r-r! —t-r-r-r-r! t-r-r-r-r! Wot's de matter wit dis bell? W'y don't de guy answer?

THE PROFESSOR

(*Dreaming and looking about him in apprehension*) War! War! How terrible! How did I come here? How does there happen to be war? Those are fighting men over there! They are killing each other! Horrors! But the great thing

is to escape, I suppose. I must escape. That fire is dreadful. It means death. (*He struggles to put himself in motion and grunts in his sleep.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*Ringing again*) Well, dis is some sleeper, all right. Or dere ain't nobody home. I'll kick, I will. (*He kicks*) Come to. I ain't supposed to stand here all night. (*He rings the door bell. The kick and knocks are without result.*)

SYPHERS

(*Still dreaming heavily*) And here comes a file of soldiers—I hear them tramping—a great company. Merciful heavens, they see me. (*He begins to run. As he does so, the file of dream soldiers begin to run also.*)

THE FILE OF DREAM SOLDIERS

Halt!

THE PROFESSOR

(*Breaking into a heavy sweat*) Great God! I haven't done a thing! And I haven't a place to hide! Oh, Lord! What shall I do? (*He turns, and in his dream he imagines a deserted stone hut set in a grove of thick tall trees, which seem to offer shelter. He runs toward the hut*) As I live, here is a stone hut among thick trees. I'll hide in it. Perhaps they won't see me. (*He dashes wildly in, slamming a heavy door behind him.*)

A SCORE OF DREAM SOLDIERS

(*Hurrying up and knocking with their musket butts on the door*) Knock! Knock! Knock!

PATSY LAFERTY

(*At the front door of the house*) Knock! Knock! Knock! Gee, wot a night! Dese rain drops look like spits. An' dat lightning! Dat last one looked like a telegraph pole standin' straight in de air.

SYPHERS

(*Cowering in a corner*) Oh, Lord! My life is worth nothing. Here I lie hiding in an empty stone hut and those men at the door want my life. What is life? A dream! A dream! —but, oh, such a precious dream! I would not want to disappear—not yet; even if I could. No! No! I would not want to wake up. I don't want to die—Not yet! Not yet!— (*As he lies there cowering, all the coruscations and thunder of a great battle afflict him, cannon, machine guns, human cries, commands. He cowers lower and yet in spite of the thickness of the walls which seem to protect him, he can see through them to the surrounding trees to where the dream soldiers await him—tall men in red coats and towering shakos—and beyond them again to the battlefield, red with flame and gore. As he stares, the men in the shakos glare at him.*)

FIRST DREAM SOLDIER

(*Pointing at him, and speaking to another*) We'll easily get him out of there. Can't you see him lying there, close by the wall? (*To the other soldiers*) Bring a battering ram. (*A second soldier starts off*) No, bring a cannon. We'll blow him out. (*A third soldier goes*) He thinks we can't get him, but we can. (*Other soldiers draw near. They move in the curious, indefinite way common to figures in dreams. Nothing is clear, and yet there is a sense of impending disaster. The Professor studies the nature of his predicament with a sense of horror. He observes the subtlety of their movements.*)

THE PROFESSOR

(*Lying on the floor, close to the wall*) Ah, if I could only escape! I was thinking awhile ago that life was a shadow of something else—an adumbration—a thing built up point by point like the dots of a telautographed picture. Now if that were so, I could get out of here. It would be a dream. I could wake. I could cry "Avaunt!" I could stir and it would

all disappear and become as nothing. But here! Here—(*He pauses and stares. A company of dream soldiers on horseback gallop up and swing a cannon into position.*)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE DREAM SOLDIERS

(*Dramatically*) Position! (*They unhook the horses and man the guns*) Load! (*A shell is put in*) Fire! (*It belches flames and smoke. A great hole is torn in the wall of the hut.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*At the door*) Gee! Dat last crack was a boid! If he kin sleep troo dat he soitainly won't hear me—or maybe he ain't home. Well, anyhow, I might as well stand here. I can't go back in dis. (*He decides to make himself as comfortable as possible in the doorway.*)

THE PROFESSOR

(*Imagining he is crying*) Help! Help! Oh, save me! Save me! (*He realizes that he emits no sound and groans.*)

FIRST DREAM OFFICER

Once more, now, men! Another shell here! (*Another shell is put in.*) Fire!

THE CANNON

Poof! Boom! (*Another great hole is torn in the wall.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*As a second electric crash occurs*) I don't know wedder I'd better stay here. I don't want to git killed. (*He walks about uneasily.*)

THE PROFESSOR

(*Heavily and desperately*) I am lost. I know it. Oh, if my idea were only true! What if all this turmoil and agony were a figment of the mind merely—a cell or dot picture. Here I am in this hut. These soldiers are about to destroy me. They are tearing my abode to pieces. Soon they will kill me. If I could just cry "Avaunt! Disappear!"—or if I could

know that I am not real, and disappear myself. I wonder if I might not try it. (*He jumps to his feet.*)

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING

Click—ssss!

A CLAP OF REAL THUNDER

Boom—!

THE PROFESSOR

(*To the dream soldiers, defiantly*) I defy you! Do your worst! You're not real! I'm not real. This whole thing is a dream! I'm a dream, or I'm dreaming. I defy you!

FIRST DREAM SOLDIER

(*Drawing near with a rifle*) Is that so? You defy me, do you? I'll show you whether I'm real or not. (*He takes deliberate aim.*)

SECOND DREAM SOLDIER

Yes, kill him. That's the way!

THIRD DREAM SOLDIER

Now!

THE PROFESSOR

(*Lifting his hand*) Wait a moment! Don't! I beg of you! I'm—I'm not sure!

FIRST DREAM SOLDIER

But I will, though, just the same. You say I'm not real? I'll show you whether I am or not. (*He fires*) How does that feel?

THE PROFESSOR

(*Who has twisted himself about until he has one hand under him in a most painful position*) Oh, God! I'm shot! And now I'll die. This whole scene, real or not real, will pass away, and I will never know—or will I? And yet once I was a man. And it was good to be alive. Oh! Oh! Oh! (*He weeps and sinks down. A powerful clap of thunder half*

arouses him. The knocking of Patsy Lafferty becomes dimly audible—a cross between the clatter of musketry and a knock. He stares at the soldiers, some of whom seem already to be growing thin and wavering) Dying! Alas! I'm dying! Or am I? (*He partially wakes*) What's this—I'm not dying, after all. They're not real. I'm only dreaming. How astonishing! And yet I am dying in a sense, too. I'm dying in so far as they are concerned. (*To the dream soldiers, defiantly.*) You're not real, after all. You're mere shadows—thin air. I'm dying, but you're not real. This house isn't real. It couldn't have holes in it if it were, or at least I couldn't have seen through it in the first place if it was. You're shadows, tissues or nothing, a mere fancy of the brain. Oh, wonderful!

FIRST DREAM OFFICER

(*Standing by the cannon which is thoroughly nebulous*) Are we? Well, you're a fool. You're dying all right. Wire the real ones. Wait'll you die. You may be waking into another state, but you'll be dead to this one, won't you? But we won't! Ha! Ha! We'll still be here, alive. (*To the second dream soldier*) He thinks he's not real. He thinks that *we're* not real. He thinks he's not going to die, but wake up into something else! Ha! Ha! (*They look at each other in a strange, fading, unreal way*) When he passes out of this, won't he be dead to this, though?

THE PROFESSOR

(*Amazedly*) What is this, though? Am I dying, or waking up? Which is it? Are there various worlds, one within another? Are those soldiers really real? Great heavens! How strange! I am waking up, and yet this world in which I was is real enough, too. I died there. I certainly did, or I am dying there. (*The house begins to dissolve like smoke—the trees can be seen right through the bodies of the soldiers.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*At the door*) I'll give dis guy one more spin and den I'll quit. I ain't goin' to stand here all night—rain or no rain. Clump! Clump! Clump! (*He kicks with his heel at the same time that he rings.*)

THE PROFESSOR

(*Bounding out of bed*) Oh, blessed heaven! What is that? I'm not dead, after all. I am really alive. It was a dream—all of it. How glad I am to be awake! All those shadows—and they were shadows—they aren't real at all. Thank God, I'm alive! That's a comfort. (*He reaches for his trousers*) But those soldiers! They argued with me about it! They did! They made fun of me! Isn't that amazing? This dream is a call to me to seek out this mystery. If ever I get money enough to do it, that is certainly what I will do. I shall devote all my life to solving this mystery. It is astounding! If only I could find somebody who would endow a laboratory for this purpose. (*He pauses and stares as the bell whirrs*) Yes, yes! I'm coming! (*He bustles downstairs, turning up the light as he goes.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*Irritably, as he opens the door*) Syphers?

THE PROFESSOR

Yes.

PATSY LAFERTY

Telegram. Sign here. (*He produces about a half inch of lead pencil and holds up a signature blank. The Professor signs. Absentmindedly he tears open the message, but while doing so turns and closes the door. Patsy Laferty stares at it disconsolately.*)

THE PROFESSOR

(*Reading*) A miracle! $300,000! Just what I need for

that laboratory! It's a sign! The dream is a portent—a call. My poor, dear, good uncle. What moved him to leave me that? Now I know the dream was an omen. And yet—(*thinking of a certain maiden he has been courting*)—should I really do that? Three hundred thousand are three hundred thousand and where would I ever get that much again? (*He hesitates mentally*) We could live beautifully on that money. I'm not so sure. Perhaps I could get someone else to furnish it. (*He starts upstairs*) But that poor boy. I forgot to give him a penny, and it's storming. (*Returns and reopens the door, looks up and down the street, sees no one and comes back*) Dear! Dear! Dear! I should have given him a dime, anyhow—bringing such a fortunate message. But I must think about this laboratory, though, and this money. I must not act too hastily, or inadvisedly. Three hundred thousand is three hundred thousand, and—(*He goes upstairs again solemnly.*)

PATSY LAFERTY

(*One block south, staring at the sidewalk*) Wot did I say? Wot did I say? Dey never comes across wit nuttin after twelve—nuttin. Not if you handed 'em a million.

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H. G. Wells, Theological Assembler

By John Dewey

LOOKING back, there now appears something peculiarly significant in Mr. Wells' long preoccupation with the bizarre and the extraordinary. His genius for the phantastic, now that he has come out into the open with a theology, is seen to be evidence not so much of an interest in the other side of things as of a belief that the other side *is* extraordinary, or, in the franker language of an older day, supernatural. His revelling in adventure evinced not a sense of the romantically possible in the seemingly ordinary —a sense like that, say, of Scott or Stevenson—but an extreme urgency *after* something, something that Mr. Wells wanted, something that he wouldn't be happy without. And if I confess to a certain satisfaction in the fullness of the later revelation of what is now seen to have been always implicit, it is because I find a justification of the obscure irritation which Mr. Wells' apocalyptic flights always stirred in me.

"God, the Invisible King" (fortunately coincident in its publication with Mr. Wells' attacks upon monarchy on earth) labels, with startling unmistakableness, the theological implications of Mr. Britling—implications which without the later tag might have seemed religious. Of the concluding portion of the Britling novel a cynic might have said that Mr. Britling, finding himself alone in the dark, invented a God to keep him company and to give him assurance of the return of dawn. But a more sympathetic critic might have found in the book a vivid sense of forces moving co-operatively toward a better organization of humanity even amid its dark-

est days; that sense of the better, that sense of possibilities, which is never more pathetic and never more noble than when it shines upon the most discouraging actuality. In spite of casual allusions to God as personal and conscious, one might easily have found in the book an illustration of that saying of Santayana's about religion: "Another world to live in —whether we expect ever to pass into it or not—is what we mean by having a religion."

But in "God the Invisible King," Mr. Wells has done more than enter; he has even done more than take possession. He is a cicerone, showing a flock of personally conducted tourists all of the interesting high spots in this other world, a guide who is never more glibly eloquent than when turning into a "sight" some one of the dark and unsolved uncertainties of life. There is, so it appears, a "modern religion" already in existence. And Mr. Wells does not aspire to any such ambition as to be its prophet. It is enough for him to be its assembler and recorder. As Mr. Wells pontificates: "It is an account rendered. It is a statement and record; not a theory. There is nothing in all this that has been invented or constructed by the writer: I have been but a scribe to the spirit of my generation, I have at most assembled and put together things and thoughts that I have come upon—I have transferred the statements of 'science' into religious terminology, rejected obsolescent definitions and reco-ordinated propositions that had drifted into opposition." So simple a matter is it to set forth modern religion, not just *a* modern religion.

In comparison with the fact that this material is all there, needing only to be assembled, co-ordinated, defined, and terminologized, the actual contents of modern religion seem to me to shrink into relative insignificance. But one gets the impression that such is decidedly not the case for Mr. Wells, that for him the matter of course is that the modern religion should be there, and the important matter concerns the some-

what less than thirty-nine articles which constitute the true faith of which Mr. Wells is the phonographic recorder. While I cannot recover from my feeling that it is a tremendous comedown to pass from the fact of an established religion to its specifications, I feel bound therefore to record in my turn the gist of Mr. Wells' record. "God is a spirit, a single spirit and a single person: he has begun and he will never end." The corresponding damnatory clauses are not explicitly given. One gathers however that the heresy that God is triune ranks —as heresy—above the proposition that he doesn't exist at all, while the heresy that he is material and impersonal is less to be condemned than the one that he doesn't exist at all. In spite of the fact that "modern religion appeals to no authoritative teaching, to no mystery," modern religion declares that God is "immaterial," that "his nature is of the nature of thought and will. Not only has he, in his essence, nothing to do with matter, but nothing to do with space." Since he began and will not end, God does, however, have something to do with time. "He exists in time just as a current of thought may do." God, moreover, is finite and growing. He helps us and we help him. As to the exact relationship of these two helpings I have obtained, I am obliged to confess, no clear idea. It appears at times that "modern religion declares" (Mr. Wells' favorite expression) that God was born in and through man, and that he accomplishes nothing, becomes nothing, except through the assistance of man. But more often it seems to "declare" that man escapes his egoism and achieves what is fine only through inspiration secured from God when man yields complete allegiance. Such an inconsistency in an avowed piece of religious symbolism would amount to nothing. But in a defined theology, translated from science, and with the obsolescent eliminated, it argues some awkwardness in assembling and co-ordinating.

Equal in extraordinariness to Mr. Wells' assurance in transcribing the tenets of modern religion, is his profound

conviction that there is something remarkably up to date and liberal in his scheme. I could not have imagined a modern mind so explicit, so emphatic, so aggressive, in assertion of disbelief in a Trinity, in God as a personal creative omnipotent force, in the immaculate conception, in the necessity of an ecclesiastic organization to maintain religion, etc., etc. The spirit of zestful adventure, the unction of daring, with which Mr. Wells warns off those who cannot follow him in the commonplaces of theological rationalism is an illuminating comment on the intellectual tone which Mr. Wells assumes in his audience—unless it be an evidence of the recentness of his own education. The naiveté of his assumption that traditional theology was *not* an assembling, a rendering, a definition and co-ordination, of what was current in the days of its origin, suggests that we are probably dealing with a state of mind common to Mr. Wells and the audience which he imagines himself addressing. It is difficult to resist the contagion of slang in intimating to Mr. Wells that in their own days various Councils, Synods and Assemblies were also some "assemblers."

My long time suspicion that the evangelical mind in what is termed Anglo-Saxondom is much more thoroughly engrained than either orthodoxy or Puritanism is borne out by the chapter in which Mr. Wells sets forth the ethic, the "rule of life," implied in the disclosures of modern religion. Literary versatility has its full scope. "I become a knight in God's service. I become my brother's keeper. I become a responsible minister of my king." Somehow one sees—or is it mere perversity of fancy?—Christian Endeavor Societies turning into Knights Templar, Big Brother Associations, Orders of Prime Ministers and Ambassadors Plenipotentiary of the Invisible King, all with sashes, high signs, paraphernalia, and all beaming with the oil of annointment of an evangelicalized efficiency. Why quarrel with Brother Sunday because he still speaks a dialect which is going out of fashion among the cul-

tured? Surely we all mean about the same. At times Mr. Wells does not even have to define, or to transfer from one language to other, or to reco-ordinate. Under the new religion, "for all, there are certain fundamental duties; a constant sedulousness to keep oneself fit and bright for God's service . . . a hidden persistent watchfulness of one's baser motives, a watch against fear and indolence, against greed and lust, against envy, malice and uncharitableness." In view of the number of pages occupied with just such edificatory material, I am willing to predict that from multitudes of evangelical pulpits in this country will issue sermons welcoming Mr. Wells into the fold, accompanied with mild deplorings that he has not yet seen the full light. Only in England, I fancy, will Mr. Wells be able to realize an ambition to be roundly denounced for modern and dangerous tendencies.

Of all this, I could make nothing and less than nothing, till I came across the following passage. Between benevolent atheists and those "who have found God" there is, Mr. Wells says, this difference: "The benevolent atheist stands alone upon his own good will, without a reference, without a standard, trusting to his own impulse to goodness, relying upon his own moral strength. . . . He has not really given himself or got away from himself. He has no one to whom he can give himself. His exaltation is self-centered, is priggishness. . . . His devotion is only the good will in himself, etc., etc." In short the only escape, for Mr. Wells, from an unrelieved egoism is recourse to a big *Alter Ego* upon whom is bestowed the name of God. Then there came to my mind that psychological mechanism to which has been given the name of "projection." When an individual finds a conflict in himself which is offensive and with which he cannot successfully cope directly, he "projects" it into or upon another personality, and then finds rest. Uneasy and tortured egoism, finding no rest for itself in itself, creates a huge Ego

which, although finite and although not a creator of worlds, is still huge enough to be our King, Leader and Helper.

And then I thought of the humbleminded in all ages and places who live in the sense of the infinite ties, a few perceived but most of them obscure, which bind them to their fellows, to the soil, to the air and to the light of day, and whose strength to suffer and to enjoy is renewed daily by contact and by intercourse. I then seemed better able to understand both that egoism which brings war into the world, and that egoism which revels in masking a baulked egoism by setting it forth in a journalistic declaration of the God of the modern mind. In the light of the world's catastrophe perhaps such *is* the religious creed of contemporary man.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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Editorial

IT is not with the intellect that we can grasp the meaning of this war. It has assumed proportions of mysterious terror and grandeur. At the beginning we saw different groups of men, vested with high power, consciously and deliberately pull the levers and release nation against nation. But in this case they have called up the hurricane which

in Russia already has destroyed them. Humanity may be thought of as a leashed storm, as a primitive planetary power which only most painfully, by effort of ages, has lifted up its sensitive tips of intellect, which only with insuperable difficulty has turned back upon itself, and a little controlled and guided its own destiny. Each one of us floats on the uneasy deeps of Man, and that part of us which is submerged is the sea itself, the unconscious desire and surge of humanity. Hence, however we reason about it, we find ourselves creations of the tides. Even at the moment that we are "thinking it through," that we are plotting and scheming, the resistless surge carries us away and scatters our bright talk on the winds.

WE have had our century, roughly speaking, of living outside ourselves, of skimming the surface. As we turned more and more to external things, to machinery and thought, to reform and diplomacy, our emotional life thinned and threatened to disappear. It was merely that our eyes were turned away from our own depths, from our own mysterious sources in the Earth and the sun, from those needs which were wrapped up in us when the planet was a globe of misty water. But whether our intuition is warped or clear, the Unconscious of the race continues to impel us, and it needed only the shattering of our surface, to drop us again into the profound abysses of ourselves. The very hands that loosed this terrible war may have been hands of deeper impulses than their owners were aware of. They seemed in control in starting the storm, but now they stand helpless before it, unable to lay it. It gets beyond all bounds; it is like a typhoon gathering the sea of humanity into a single column of black destruction; the Earth shakes under the tread of this monster, and we little individuals protest futilely and are sucked up and whirled in the spiral. It is not War that confronts us: it is Revolution.

FOR some time those who listened to themselves have heard the coming of a new heaven and a new Earth. It was heard in France during the Terror: it was heard by such different spirits as Karl Marx and Nietzsche: Shelley heard it, and men of science in their laboratories have traced the faint beginnings. Blindly we spun a web of machinery around the Earth, of ships and cables, of commerce and art; dimly we released to the race discoveries about our past, and our planet, and ourselves; for selfish enough purposes we built up, as it were, a new physical body for humanity—the body of the machine. Without knowing what we were doing we made the Earth one neighborhood, the continents conversed, the races mingled, the past became the common inheritance of all. It is as if slowly we were forming the multicellular body of Man, and as if the day of Birth were drawing near: the day of Birth when Man awakes to his planetary life: when at last, by the healing of his inner conflict, by the harmonizing of his inner impulses, he shall be set free to know himself and to harness his undivided energies for the creation of himself and his world.

WE can prevision little. What time it will take for this vast movement to come into realization, we do not know. But we see Russia now as that hopeful chaos, that confusion of the nebula, out of which a new world shapes itself. The Russians of all people are seen now as the appropriate beginners and pioneers—for nowhere else is there a people who are so intuitively profound, so emotionally quick. They are not held back by cleverness, and success, and organization, and intellectualism. They may listen to and be guided by those unconscious impulses which they share with humanity. And so we find that with them internationalism ceases to be a vague dream and becomes a passionate programme; and that with them, democracy ceases to be a name for a congeries of conflicting interests and an equality of opportunity to make money, and becomes the organization of their

lives. Whether they go through dark periods of reaction or destruction—it does not matter. In them the fire leaps which may finally fuse us.

WE are riding, then, on the storm. We were born to endure the age of Great Change. We are called to suffer veritable agonies in the birth-throes of the race. We are entering into an action whose ends are different from our declared purposes, and whose developments shall sweep us into heights and abysses we thought did not exist. America, too, goes blindly into the earthquake and the hurricane, the sacrifice and the anguish. But beyond the curtain of fire, a little beyond the wall of battle-smoke, there stands waiting and radiant, Revolution. And in her arms is a little child: an inarticulate infant: the new Humanity.

J. O.

Bernard Shaw and His Buried Treasure

By Elva De Pue

NO LONGER do we find psychologists carefully separating the mental faculties, as they once did, into air-tight compartments, one for the will, one for the intellect, and a large drawer labeled "emotions" for the remaining unclassified forces. They are known to be inextricably bound together, emotion being simply the inside of the shield of apperception.

Let us crudely visualize as a spectrum the course of development of the emotions, from the almost purely physical sensations to those processes that are nearly all mental or spiritual. In this spectrum, red symbolizes the bloody passions of the beast-man, still persisting stubbornly through the ages; the color of the illicit lamp, the color of a million sinister pools in dark and desolate trenches. Then the less heated orange and yellow feelings are those domestic or political affections and disaffections of an organizing society. Aesthetic green may stand for the fine frenzy of the artist, and poetic blue, for the ecstatic transport of the mystic. Finally, at the highest points of civilization, there are reached almost impersonal emotions: a merging of finite desires into the evolving "mind of the race," that greatest dream of the greatest men. Such is the contemplation of the beautiful by Plato, the impulse toward a Superman of Nietzsche, or the passionate absorption in his perfect world of the mathematician, described by Bertrand Russell. All these ultra-violet rays of emotion are invisible to the common eye, and the man in the street finds them impossibly recondite, or perhaps nonsensical.

Who shall judge which color is the most beautiful, or measure the comparative intensity thereof? Like heat and light, they are all forms of the same energy, capable of being transformed one into another. And every vital being must undergo emotion, whether or not it be immediately inhibited and transmuted to another plane.

In the period when the red passion reigned, the expression of feeling called laughter was unknown. How did the first laugh come about? It may have been thus: Very early in our history, tribal rules began to make man inhibit his desires instead of immediately allaying them. The better behaved man, seeing one of another tribe engaged in torturing an ememy, or in some other sport that was taboo to him, went through a sympathetic nervous and muscular spasm. Then as his descendants became slightly more considerate of each other, and repressed the primitive impulses, they found relief from nervous tension in laughter, which was simply the surging up of subconscious sympathy with the ancient desires they had driven down deep into the under-mind. This is clearly shown in the way the half-civilized Elizabethans hilariously enjoyed seeing on the stage exhibitions of wholly savage cruelty. We no longer laugh at lameness and blindness on the stage, but we do at deafness. We are moved to unseemly mirth by a sudden "damn!", and by half-civilized drunkenness. Nothing tickles our sensibilities so much as the discomfiture of the august, the dignified, and it is a delight to hear a simple soul blurt out what he really thinks, to the scandal of convention. Thus does our natural man come to the surface. Of course the more complex our civilization makes us, the harder it is to trace the causes of our mirth.

Now for the application of all this to Bernard Shaw. The most widespread fallacy about him is that he is unnaturally cold and void of emotion. I would like to venture the hypothesis that, on the contrary, he is, like all highly vital and sensitive natures, most susceptible to all variations of feeling, but

that his powerful will enables him to control and transmute these feelings.

"Shaw" and "wit" are practically synonyms. Freud in his "Wit and Its Relations to the Unconscious" seems to consider wit an evidence, like dreams, of buried wishes. So that strangely enough, Shaw's wit, on which too much stress has always been laid, is simply a by-product of the serious emotions. His introduction of humor in his most serious scenes and moments is not an indication of heartlessness, but rather of keen sensitiveness—a fear of banality or sentimentality. And by laughter the stress of feeling is relieved.

Of course, the only way of proving anything about the elusive G. B. S. would be first to catch him, then to set someone like Dr. Freud at work on him. This would doubtless uncover a rich mine. An amusing and significant account of a momentary exposure of this buried treasure is given by the mine owner himself. Quotation is always necessary with him, as he is unparaphraseable and, as Chesterton complained, his compression impossible to compress. It seems that whilst emerging from a dose of ether, his "character did not come back all at once. Its artistic and sentimental side came first: its morality, its positive elements, its commonsense, its incorrigible Protestant respectability, did not return for some time. For the first time in my life I tasted the bliss of having no sense of reality to restrain me from romancing. I overflowed with what people call heart. . . . I felt prepared to receive unlimited kindness from everybody with the deepest, tenderest gratitude. I was perfectly conscious of the value of my helpless, half delirious condition as a bait for sympathy; and I deliberately played for it in a manner that now makes me blush. I carefully composed effective little ravings and repeated them without an atom of shame. I called everybody by their Christian names, except one gentleman whose Christian name I did not know, and I called him 'dear old So-and-So.' In less than an hour I was an honest taxpayer again,

with my heart perfectly well in hand. . . . Was that a gain or a loss? The problem comes home to me with special force at this moment, for I have just published some plays, and have been overwhelmed as usual by complaints of my want of heart, my unnaturally clear intellectual consciousness, my cynicism, and all the rest of it."

Much of this subconscious feeling seems to have been transmuted to a fervent love of art. Like George Henry Lewes, whom Shaw says he resembles, he had a consuming desire to lift up his voice in song. The results were probably painful. They did not even satisfy him, for his intense craving was for the harmony which is "the emotional substance of music." He played over and over the pages of music in which he found poetry or drama, having no use for that part which existed ornamentally for its own sake. This shows distinctly an emotional rather than an intellectual appreciation of it.

With this inherited artistic taste and sensibility, he must have been continually tortured in his early surroundings. Another cause for unhappiness was the snobbery of his family, distantly related to a baronet. But, "not to be unhappy is not to be destined to create." Therefore it is not surprising that he should have devoted himself, in a fever of indignation and outraged aesthetic feeling, to fight two things. These were poverty and "gentility." As he had seen many a brilliant Irishman worsted because of too much introspection and sensitiveness, Shaw vowed with all the strength of his will, that he would conquer his nerves and his emotions. He has confessed that for a long time public speaking made of him a pitiable coward, "nervous and self-conscious to a heart-rending degree." In spite of this, he forced himself through the torture again and again. Before he was to speak his heart beat like a recruit's going under fire for the first time—and he was no less brave. He could not see his notes for panic. He always forgot his best points, but his second best were better than most people's first best. All the while, his bravado gave

the effect of cock-sure poise. Thus does he still conceal self-consciousness by a transparent assumption of omniscience and by self-praise that is amusing in him, but which would be intolerable in anyone less magnetic and sincere. With his ability to step out of himself and look back, he can laugh at his own vanity. But it is difficult for him ever to become thoroughly indifferent. It is not for nothing that he has inscribed over his mantel: *They say——what say they? Let them say*—an invaluable motto for the sensitive.

He denies the charge of asceticism, affirming that on the contrary, he seeks the real joy of life. Wagner and Shelley are not called ascetics, even though they were vegetarians and drank nothing but water. With Shaw's high-strung temperament further stimulation would be unnecessary and dangerous. Why should he, with his tendency to headaches, and his delicate balance, be expected to indulge in dissipation like gross, stupid, robust men? If he did, the quality of his work would be undoubtedly impaired. Instead of following up and recording something like two per cent. of his ideas on a subject, he might then do as the average writer and consumer of alcohol, put down eighty per cent. Or he might be like some journalists, who, under the combined influence of beer, whiskey, tobacco, and beefsteak and onions, would appear to place on record more than cent per cent. In the preface to "Getting Married" he gives very forcibly his dictum on the relation of his clearness and vigor of thinking to moderation.

It is on the score of his attitude toward sex love, more than anything else, that his reputation for coldness is based—because he does not consider it as important as certain other interests. The greater love, however, he places above everything: "How do you know that Love is not the greatest of all the relations?—*far too great to be a personal matter.*" Plato and Emerson were doubtless considered "inhuman" in their time, in just the same way. Shaw does not believe that pas-

sion can be adequately represented on the stage; the greater the passion, the more difficult is it to be acted. It is, moreover, intolerably wearying to him to see the same old subject in the theater handled in the same old way. "I found that the whole business of stage sensuousness finally disgusted me, not because I was Pharisaical or intolerantly refined, but because I was bored; and boredom is a condition which makes men as susceptible to irritation as headache makes them to noise and glare. Being a man, I have my share of the masculine silliness and vulgarity on the subject of sex, which so astonishes women, to whom sex is a serious matter. I am not an archbishop and do not pretend to pass my life on one plane or in one mood, and that the highest; on the contrary, I am, I protest, as accessible to the humors of the Rogue's Comedy or the Rake's Progress as to the pious decencies of the Sign of the Cross. Thus Falstaff, coarser than any of the men in our loosest plays, does not bore me: Doll Tearsheet, more abandoned than any of the women, does not shock me." So accustomed were the actors in London to play after play on the same subject, that when they produced the "Devil's Disciple," they made Dick appear to be in love with the silly wife of the minister, when the whole point of the play was that he was not in love with her. Shaw preferred to show the strength of a religious impulse rather than the weakness of a sex impulse, as he always does. Dick would be called *cold* by Shaw's critics, in spite of his tenderness for little Essie, in spite of his readiness to sacrifice himself quixotically, realizing his own detachment from the life about him. Dick says: "I can see the peace and beauty of this home: I think I have never been more at rest in my life than at this moment; and yet I know quite well I could never live here. It's not in my nature, I suppose, to be domesticated. But it's very beautiful; it's almost holy."

After seeing plays about big social issues, it is not a question of morality, but of sheer ennui, if we revolt at the eternal sex

play. We cease to take breathless account of whether one ordinary man does or does not marry one uninteresting woman. And after some of the "stronger" plays we have had thrust upon us, a drama by Shaw is like the cool breezes on a hilltop after the hot patchouli-scented air of a Tenderloin room. He does not want *all* the theaters to be "pedestals on which to set a well-dressed, well-painted woman in a strong light to please the man who is tired of the mother of sorrows and drudgery at home." He despises the thriving of the theater on the moral diseases of poor bumpkins, instead of the refining of their senses and the purging of their souls with Aristotle's cathartic. In short, he agrees with Galsworthy that "art exists not to confirm people in their tastes and prejudices, but to present them with a new vision of life." Shaw's sympathy with sympathy and hatred of selfishness (and sensuality above all other selfishness) make him rather condone women, like Mrs. George, who give themselves generously while seeking a high sort of love. Candida and Leo are examples of women who begin to have room in their hearts to feel affection and interest for more than one person. His characters are never the ordinary stage "sympathetic" type; they are mixed of good and bad. What can be more pitiable and tender than the plea for the "old grouch"? "Think of the people who do kind things in an unkind way—people whose touch hurts, whose voices jar, whose tempers play them false, who wound and worry the people they love in the very act of trying to conciliate them, and yet who need affection as much as the rest of us." Shaw's repressed poetry escapes notably in Mrs. George's trance scene, in Caesar's apostrophe to the Sphinx, and above all, in the final poignant speech of the mystic Keegan. But after such outbursts, the poet seizes his heart again in a firm grip.

No one can call him restrained and cool in his criticism. He insists that he is usually biased; furthermore he advocates unfairness, combined with feeling, as superior to attempts at

cold judgment. When he is called unjust, he carefully explains he is not God Almighty. "Whoever has been through the experience of discussing criticism with a thorough, perfect, and entire ASS, has been told that criticism should be above all things free from personal feeling!" This peculiar attitude of his toward criticism should be strictly kept in mind in reading his remarks about the war. He says he is not fair; why should anyone expect an absolutely impartial dictum? Of that later. His slightest articles about unimportant plays live, because they are not only keen, even if prejudiced, diagnoses, but also the expression of a boundless vitality which connects them up with life.

Lewes wrote that "minds of deep emotive sensibility are apt to be pained, even exasperated by scientific explanations which decline the imaginary aid of some incomprehensible outlying agency not expressible in terms of experience." In this way is Shaw's mind exasperated to the boiling point by the arguments of scientists (especially those of the medical profession) made entirely in empirical terms. He violently thrusts aside all their statistics. He says that mathematics is only a concept to him. He attacks the changing theories of inoculation so bitterly that one is half convinced that he has really uncovered a horrible and wholesale conspiracy against the simple, defenceless layman! And when it comes to vivisection, we find he has a real pity for "brother beast," in spite of Chesterton's argument that he disliked dead animals more than he liked live ones. In his crusade against using animals for experimentation, he goes so far as to say: "If you cannot attain knowledge without torturing a dog, you must do without knowledge." The epithet of Shaw's most extreme scorn and disgust is "Chicago meat packer," by which he seems to mean a symposium of brutal killing, overbearing capitalism, ignorant unaesthetic vulgarity, and blind greed for money.

In spite of his anti-romanticism, we see that he has much in common with the greatest romanticists, Shelley and Wagner,

whom he profoundly admires. It is the poetry, not the prose of science, that he accepts. His central philosophy is the belief in life's continual effort not only to maintain itself, but to achieve higher and higher organization and completer self-consciousness. Just as the physical eye was evolved, so now is evolving a mind's eye that shall see the purpose of life, and enable the individual to work for that instead of thwarting the purpose by setting up short-sighted personal aims as at present. His remark in "Man and Superman" is fearfully applicable to the world today: "Think of how life wastes and scatters itself, how it raises up obstacles to itself and destroys itself in its ignorance and blindness. It needs a brain, this irresistible force, lest in its ignorance it should resist itself."

This fine thinking is the result of learning in his youth to look the bitterest facts in the face; of learning to steel himself against romance, the "dreaming, dreaming, the torturing, heart scalding, never-satisfying dreaming—the imagination that makes him unable to face reality, nor deal with it, nor handle it, nor conquer it" of his many unfortunate countrymen. He did live in his imagination when he was a boy; and he knows whereof he speaks. An Irish priest once told Chesterton that there was in his people a fear of the passions older than Christianity. Archer says: "I suspect Shaw of being *constitutionally* an arrant sentimentalist, whose abhorrence of sentiment is as the shrinking of the dipsomaniac from the single drop of alcohol that he knows will make his craving ungovernable."

The downfall of many an airy Utopian castle during Shaw's furious hunt through them for social remedies has not dismayed him nor yet cooled his ardor. His sympathy with the unfit (however they may irritate him) makes him "opposed to the cosmic process" whenever it seems to contradict the higher laws of altruism. Because his humanitarian instincts are revolted by the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," he refuses to have it applied to the human race.

But still more opposed is he to the terrible survival of the unfittest promised by the war. For his outspoken opinions since nineteen fourteen he has been reviled and misunderstood more than ever; as his passionate sincerity and his terrific effort to counteract what he felt was the stupidest of jingoism made him exaggerate the facts somewhat. However, it cannot be denied that his view is always the broader one, even when he is carried away by loathing of the calamity, and a madness of regret for the waste, pain, and sorrow in its train. Since the setting up of the barrier through which nations see each other, as through a red glass, darkly, only a few of the tallest heads have been high enough to look over it, and envisage the other side as before. To the multitude traitorous and incomprehensible, Shaw is censored and Russell is chained, at a time when there is the most crying need of men of sane vision.

What would you have? Would you have Shaw repudiate all his former opinions, turn inside out, and sing blatantly with the mob, like a cowardly liar, "I am a British patriot?" Instead of stultifying his intelligence by futile imprecations against the Kaiser, he is trying, in spite of the chaos, to see some faint hope of order coming out of it. Instead of imitating those who are saying honeyed things about what they once called "barbarous" Russia, because of the artificial alliance, he is trying to see Russia's place in the future. He hates English Junkerism no less than "Potsdamnation" and Potsdamnation no more than Russian oppression. Like Romain Rolland, he sees that it is Imperialism that brought on the trouble, and that it is Imperialism that should be attacked. The enemy, says Rolland, is not across the frontiers. This enemy is Imperialism, and dwells within every country, and not one nation has the manhood to fight it. This Imperialism, the thousand-headed monster, whatever its form, whether military, financial, feudal, republican, social or spiritual, will be swept out of existence by the people at the end by the device of

Voltaire. To Shaw also the war is simply a continuation of the wrongs due to the present form of society, for from the capitalistic class are taken the governmental officials who wanted war, and by this class are controlled the newspapers that spread the contagion of war fever among the masses.

You cannot expect an Irishman who has read English history and who has used his keen eyes in Ireland, to be impressed by the chivalrous posing about "honor" and to relish big talk about small nations. "Honor" to him is an empty term used by simpletons to avoid thought. It was "honor" in Sparta to expose your baby daughter; it was "honor" in France to stick a rapier into the lung of your friend who let fall a few hasty words; it is "honor" now to sing "my country right or wrong" and incite men to continue the general massacre because you are afraid of being unpopular if you say anything else. It is only those dull, ignorant minds entirely lacking imagination or visualizing power that talk about the "invigoration and manliness" of this vile, brutalizing, unclean, mechanical warfare. It is almost unbearable torture for an all-embracing beautifully poised imagination like Shaw's to contemplate it. To him as to poor Mr. Britling, with his atlas and his imperfect God, the only possible escape from sure screaming insanity in face of facts, is to be bent, "not on revenge, nor gallantry, nor pride, nor glory, nor any of the invidiousnesses of patriotism, but on the problem of how so to redraw the map of Europe and reform its political constitution that this abominable crime and atrocious nuisance shall not occur again."

To Shaw with his dramatist's ability to see from all points of view, as a man might look from several windows in a tower, to the north, to the east, to the south, there is no "other side." As Jesus said, "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me," so Shaw says, "He that loves his 'own' country, his 'own' home selfishly, more than humanity, he is not worthy of the nobler humanity that is to be." In the

spirit that Jesus asked: "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? They that do the will of my father, they are my brethren," so Shaw asks, "Who are my countrymen? They that believe in Life, not in Death."

His wonderful sense of order and economy, which is at the bottom of all science and all great art, makes him unwilling to waste even his feelings. He has proved that by the will, emotion may be subjugated and transformed, and that it is the will which is the key to all action; that the real motive power of our acts is deep in the will itself, and that conventions such as "duty" serve simply as ex post facto excuses. His passion is that which he attributes to Ibsen's Rebecca: "The cold passion of the North—that essentially human passion which embodies itself in objective purposes and interests, and in attachments which again embody themselves in objective purposes and interests on behalf of others—that fruitful, contained, governed, instinctively utilized passion which makes nations and individuals great, as distinguished from the explosive, hysterical, wasteful passion which makes nothing but a scene" —or a war. So in him, will, emotion, and intellect are inseparable. His intellect is a marvelously fashioned tool, a machine which is galvanized by the current of feeling generated by his powerful subconscious battery.

Valedictory to a Theatrical Season

By Waldo Frank

AT a time when the hope of future health and life seems to be the sole survivor from the bankruptcy of the present, one may be expected to carry a searching attitude even into the theater. For the stage is a mighty mirror in which the audience stands forth, sharply and faithfully reflected. The audience is a vague and shifting creature. But the mirror is magic. It draws out characteristic line and essence; it gives an image that may be understood. And even the audience somehow knows this, since it has come into existence chiefly through the curiosity to see itself.

This dweller in the theater explains our peculiar interest in it at such times as these: but it explains as well the conservatism of the dramatic art. You cannot expect a people to change greatly from one season to the next. You cannot expect an art whose prime ingredient is the whole human family to perform nimble somersaults like an individual. Changes in the theater are likely to be slow and ponderous and painful. But they are none the less true and fundamental. And the image in the mirror, despite its economy of line and space, lays bare those subtle divergences of form which herald the coming of the new.

The usual features of the American Show have of course not been absent, this last season. But they may safely be assumed and put aside. They are the old relatives—the suffered elders of a passing generation—who knit harmlessly by the hearth while the world jogs past them. They have many names—hallowed names: the old-fashioned melodrama, the

old-fashioned comedy-with-music, the Victorian plot-play in new-fangled dress sacred to the memory of men like Charles Klein, George Broadhurst and Augustus Thomas. In their true form, they are good, proper, senile members of a group that is perhaps rightly fond of them. And for the critic to judge them harshly is simply to be inhumane.

Their decrepitude, however, has become obvious in the frantic disguises that accompany their appearance. They no longer satisfy, and they must soon be gone. If a new breed of vital, blustering plays is indeed crowding upwards to replace them, we have no reason for concern. Our interest should therefore rightly be directed to whatever variants and changes we can find today in the American Show. However vaguely, they tell the tale of what is coming next.

What, then, is emerging from our doddering dramatic past? In what transfigured form is the conflict of our life rising on the popular and native scene? Love, ambition, faith and sacrifice—all the true coinage of the theater—must surely be in process of reminting to meet the reality of the millions who, when they are not at the American show, are helping to build the American nation.

Plenty of such evolving signs do indeed exist. Let us have a look at them, as they appeared in the past season. . . .

The musical play is the plutocrat of our stage. It is, if anything, rather too nakedly devoted to the fantasies of love. Its burstings of song, its assorted and sentimental capers are all, in the last analysis, gay documents of this emotion. It is therefore significant to note that in the latest tune-comedies of Broadway the straightforward love-motif is dwindling; and that when it does appear, it seems somehow to have done so only after a struggle that tortured its forms and warped its directions into strange by-ways. Ugly and unnatural unions, the exchange of the traditional attributes of each sex to the other and the use of clown brutality with clear erotic sources are among our recent contributions to the theme of love.

New types of characters are springing up to represent these contributions. Huge and aggressive women-clowns trumpet about with violent intent on the pretty-boy heroes of the cast. And these heroes display an up-to-date reluctance to making love. Their favorite posture is that of the pursued. The new heroines have a liking for the fat, brute comedians who smirk over their advances and then knock them down. And only when the dainty hero, escaping the seduction of the powerful clown-woman, is at last inspired to beat the heroine, does he convince and win her. Some acute vagary of popular demand is supplying a bumper crop of women with the physical appeal of boys, and of men who act like women. On all sides, the theme of love emerges as if from some impalpable barrier whose repressive power twists it into abnormal guises. In one musical play, this inhibiting force makes its appearance openly in the plot: there is the usual repulsive and disappointed woman-clown—an aunt, this time—and a young couple forbidden by the contract of their marriage from kissing and holding hands. Perhaps a hint of our future there stood prettily dramatized before us.

This curious deformity is not absent in the "movies." Charles Chaplin is an extremely brilliant clown, but he is also an unhealthy one. I recall one film of his in which a series of flirtations turned with invariable emphasis into a physical encounter, a physical upset and a drubbing of the female. The clown-trade has always honored the fisticuff and the blow. But in its contemporary mood, these blows are with sinister frequency directed against women. The modern caper is for the comedian to lunge for the man, who dodges, and so fell the lady. Indeed, violence to women and violence by women are among the spreading laugh-winners of the new American show. The beset, effeminate manling of the musical stage makes his re-appearance, a bit galvanized and considerably funnier, as the most popular figure of the screen. And more and more, the fun-provoking tricks of our

plays have come to be based on deformities of the impulse and the human role which, in the past, were protected—rather than attacked—by the comic genius.

Classic comedy employed the deformative technique to a deliberate social end. *Harpagon* and *Tartuffe* were its typical victims. Personalities that in themselves presented deformities of impulse became the creatures of grotesque. The healthy social will played the avenger. So we found laughter directed against the miser and the hypocrite, the tyrant father and the stupid husband. Today, we find it shafted against the lover, the man and the woman. There were old taboos against crabbed parents, false priests, unsocial plutocrats. If the psychology of caricature is indeed criticism, there seem to be new taboos against healthy men and healthy women. A fine respect for untrammeled love and for the impertinences of youth molded the comedy of Terence, of Molière and Marivaux, of Congreve and Bernard Shaw. Can it be that some subtle resistance to these same blossomings of life qualifies the comedy of today? The puny cavaliers, the fool-ministers, the astringent heroines and the raping duennas that cavort increasingly in our musical and "movie" farces would suggest something of the sort.

Of course, the chief companion of the farce in the American show is the play of thrills—the melodrama. So close do these two forms run together that they are often merged into a unit—the new dramatic cocktail of which "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was an eminent and perhaps classical example. Between these blatant and unregenerate extremes, we leave no room for the subtler growths. The American show is indifferent alike to that refining of laughter into smile which makes for comedy, and to the elevation of shock into impression which denotes tragedy. But if the melo is generically old, our contemporary masters have managed to reflect within it, as in the farce, the gradual evolving of something new. We have seen how in our so-called comedies a set of acidulous

and denatured substitutes is being brewed in place of the no longer filling love-theme. We may observe as well how in the so-called "drama," the traditional labels of nobility, sacrifice, duty and passion are put to situations so hideously false that one salty touch of irony would alone be needed to make them Swiftian satire.

Let us analyze a typical example—taken from the films: We find a father zealous for his "family honor" and two sons. The married son falls in love with an actress. His father turns him out for his faithless crime. The unmarried son, who is the hero, goes to the actress to bully her into loosing her hold. He falls in love with her, himself. Since he is the hero, however, she is forthwith transmogrified from villainess to heroine. In order to cure the other married brother of his unhappy love, she—with bleeding heart—plays the drunkard and the flirt at a dinner to which she has taken him for this simple purpose. The fallen young man, in consequence of this act of heroism, robs his father's safe and loses the money at cards. The cad who wins the money breaks into the actress' home and tries to buy her with his spoil. The hero emerges from a canopy, throws out the cad, first pocketing the ill-gotten money. Meantime, the father discovers the theft, goes to the wicked son, places a pistol in his hand and tries to make him shoot himself for the family honor. After a harrowing struggle, with the father's hand clenched over his son's, and the pistol at the latter's throat, the hero, his actress-love and the other's wife break through the door. The hero advances to the battling pair and says: "I stole the money" and pulls the wad of bills from his pocket. The thief-son, fully satisfied, falls into his father's arms, forgiven: is gathered up by his neglected wife, forgiven again: and the actress is straightway added to the family honor as a new daughter-in-law. . . .

Now, in this drama, which doubtless reads like a burlesque, there are many of the old clear-labelled properties of the the-

ater: among them, family honor, love, self-sacrifice by the hero, self-humiliation by the heroine in feigning wickedness, repentance, reconciliation, and the Cornelian immolation of the sinful son by the stoic father. But to confound these situations with their authentic namesakes in "Horace," "La Dame aux Camélias," "David Garrick," etc., is to misprize them. They are decompositions of old material: and it is precisely for this reason that we can find in them the germs of something new—the elements of change that have brought about disintegration.

We may not enjoy the old melodrama. We may not believe in right and wrong and duty as the hero bandies the terms about. But it is plain that the old audiences did. Their attitude was the major premise: and resting on it, the inner structure of the play had a true, artistic logic. The very fact that the people were in earnest imposed upon the playwright the need of making his drama somewhat water-tight, somewhat conclusive. He had the conviction of his hearers to reckon with, and any too gross perversion of reality, in casting doubt upon the subject of their conviction, would have rebounded on himself. A too unlikely play about "chastity," for instance, must immediately have slurred the concept of chastity itself, as the play limned it forth, and so have become intolerable to the crowds. Their staunch belief compelled the favor-seeking dramatist to construct a dramatic likeness for his story; and from this, in turn, the belief of the audience stood forth reflected. It is plain, however, that in a concoction like the one described, no such logic exists. The hero who steps up with "I stole the money" is not incurring, even for the moment, the mental and physical consequences of his act. He is therefore not sacrificing himself. His self-accusation brings on none of the reactions, subjective or environmental, that go toward even the most naive illusion. The behavior of the guilty brother, who by virtue of this isolated lie falls into his father's loving arms, lacks all relativity

with what surrounds it. Indeed, each one of these situations is in a vacuum, is denuded of any of the circumstances of the real, is a label on an empty bottle. Taking them together, one finds that there is psychic divorce between them and that the emotions nominally evoked lack any integration with the actions nominally pictured. They are indeed joined together by no power more subtle or more true than the camera itself.

The influence of the camera-art has been to speed this disintegrating process. The two-dimensional scene runs one into the next with far greater fluency, far less resistance than was possible with the three-dimensional structure of the stage. All of the tricks of the "movies" encourage the false dramatic logic which we have considered. Its freedom of shifting scenes and character-perspectives: its power of imposing one independent picture upon the other: its license of time and place and its illusory triumphs over nature, play their part. But a mechanical means could do no more than foster an integral condition. The deterioration of the art was there. Had it not been, the present status of the "movie" would have proved intolerable, and a popular industry must have developed otherwise. Screen technique simply took advantage of a latent tendency and, with its greater power to fulfill it, gained the prestige that today makes the motion-picture our most satisfying, most gripping and most expressive art. The same extremes of mock feeling and mock action run through the whole welter of our plays. They are exaggerated on the screen, but they are not wanting in the farces, the comedies and the farce-dramas. Everywhere in our theater, there is this growing rigmarole of unreal and unrelated action. One is therefore driven to conclude that behind must be a like mass of unreal emotion. For any feeling that exists basally, if only in the tradition of a crowd, will flower in action—and in action that is emotionally determined. These current adulterations of love, virtue, honor, are bearable to the onlooker only on the theory that he no longer fundamentally believes

in them. If he did, such parodies of his belief would turn his stomach and inspire his wrath. But the contemporary spectacle touches alone the periphery of consciousness and to this surface the true impulses of life have somehow been unable to attain.

For a reason, then, the normal interplay of men and women, in so far as it is imaged in the American show, seems to be tortured and ill-at-ease and dwindling. And the reason is not far to seek, in our contemporary American life. The canons of art, as well as the canons of right and wrong which we brought with us from abroad, are alien and inadequate in our new complex world. They have power merely to obstruct its birth. America is trying to grow up through a dump-heap of discarded customs and ideas. And the maladies of its discomfort crop out in thwarted and perverted forms. The expressions of the old no longer satisfy; but the nay-saying forces behind them can blight each fresh sprout of growth as it appears. The new fate of the love-theme is a case in point. The Puritan taboos are heavy on us; but the need is strong for freer imagery than the magistrates allow. America, thank God! has none of the domestic adaptability of the Anglo-Saxon to his own commandments. So the love-theme breaks its barrier in perverted forms; and the neurotic, auto-erotic "show" is the result. The credentialed beliefs in what is virtue no longer fit the free confusion of our lives. But they are still traditionally in force, and any effort to replace them is still cried-out upon by the proper forums of the nation. The dramatic parodies we have examined rise from our suppressed indifference—an indifference which most of us would of course deny and which is evident only in such deflected acts as these.

Everywhere the bars are clamped against the dawning drama of populous America. The need of vicarious experience bursts forth in disguised versions of our present life; or else it is driven back into innocuous and romantic pasts. Per-

haps the truest contributions of the motion-picture are these simple epics of the American fable. Pioneer California, Alaska and the Civil War become pastures for our hunger. Several splendid expressions have sprung from this one unhindered field. Of course, the folk-epic belongs to the childhood of a nation. When vision faces forward, when analysis and the stern grappling with the future become the business of dreams, the epic falls away. Its fabular simplicity no longer holds; its past paradise is pale before the adventure to come. But our spirit may not encounter its present and its future. Its healthiest dramatic course is therefore *backward*. Film-plays like "The Birth of a Nation," "The Barrier," "A Romance of the Redwoods," are true epics, rich in primitive sincerity and full of the fervor of the folk-dream. They belong to an epoch in the American drama in which the repressive forces of a transplanted culture drove the popular imagination back to the more obvious borders and the more easy conquests.

The spectacle that recently gripped the multitudes at the Uptown Tabernacle of Mr. Billy Sunday belongs generally to the American show and specifically to the past theatrical season. It would be worth while to trace the analogues of method between Mr. Sunday's sermons and the musical comedy: to show how in each, song and dance and clownery are strung along an extraneous and irrational theme. There is no room, here, for such details. But it must be plain that no people emotionally anchored to the sources of their life, and on good terms with the impulses which must shape its future, would tolerate this man's adulterated wares. If we study Billy Sunday—study his ideas, his gestures, his illustrations—we will find that they are composed of substitutes for forbidden fruit quite like the substitutes that in the theater pass for the human emotions.

It might surprise even so hardened a sinner as Mr. Sunday to learn that when, in "ripping the dance from hell to break-

fast" he springs from floor to ceiling, he is releasing in a distorted symbol precisely the energy that the dance smoothly and harmoniously clothes: and that his audience are enjoying his graphic condemnation of the dance with the same senses, however twisted, that make them enjoy dancing on the stage. When Mr. Sunday curses the drinker, he is furnishing in his excess verbiage a substitute for the excess of alcohol. When he loses his temper with Satan, he is venting the bile, the anger, the ugly passion that Satan typifies. And when he howls at his hearers to stop frequenting the brothel and the saloon, he gives them, in his brutal illustrations, an at least temporary satisfaction in place of the vices he decries.

The success of Billy Sunday is due to his use of what, in pathology, is known as the conversion-mechanism: — the channeling of an instinctive desire away from an expression that is forbidden to one that is disguised and not forbidden. It is unsafe to give open leash to sexuality, so turn the passion into the fear of Hell and glut your worry by "hitting the trail." It is uneconomic to get drunk on alcohol, so wave a flag and get drunk on God. It may be natural to lose your temper with your brother, but it is less dangerous to get mad at the devil. Such is his method. And one need only remark the constantly recurring wreath of smile on the terrier-like countenance of Mr. Sunday to realize what good fun it is to have his sort of "religion" in a materialistic and fun-denying world. The neurotic satisfies himself with a set of distorted symptoms in place of an unfriendly and hard reality. So Mr. Sunday's preachments. They are, like the other shows we have considered, full of blandishing and adulterated goods fashioned to take the place of forbidden life. Their source, as well, is the denial of life and the mistrusting of experience. In place of the dance, contortion: in place of pleasure, the frenzy of the dervish: in place of adventure, the back-trail down to childhood: in place of revolt, profanity: in place of God, an old exhorter with a whip: in place of life, a dark cell

with a barred window.

In this way does the American show neglect the possible glad future of American life. It would be well for our intellectual and social pontiffs to know their part in it. Nor must the established churches and the gentle churchmen who brought Mr. Sunday to New York with a suffering sense of being practical, escape the ironic justice of their act. This jaundiced dullard is the logical outcome of their own growth-denying methods.

The stragetic positions are all with the moribund attitude toward life. School and university, magazine and journal, church and government are the thrones of the obsolescent and about-to-be-discarded. No peaceful means of change seems to exist between the last transplanted European generation and the first fledglings of a new America. The insurgency stills foams at the feet of the world. So, although their sun is setting, the debilitated forces can still dictate terms and canons of forbiddence. They can keep the untrained and unorganized stirrings of youthful America from a conscious right-of-way into knowledge and expression. They can still send a reluctant people into fratricidal war with the false persuasion of their "laws," their "duty" and their "patriotism."

This is the climax of their sinister power. But their peace also has its atrocities. And among them is this spectacle of an uneasy populace, yearning for what is denied it and turning to poisoned substitutes for art. The historian will not have to look to the recent acts of Congress to understand the present danger of America. He will find no clearer picture of our condition than within the mirror of the stage. For there, we are revealed as a vast creature uttering platitudes when unperturbed, and going off into stammerings and tics when something deep in us seeks utterance.

The elders block the way to growth and to expression. They do this not because they are vicious or stronger, but because they happened to be there first—and are entrenched.

They must be thrust aside. Their rules are of course designed for their own preservation. And the method of their instinctive fight is to deny liberty of feeling and the resources of life to the rising multitude whose ascendency means their death.

Two Views of Ragtime

I. *A Modest Proposal*

By Hiram Kelly Moderwell

THERE is a large professional class in this country devoted to the business of complaining that American music is given no recognition. It has been estimated that the food which this class consumes would support a whole army corps in the trenches and that its hats, if placed end to end, would reach from the Battery to the Bronx. How accurate these estimates are I cannot say, but it is certain that the complaint, which was articulate ten years ago, has diminished not a bit up to the present day.

It is astonishing how little imagination, how little courage, this class can show. They have neither a sense of advertising values nor an appreciation of musical history. They beg a patriotic recognition for works quite lacking in distinction, and ignore all the original music that exists in this country.

Some time ago a singer (she was not of the class mentioned) asked me to suggest some typical American songs for her programmes. She had done valuable service in introducing to American audiences the folk-music and the newer songs of Russia, and was going abroad to perform a reciprocal service for America. She was to appear before audiences quite ignorant of American music and eager for new and vivid impressions. I suggested a group of the best ragtime songs. She thought I was trying to be funny.

To the professional American musicians, ragtime simply does not exist. They give it no more recognition than if it were the beating of tom-toms outside a side-show. Not recog-

nizing its existence they cannot distinguish the better from the worse. Because most of the ragtime pieces they hear are feeble (as Heaven knows most American music is feeble) they lump the whole art in one and call it "vicious" or "vulgar." What an argument they use against themselves in that word "vulgar" they never guess. It is an old thought to most of us that the art of the *vulgus,* the people, is the material for national expression. Dante, creating his "Divine Comedy" from the vulgar language, Balakireff creating a national school of music from the vulgar songs, are classic instances. The despised and rejected of today becomes the accepted of another generation. But even this analogy does not tempt the patriotic American musician to open his ears to the vulgar music of his land and age. Such distinguished visitors as Ernest Bloch and Percy Grainger are delighted and impressed by American ragtime; foreign peoples accord it a jolly respect. Only the native-born, foreign-educated musician scorns and deplores it.

Admittedly the greater part of ragtime music is pretty bad. But this is only to say that the greater part of current production in any art is weak and inferior. The prevailing snap-judgment concerning ragtime is false not only because it judges the whole from the average, but also (and more particularly) because it overlooks the peculiar qualities of the thing it judges. Any reviewer of music (commonly called a "critic") knows that not more than one-third of his business is to appraise or "criticize." The other two-thirds is to report and describe. If he hears a concert in which certain new and significant music is badly played, he does not dismiss it by saying that "yesterday's concert was a bad one." His "story" is in the fact that new and important music has had its first performance; the quality of the performance is of secondary importance. If he misses the real "story" he has "fallen down on his assignment." And I charge that the professional American musician has fallen down on his assignment in fail-

ing to recognize where the story lies in American popular music. He has failed to recognize that ragtime is a certain sort of music; he has failed to perceive what in ragtime is new, distinctive, expressive, possibly creative. He has judged without knowing what he is judging. Being unable to report, in good newspaper fashion, the elements of news in his story, he is quite unable to separate the better from the worse, the significant from the imitative. There is, of course, plenty of room for difference of opinion as to the musical value of ragtime; it may be as feeble as its enemies charge. But we shall not accept the judgment of one who does not know properly what he is judging.

To me ragtime brings a type of musical experience which I can find in no other music. I find something Nietzschean in its implicit philosophy that all the world's a dance. I love the delicacy of its inner rhythms and the largeness of its rhythmic sweeps. I like to think that it is the perfect expression of the American city, with its restless bustle and motion, its multitude of unrelated details, and its underlying rhythmic progress toward a vague Somewhere. Its technical resourcefulness continually surprises me, and its melodies, at their best, delight me. The whole emotion is one of keen and carefree enjoyment of the present. In ragtime's own language, I find ragtime "simply grand."

This is the feeling of one individual—one who was educated on Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. It doesn't count for much as a judgment unless a great number of other persons, similarly educated on Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, agree. But how shall they agree, except they hear? How shall they feel the musical vitality of ragtime unless the musician separates the art from the bluster and noise that surrounds it? If I am at all right in my judgment, ragtime will stand the test of the concert hall. And this is just what I am proposing—a ragtime song recital. It is not enough to admit that ragtime is "good in its place." Ragtime should stand

being brought out of the café just as well as folk-music stands being brought out from "behind the cows." I firmly believe that a ragtime programme, well organized and well sung, would be delightful and stimulating to the best audience the community could muster. But is there enough courage in the whole singing profession to make the experiment? I doubt it.

The very idea strikes terror in the average singer. To face an audience with an evening of trash! The average singer's mind is pigeon-holed more than that of the most rigid theologian. The whole of musical literature is for him divided into classifications, and what is not in them does not exist. The genius to trace music to its lair, to find and reveal, is not taught in the schools. The singer has learned how Mozart should be sung, or Schubert, or Strauss. He knows that ragtime sung this way would be vanity, futility. Therefore he cannot sing ragtime. At the most he supposes that ragtime must be sung with the "vaudeville technique." But no particular technique is needed. There are only two kinds of singing: good and bad. Ragtime must be well sung, that is all. By this I mean merely that the notes must be sung as they are written, with pure tones and natural phrasing. The singer who has the technique to do this, and the courage to attempt ragtime in public, will hardly fail to catch the special features of the music. But first of all he must treat his music with complete respect. He must accord it at least as much respect as he would give to any of those dreary "art-songs" that proceed by the dozen from the imitative pens of our recognized American composers. With a reasonable amount of technical equipment, courage, and seriousness, I feel that I can guarantee him a success.

The musician will reply, with some justice, that ragtime is distinctive only in its rhythm, and that the melody, where it is not conventional, is banal. Certainly the average ragtime tune is not a thing to be heard a second time, and the

best falls short of the rhythm in originality. But exactly the same charge could be levelled at the impressionistic "art songs" of the last fifteen years. Their originality has resided in the harmony of their accompaniments; as melody they were nearly always undistinguished. This was not essential to the style any more than in the case of ragtime; the voice part might well be better, and preferably would be. But the songs as units were beautiful and distinctive and as such were justified. The same can be said for the best of ragtime. Then, too, by a careful process of selection, the singer can discover many charming melodies. (Personally, I consider Irving Berlin the most creative melodist in America today.) Moreover, it is not true that ragtime is distinguished only by its rhythm. No mere rhythmic formula is capable of creating a tradition in music. No technical definition can enclose the ragtime tradition, or even its rhythmic formula. For about this tradition there have grown accretions of formulæ, melodic, harmonic and rhythmic, which have made American ragtime distinct from any other popular music in the world. All these, taken together with the animating spirit (how shall we describe that spirit except to call it the Rag?) make ragtime.

But the singer may reply that though the music be worth the experiment, the "lyrics" are impossible; to offer songs sung in the slang of the streets would be too much. Here I simply can't agree. Since when has the dialect song been ruled out of the concert hall? What futuristic critic has decreed that nonsense words are improper to folk-song and popular poetry? These lyrics are good just in so far as they are characteristic and eloquent of the people whom they express, and I am sure that the singer need not go far to discover verses that are aglow with the life and imagery of the Mississippi Negro or the Sixth Avenue clerk. He will find characteristic verse of a high order in *The Memphis Blues* or *Roll dem Cotton Bales*. But take the poetry of Sixth Avenue at its bald-

est; then take the poetry of the American "art-song" as it appears in hundreds of forms: and ask yourself which one a supposedly healthy people must prefer:

"How many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity;
So many times do I love thee, dear." *

With this lyric in praise of love, contrast the following, in praise of the grand piano:

"When a green Tetrazine starts to warble,
I grow cold as an old piece of marble,
I allude to the crude little party singer
Who don't know when to pause."

Why should the self-respecting singer be ashamed to sing the dialect of Sixth Avenue any more than the dialect of Kipling's English Tommy? Is a dialect "literature" when its home is across the ocean, and "vulgarity" when its home is around the corner?

The professional singer might, however, mistrust a ragtime programme on the score of monotony. Ragtime is, after all, but a single rhythm and expresses, in general, but a single mood—that of care-free happiness. But the monotony resides more on the surface, and in the conventional methods of playing ragtime, than in the literature of ragtime as the singer has it spread out before him. From the most furious allegro, down to the gentlest allegretto, its rhythms include all nuances of tempo. Among the various "blues" there are even andante movements, in which the rag is no more than the ripple on the surface of the placid water. The rag of Broadway ranges from boisterous merrymaking to insinuating sensuality, but the Negro has extended the rhythm to express moods of pathos and homesickness. Musicians have generally failed to recognize how flexible and adaptable the rag rhythm is.

* Out of courtesy I suppress the names of author and composer.

But if the singer is afraid of a monotonous effect from a programme composed solely of the Broadway rags, let him add a group of various "recital songs" in ragtime, and another of Negro spirituals representing the origin of the rhythm, and the American folk-song at its purest. With these groups he would have a programme of the utmost variety of mood and manner, representing in a single evening almost the sole germinal originality in America's contribution to the musical literature of the world.

Here is a specimen programme for such a recital. It has been selected almost at random. Better ones can doubtless be made, and many others equally good could be formed without duplicating a single song. Probably some re-arrangement would be needed in the accompaniment, since our popular songs are invariably designed for a moderate technical ability in the pianist. The piano parts could be amplified, varied and enriched without falsifying the song. Needless to say, the pianist, as well as the singer, would need to be an artist.

This programme I hereby offer to any singer who has the courage to use it:

I

"Roll dem Cotton Bales"..... *Johnson*
"Waiting for the Robert E. Lee"..... *Muir*
"The Tennessee Blues"..... *Warner*
"The Memphis Blues"..... *Handy*

II

"You May Bury Me in the East"..... *Traditional*
"Bendin' Knees a-Achin' "..... *Traditional*
"These Dead Bones Shall Rise Again"..... *Traditional*
"Play on Your Harp, Little David"..... *Traditional*

III

"Nobody's Lookin' But the Owl and the Moon"..... *Johnson*
Exhortation ..... *Cook*
Rain Song ..... *Cook*

IV

"Everybody's Doing It"..... *Berlin*
"I Love a Piano"..... *Berlin*
"When I Get Back to the U. S. A."..... *Berlin*
"On the Beach at Wa-ki-ki"..... *Kern*
"Ragtime Cowboy Joe"..... *Muir*

The first group comprises four characteristic songs of Negro life as picturesque and as beautiful as any group of Kipling Tommy songs that could be devised. It ends with a song which is nothing short of a masterpiece. In sheer melodic beauty, in the vividness of its characterization, in the deftness of its polyphony and structure, this song deserves to rank among the best of our time. In the second group are four songs, apparently of purely traditional origin, which are well-nigh equal in beauty and intensity of feeling to any similar group that could be put together from the folk-songs of any nation. Of the songs of the third group two are well known on the concert stage and the third must be regarded as one of the most artistic "popular songs" of the last fifteen years. All three offer abundant opportunity to the capable singer. The last group is "pure Broadway." From the strictly musical point of view I should not say a great deal in their favor, though the first and the fourth are certainly better, less "vulgar," in melody than most of the current songs which appear on Æolian Hall programmes. The third suggests an interesting side-current—ragtime counterpoint. The last is nothing but a trick song, musically quite negligible, but so filled with the energy of the American street that it fully deserves a place on an American programme. All the songs of the last group, I imagine, would be sung with a broad grin on the singer's face. There was a grin in the souls of the city folk who first gave them currency, and there is a grin in the spirit of this one American art which, thank Heaven, does not take itself too seriously.

I feel quite convinced that a European audience would welcome this programme with enthusiasm. Whether Americans would take to it kindly is perhaps a matter for doubt. The Americans are incurable *nouveaux* and are perhaps ashamed to recognize their humble beginnings. But here and nowhere else are the beginnings of American music, if American music is to be anything but a pleasing reflection of

Europe. Here is the only original and characteristic music America has produced thus far. Whether it can be made the basis for a national school of composition as great as the Russian I do not know. But I know that there will be no great American music so long as American musicians despise our ragtime. The very frame of mind which scorns it is sterile. When an Æolian Hall public applauds this programme of ragtime, then I shall expect to hear of great American symphonies.

II. *Ragtime and American Music*

By Charles L. Buchanan

PERHAPS the greatest obstacle that stands in the way of the development of a fine and equitable art sense is the habit common to much critical comment of attempting to supply us with specific explanations. Today, to a greater extent perhaps than at any time of which we have adequate record, art is concerned less with the significance of the thing said than with the method and manner of the saying. The next step is to impose upon the artist an arbitrary formula of the reviewer's own making. This or that system is pointed out to him as an infallible means of securing a commendable distinction. The one and only consideration of any importance whatsoever—the question as to whether the artist has genius or not—is obscured and forgotten. Small wonder that there has grown up in the art of our time an overwhelming tendency in the direction of very self-conscious, mechanical and premeditated forms of expression.

The question of nationalism in music is a conspicuous case in point. Certain writers of an excellent integrity have attributed the obvious negligibleness of American music to its failure to accept and to utilize a national musical material. Taking as their premise the totally erroneous assumption that great art finds its inspiration in the soil of a nation and amongst

a nation's people, they tell us that our music will never succeed in achieving a commendable salience and significance until it has spoken with a national accent and revealed through an indigenous utterance an unmistakable national character. One of these gentlemen has gone so far as to predict that the future American opera and symphony will be written in ragtime—"the one genuine American music."

I call attention to the protuberant one-sidedness of this remarkable statement. To say that our future operas and symphonies will be written in ragtime is the equivalent of saying that our future poetry and drama will be written in the colloquialisms of Mr. George M. Cohan. No disparagement is intended either to Mr. Cohan or to ragtime. Mr. Cohan's gifts are as vivid and vital in their way as Mr. Paderewski's are in his. An equitable judgment does not emphasize the one at the expense of the other; it accepts both for their individual inherent worth. But it does not commit the error of confusing the relative importance of their contribution. Unfortunately, the advocates of ragtime are not content to allow ragtime to remain a valuable component of a problematical future American music. If they were content to tell us what rattling good fun ragtime is and how much unique and irresistible charm it possesses, we should heartily agree with them. But they are not content to allow ragtime to remain *one* of the influences from which a future American music may find its inspiration; they peremptorily urge it upon us as the *only* influence capable of creating a genuine American utterance. In other words, they prescribe a formula to which so occult and abstract a thing as sound must adhere if it is to qualify in their estimation as an original and necessary musical speech. I think the extremity of this point of view stultifies itself and impairs the validity of its own cause.

I have committed myself elsewhere to the direct and unequivocal statement that there is absolutely no trace of nationalism to be found in that kind of music that the world calls

great music. I repeat this statement. I know of no single instance where a composition that is built out of national material has achieved a pre-eminent distinction. Take any composer you please and go over in your mind his accomplishments. Ask yourself what he is best known by, what has brought him his fame and his prestige. You need not tell me that his point of view is national, whatever his music may be, because that is not precisely the point. I merely ask you to take the material of any one of the world's great pieces of music and ask yourself whether, as sheer sound, this material is indicative of any national origin whatsoever. If you had no previous knowledge of the identity of the composer and you were to hear the prelude to *Tristan* or the first and last movements of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony* do you think you could tell that the one was German, the other Russian? Do you think you could detect the nationality of eight-tenths of the great music of the world? Do you find any traces of "folk" in Debussy, Stravinsky, Loeffler, Schonberg and Ornstein? Could you tell the nationality of any one of these men from the sound of their music? I am sure you could not; and for my part I should prefer that the question be decided from the statistical concreteness of this demonstration. But aside from this there are two other important aspects of the matter that the advocates of ragtime do not appear to have sufficiently taken into account.

For one thing, we may well ask whether ragtime supplies us with a legitimate equivalent to a Russian or a German or an Irish folk tune. Is it, when we closely inspect the matter, the inevitable reflex of our life and character that its enthusiastic advocates claim it to be? Is it not possible that, for all its dynamic and compelling excellences, it remains, in the last analysis, a mere excrescence on the troubled surface of our national life? One thinks of a Russian folk-song as a thing come down out of the fantastic superstitions, the homely, frank, frugal hopes and fears and desires of a primitive people

that had not lost touch with the purifying influences of earth. To me there is an irreconcilable difference between a people's song that has grown out of an unsophisticated soil, and a *patois* of the pavement that has grown out of vaudevilles and cabarets. I should no more like to think that the American temperament was conclusively revealed and summed-up in this musical slang than I should like to think it revealed and summed-up in the vernacular of Broadway. I do not think it is. I would go elsewhere in my search for what I consider the essential gist and pith of this country's emotional and spiritual identity, and I should partially find it in the songs of Stephen Foster, an authentic genius if ever there was one. Here is a melodist who can hold his own in any company, and I like to think that the heart and backbone of this country is more accurately expressed in the rural, wistful lilt of this music than it is in the kind of sound that beats its brazen way into one's ears above the strident glare and clamor of cafés and dance-halls.

However, I lay no particular stress on this point. I am perfectly willing to allow a nation that is founded upon a rather lax immigration law and very little else to seek its musical ancestry in a Mr. Schwartz or a Mr. Berlin. But does it ever occur to the people that are urging upon our musicians the very premeditated procedure of recognizing and utilizing ragtime that the great authentic creator supplies his own material, that, in other words, his worth to us is in proportion to his wealth of individual inspiration? Why, precisely, do we lay any particular stress upon Debussy and Ornstein? Surely the paramount reason is solely and simply because these men have contributed, to a greater extent than any of their contemporaries, to the progress of music; they have, in other words, supplied us with an unmistakably personal and original idiom. Now what shall we say is the particular status of the musician who persistently relies upon material other than his? With all the best intentions in the

world we cannot count Mr. Percy Grainger, for example, a great creative musician on the strength of his *Irish Tune from County Derry*. He is not in this particular instance the creator of a new beauty, he has merely rearranged a beauty that already existed. Nor is it possible to contend that a Chopin mazurka bears the unimpeachable testimony to the genius of Chopin that is borne by a Chopin prelude, étude, or ballade. The mazurka is a clever and often a very beautiful putting together of certain clearly defined national characteristics of a melodic and rhythmic nature; the prelude, the étude, the ballade are a coming into the world of a something that had not been there before, a new loveliness self-conceived, an emanation from that indefinable essence in man we call the spiritual. To compare for a moment the relative merits of a composition such as the *D Minor Prelude,* the *G Minor Ballade,* the *B Minor* and *C sharp minor Scherzos,* the *F minor, C minor* and *A minor Etudes, Opus* 25 (compositions absolutely lacking in the faintest trace of national color) with a Chopin mazurka is sheer, unadulterated nonsense. From the standpoint of a mere loveliness perhaps you cannot prove the mazurka any the less worthy. But it is fairly obvious that the amount of imagination, concentration, inventive genius, constructive ability, etc., displayed in the *D minor Prelude, the G minor Ballade,* etc., is incomparably superior to the amount of these qualities that is displayed in the mazurka. After all, the man who conceives his own theme, his own manner and his own musical architecture must be accredited a more valuable contributor to the progress of his art than the man who, however felicitous his methods, contents himself with a mere co-ordinating and amplifying of what others have suggested.

Personally, I am convinced that there is something inherently deficient in the substance of the appeal made by idiom and vernacular. I think a conclusive proof of this is furnished by the preference that the highest judgments accord

to music that is abstract in its quality and universal in its significance. If I have played Percy Grainger's *Irish Tune from County Derry* for a couple of years' time I have impaired something of the charm that it originally held for me. Its beauty has become thin, tenuous, I had almost said a little wearisome. But if I play the opening bars of *Tristan* or Tchaikovsky's *Adagio Lamentoso* I experience the full measure of that sensation of ardor mixed with awe that I experienced a score of years ago. I can offer no explanation of this; I merely say it is so in my case; it may not be so in yours. To my view, this kind of music seems a part and parcel of the great, immutable, mysterious balances; I believe this kind of music hints more acutely of and is more closely allied with the spiritual activities of the universe than the music of a dialect, of a given locality, of a people.

Lest I be suspected of prejudice, one word more: I enjoy ragtime as heartily as I enjoy a good laugh. As a matter of fact I have so regretted the prodigality with which it is tossed out by our pied-pipers of the Great White Way and thrown at last into the great cosmical discard that I have for my own satisfaction jotted down records of it for many years back. I believe that ragtime with its subtle, interior rhythms, its slouchy hanging back for the infinitesimal fraction of a second on one note, its propulsive urging forward on another, is the ultimate medium for the expression of a certain kind of action. There should be no argument over the fact that it is an indispensable adjunct to the progress of music. But I should no sooner think of demanding that a composer seek his inspiration exclusively from ragtime than I should think of telling him to pattern himself exclusively upon Ornstein or Debussy. The two extremes are identical in their utter and very injurious fatuity. I would merely ask that he be himself—not ragtime or Russia or Debussy or anything else. For after all it seems to me that Self is what we want in an artist, not racial characteristics. I am for having both, if you

will, in their proper proportion. When, in response to a rather absurd inquiry, Grainger said that he considered *Sewanee River* the most beautiful song ever written, he said something more commendable for its audacity than for its accuracy. How much more equitable Grainger's answer would have been if he had said that *Sewanee River* was a beautiful song, but that there were songs of Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, etc., that were equally beautiful in a different way. Standards may be maintained and proclaimed without a resource to arbitrary and artificial distinctions. For example, I would certainly not dismiss Carpenter's *Adventures in a Perambulator,* merely because it does not exploit a national idiom, nor would I accept certain compositions that I have in mind merely because they do exploit a national idiom. Borrowing from the million and more tunes of the last twenty years will no more infallibly confer distinction upon a man than the use of broken color will insure his becoming as interesting a painter as Monet. Away with these prescribed rules and regulations! The great American composer, if one is vouchsafed us, will be great for the sole and simple reason that he is a genius and not because he uses this, that, or any other material and mode of expression.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for July

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1917)

IT is a hundred years this month since Thoreau was born (July 12, 1817). Perfectly self-coherent as he was and, unlike most writers, the embodiment of all his ideas, he marks better perhaps than any other figure in our social history the distance we have travelled in our progress from the unity of the one to the unity of the many. "The universe," he said, "is always on the side of the most sensitive." The world, in the long run, is always on the side of those who have been able to contrive some definite pattern out of life. Thoreau's pattern was that of the pioneer mind itself, which in him realized its height and depth. Unwilling as he was to yield his allegiance to any ideas which the instincts of his fellow-countrymen had not entitled them to, he gave no hostages to the ever-shifting fabric of a society that had no fund of ideals verified in the general experience of the race. That is why he has outlasted so many of his more gifted contemporaries, lightly caught out of themselves, lightly undone. He knew how primitive at bottom was the life that surrounded him, and like Whitman the only men he really respected were men close to the elements, the forest, the sea, the soil. It was among such alone that he was able to discover the perfect integrity which he exacted from living things and found in such abundance in trees and animals.

It was this that led him to look with the aloofness of an immortal upon the world out of which he had grown like a resinous and vibrant little hemlock, solitary and disdainful among the ephemeridae of an April meadow. For Thoreau, whose imagination never compassed the gelatinous mass of humankind, society meant nothing but the infringement of the individual. "Blessed are the young," he said, "for they never read the President's message." He was an anarchist not through the wisdom of the serpent but the innocence of the dove, a skeptical innocence that allowed nothing to pass without proof. Our original "man from Missouri," he never forgot, however, that skepticism degrades itself when it stands guard not over the ends but over the means of life. So far as the means were concerned, it was impossible for Thoreau to take them seriously at all; he was literally "out from under" society by virtue of a continence like that of a lone goldfish in a glass of ice-water. And he was as unsinkable as a cork, thanks to the universal tinker's genius with which his nimble-handed forebears had endowed him. His disdainfulness, no doubt, came a little cheap, and his immortal airs would not have been less convincing had they been put to the test of mortal desire. But then he would not have been the perfectly typical man he was, he would not have been able to flatter us now with a sense of our own immeasurable advance in frank

self-knowledge and free experience.

As it is, he flatters us quite enough. In much that our generation holds dear Thoreau was poor indeed. His emotional rigidity, for example, must have been unique even in Concord. A young girl once complained that having taken her to the top of a mountain, he fixed his earnest gaze on a distant point in the landscape and remarked, "How far is it in a bee-line to that spot?" It is conceivable, of course, that he had other thoughts then and on similar occasions, but they never found expression even in his verse. Practical enough to be able to regulate even the beating of his pulse, he kept the chambers of his mind in perfect order by packing everything that got in his way up into the attic of Transcendentalism. A capacious attic that was indeed, without which Concord could hardly have existed at all. It contained, among other things, a veritable Pandora's box full of all the amorous plagues that confuse and terrify mankind. But never a germ escaped. It had been locked for generations and the key had been hidden away, heaven knows where, in the old world, and the dust had gathered on it, and it had been forgotten. Yet how much they owed to that box, the philosophers of Concord! Never before or since have high thinkers and plain livers had smoother sailing.

With regard to the objective world, moreover, Thoreau leaves off where we begin. But might it not be added that we begin on the hither side of a great many important things the secret of which he possessed and we have lost? His imagination, unlike Emerson's absolutely concrete, required a commensurate field of fact of a sort that society only affords where a certain number of people have disengaged themselves from necessity and accepted parts in the tragi-comedy of the free life. Half a dozen of his contemporaries had taken this step: Thoreau made the most of them. John Brown, Whitman, and one or two others, as we know, appealed to him even more than bumblebees; but one swallow does not make a summer and a handful of individuals cannot make the corporate life significant if it has no significance without them. Besides, to the beasts of the field Thoreau could allow a certain latitude; precisely because, having no souls, they never whine about them, as Whitman said, they offered him an unlimited scope for a purely pagan delight. The sensuous and dramatic in man could not have passed the censorship of his multifarious principles; toward the rest of creation he could adopt without compunction the role of the free spectator, "clear of the nets of right and wrong."

I have said that he possessed a secret which we have lost. It was the secret of the sensuous life in a rich objective world. The life of nature meant more to Thoreau than the life of man has meant to any of our novelists, in its appeal, I mean, to the eye, the ear, the touch, the taste. There are pages in "Walden" which, by contrast, show up our American fiction, despite its occasional glamour, its frequent finesse, for the poor unpalatable straw it mostly is. To Thoreau there was a perceptible music in the universe, an Æolian music, and it was not through the contemplative inner ear that he received it, as Emerson did,—he heard it as plainly as a sensitive modern ear hears the music of humankind in the rhythm of city streets. It was this that gave him his marvellous power, like that of Saint Francis, over the lower orders, in which he divined an

unconscious aspiration. The fox he characterized as "a rudimentary, burrowing man" and it disturbed him that we treat horses merely as automata to get work from, without any sense of responsibility to the spark of life that glimmers in them. It would be easier to find these complaints altogether absurd were they not bound up with a certain faculty possessed by Thoreau which testified to a profound grasp of the invisible forces. Rowing on Walden Pond, for example, he would put his hand into the water and gently lift out a fish which, after a moment's caress, would lie motionless across his palm for the space of half an hour. Feats like this gave him in the eyes of the village children a glamour like that which surrounded Virgil in the Middle Ages. The spiritual powers that made them possible, translated to the written page, constitute a lost province in our literary mind.

It is not this, however, it is not even his atavistic and half animal simplification of life, so alluring in certain ways just now, for which we remember him; it is the firmness of his personal texture, the force with which he enclosed and cultivated the little garden-plot of his own character. Stevenson called him a "skulker," Lowell said that his whole life was a search for the doctor. But there is something solid in Thoreau, beside which these two engaging literary entertainers of an optimistic and highly self-delusive past ring exceedingly hollow. He was as queer as Dick's hatband and he rubs most modern philosophy the wrong way. As for his prose, it contains passages of the kind which people used to call imperishable and which our contemporaries take a special delight in forgetting just for that reason. But in spite of everything he has never quite lost his tenacious grip on our imagination. Is it because of the conscientious objector in him, which our indeterminate and facile democracy has always found it so hard to forgive? At bottom we love self-discipline, we love obstacles, we love austerity, and Thoreau is a perpetual reminder, the most vivid reminder our history affords us, that it is the toughness, the intransigence of the spiritual unit which alone gives edge to democracy. As our epoch of expansion draws to its close and we are obliged more and more to test the mettle of our social consciousness, we shall be brought back to this truth, apprehended in so many ways by our fathers in the forest. The day will come when easy solutions no longer have any charm for us and we shall have attained the strength to fashion ourselves in the face of the multitudinous modern world. Then Thoreau will delight us anew,—not least because the gate of *his* Utopia was a needle's eye.

A new large life of Thoreau has just been issued (Houghton, Mifflin Co., $4.00 net). It was written by his intimate friend, Frank B. Sanborn, who died last February, fifty-four years later than Thoreau himself. The book contains little that is fresh as regards interpretation; while it is vigorously written, it suffers from the general inbreeding tendency that has been characteristic of so many of the survivors of the old New England Renaissance. Without pretending to be a formal biography, it contains however all manner of letters, anecdotes, etc., that have not appeared before. Its most interesting feature is a collection of early essays by Thoreau, hitherto unpublished, together with the journal of his brief tour in the Middle West.

New Books

PROFILES FROM CHINA

These are times when the Orient becomes increasingly important. Our eyes are turned to the East with a growing understanding or, at least, a desire to understand. With China a republic and Japan fighting "to make the world safe for democracy," even the yellow journals have stopped threatening us with "the yellow peril." Strangely enough, what first attracted us was the aesthetic interest. In the last couple of years our literature, anticipating politics, has made many and concerted friendly gestures in an easterly direction. After Lafcadio Hearn (the validity of whose interpretations is still in dispute) there was a long silence, interrupted occasionally by such home-grown and hybrid exotics as "The Yellow Jacket." It was Ernest Fenolosa's manuscripts more than any other single impetus, that awakened the present great interest, first in the crystalline beauty of the old Chinese poets and then in the country that produced them. Today the movement is in full swing. Several of our poets are writing fragments and images in the manner of Li Po. Others are writing about oriental customs and China itself. Eunice Tietjens is one of the few who have actually gone there. She saw what there was first—saw it without pre-conceived poetic dogmas or personal prejudices—and then (reversing the usual "literary" procedure) she wrote about it. The result ("Profiles from China"; Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago) is a little volume of extraordinary interest and power. It reveals, in simple and flexible lines, a strange conglomeration of legendry and sordid fact; of glamor and ugliness. It flashes a panorama of a world that neither accepts nor rejects; a world that swallows civilizations and closes its inscrutable eyes to meditate on a future that is to perpetuate its past. The two poems printed in this number of THE SEVEN ARTS are among the best and most representative things in Mrs. Tietjens' volume. "The Hand" is something more than a skilful piece of character delineation; it purports to represent the East in microcosm—it is a symbol of its delicate artistry and exquisite cruelties. "New China: The Iron Works," gives a sharp picture of the conflict of East and West, of the dirt and hopelessness surrounding and engulfing the vast machinery of modern industrialism, of "tomorrow set in yesterday . . . a graft but not a growth." The endless squalor of China is the thing which the poet cannot lose sight of; it makes even the brief flashes of beauty seem hard and shameless. Not that Mrs. Tietjens fails to catch that beauty; she reveals its colors lovingly, at times, even humorously. With a light crayon she draws "The Dandy" and "Chinese New Year" or, with a more ironic and bitter touch, "The Feast," "Recollections in a Ricksha," "The Well."

But it is the horror that affects the poet most; sometimes, as in "The City Wall", it is the mere physical horror of filth and poverty; sometimes, as in "Cormorants," it is the spiritual horror of the rotting indolence and flabby unconcern.

The middle section ("Echoes") is the least original of the three groups, and it is the least engaging. These artificial lilies and lacquer-prints have been imitated far more successfully by Ezra Pound, Amy Lowell and other imagists, who have been intrigued and even more influenced by

the Japanese *hokku,* with its concise and vivid pictures. But it is a short section, and the succeeding one brings the volume up to the high level on which the book opened. In its direct critical power it is even sharper than the first part. And it makes a fitting conclusion to a volume that must rank high both as an art work and a social interpretation.

FREUD AND FORSLIN

Outside of the alliterative value, these two names have little to do with each other. It is only the author's explanation that prompts the pairing. "Forslin," says Conrad Aiken in his preface to "The Jig of Forslin" (The Four Seas Co.) "is not a man, but Man." Furthermore, the jacket informs one that the book is "based on the Freudian psychology. The average man or woman finds in vicarious experience—that is, in reading or hearing about the adventures of other men and women—escape from the monotony of existence." This, of course, is not Freudian; it is scarcely elementary psychology. It is the obvious in the terms of the platitudinous.

As for the work itself, it is a haphazard but intriguing collection of verse-pictures, moods and narratives which are, by turns, restrained and decorative, theatrical and grotesque. It has moments of sensitive beauty and passages of power, but these are no more based on "Freudian psychology" than they are derived from the Montessori system, "The Origin of Species" or the theory of malicious animal magnetism. The way in which the separate poems are connected and the repetition of *Leitmotifs* by which the work is given unity show no little grace and skill. Mr. Aiken is seldom clumsy and never dull. But an air of artifice and affectation hangs over the volume; there is a plethora of phrase-making and preciosity like:

> "Rhythms there are that take the blood with magic,
> Smoothing it out in silver,"

and there are times when the poem carries its hyper-theatricality almost into hysteria. Its pages are a jumble of suicides, prostitutes, lamias, murders, vampires, salomes, syphilitics, a parade of harlots, echoes of the underworld and perfumed, pre-raphaelite sins. "The Jig of Forslin" presents a curious study in inversion—and, although it may be interesting to the general public, it might be even more profitable to the psycho-analyst.

L. U.

DOSTOIEVSKY AND OTHERS

During his later years Dostoievsky published from time to time, by subscription, installments of "The Journal of an Author," a vast miscellany into which he poured his reflections on life and on Russia. Two sections of this journal are included in the small volume just issued under the collective title by John Luce and Co., Boston ($1.25 net): they are "The Dream of a Queer Fellow," a unique Russian Utopia which, in its rather hectic pathos can only be compared with the yearning visions of the Apocryphal New Testament, and the celebrated speech on Pushkin, one of the most striking of Dostoievsky's works, reprinted here with all the original explanatory and supplementary matter which the author added in order to drive his arguments home. Dostoievsky believed that Russia had a divine mission in the world and that she was destined to win civilization back from the false loves of industrialism to the spirit of brotherhood in Christian love. This idea,

illustrated by an analysis of two or three of Pushkin's characters, forms the body of the speech (delivered in 1880). The supplementary matter has an additional and highly personal interest for us Americans, for it is there that he shows the extreme danger of emphasizing civic and institutional as opposed to personal ideals, and thus cutting life into "two halves." Dostoievsky's onslaught on the Russian intellectuals might almost have been written of our own today, had we anyone sufficiently sure of his own moral ground to write it. He found them "the enemies of Russia's organic and independent development upon her own national principles" because, in a spirit of contempt for Russia, they wanted to institutionalize Russian life on the European liberal plan, taking themselves as models, and without reference to the fact that the very programmes they desired to impose had brought Europe to spiritual bankruptcy and the brink of an inevitable world war. Little in Dostoievsky's argument, it is true, can be transposed, point by point, to meet our own situation, partly because, owing to the general unself-consciousness of our life, our own "national principles" are still to seek. We are not yet in a position where with a well-founded assurance we can say to the one, "Humble thyself!" and to the other, "Exalt thyself!" But whatever faith we have tells us that this is only a matter of time. For the interim, to absorb Dostoievsky is to become oneself a seeker, confidently blind only to the false dawn of the self-appointed intellectuals who have solved our problems by denying them.

Somebody some day is going to isolate the collective psychology of the South and analyze it. Then we shall know why it is that our hearts descend into our boots when we glance through a book like "Southern Life in Southern Literature" (Ginn & Co.). Even more than the rest of America the South seems to have had a profound aversion to reality. Is it because the old ruling class was entirely isolated from competing classes with competing interests and ideas? Or because the slave system gave even the poor whites a contempt for work? Or because the Southerners were led by Jefferson and other leaders to assert theoretically a set of democratic principles that the whole structure of their society gave the lie to? Perhaps these inherent contradictions are enough to explain why Southern authors have always instinctively placed between themselves and life a veil of sentimentality. They have always "written well," thanks to a romantic sense of the picturesque added to an eighteenth century tradition of style, but, aside from Poe, of the whole body of writing represented in this book, "Uncle Remus" alone comes to us with any suggestion of elemental power . . . As to the publication of books of this kind, it is easy enough for Northerners to see that Southerners ought not to be encouraged to stew in their own juice. Unfortunately we are all led to do this all the time. The study of English in the universities has raised up a legion of young instructors with a mania for editing. They are not sufficiently free or energetic in their own minds to react in a personal way upon the documents of the past; what they do is to accept those documents, annotate them in the most painstaking way, and give them a new and formidable claim on people's attention. And here as elsewhere competition is our undoing. They have to find something "different" to edit each time,

these young instructors, and the ingenuity with which they set about it is only equalled by the mediocrity of what they find. Surely this is not the least of the vicious circles for which we have to thank our educational system.

Mr. Edwin E. Slosson's "Six Major Prophets" (Little, Brown and Co., $1.50 net) are Shaw, Chesterton, Wells, F.C.S. Schiller, John Dewey and Rudolph Eucken, most of whom, since the war began, have sadly shrunk from the major to the minor category. But what Mr. Slosson means by a major prophet is simply an exceptionally lively human being; —as for their messages, are they not all written in the bond if one is a pragmatist (like Mr. Slosson) and the human beings in question are lively enough? Eucken, one might suppose, would have presented a certain difficulty to Mr. Slosson's tolerant appetite; and perhaps this explains why the founder of Activism, though his point of view is stated with all candor, is handled so much more perfunctorily than Chesterton, who says that pragmatism is "bosh" and is permitted to lollop engagingly over sixty pages notwithstanding. Mr. Slosson exhibits his performing lions with a capital zest. One could only wish that having gone forth in search of prophets, he had had a little more of the pioneer in his own make-up. For there are prophets in the world whose messages have not been popularized and ought to be. The war has yielded already a small but fruitful crop.

Whoever imagines that we have even begun to scotch the old evasive and complacent tradition of the American novel ought to read Ernest Poole's "His Family" (The Macmillan Co., $1.50). It is a book of many qualities, to be sure, but they are precisely the qualities one finds in a Howells novel, essentially reflective not active qualities, not the fruits of a sharp and passionate individual vision of life. They include, in the first place, form, an absolute unity of mood, but the mood, induced by a formula, is sustained by sentimentality. "His Family" is the story of a typical American father, so engrossed in his business that his three daughters have grown up strangers to him and taken their several directions uninfluenced by any common purpose. You feel their lives slipping out of leash, you have a sense of a social chaos in which the most intimate relations are casual, and then Mr. Poole gently herds your mind back again with his recurrent phrases about the familial mystery and its sacramental ties, and you reach the end feeling that the chaos itself has not been irradiated because the author has instinctively subordinated all his characters to a thesis. To straddle American life, to find any sort of continuity in it is hard enough; that is why our novelists are so prone to adopt formulas and make their characters conform to them. But there are already precedents enough to show that our life can only become significant through individuals who are set sharply in relief against the whole inert background of which the family is the most inert element. The novel with the hero, however unsuccessful a hero, offers the most promising opportunity just now. In his group-hero, the family, Mr. Poole has simply been able to cloak his own lack of personal preferences, his own fundamental complacency.

EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR

"When you are becoming discouraged about democracy and its future

visit Bedales." This advice given years ago has led many men and women to keep in touch with a most suggestive experiment station at Petersfield in South England. More than a quarter of a century ago a young Cambridge student, J. H. Badley, came under the influence of Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter and was inspired by them to undertake to work out the forms of democracy in their application to education. Participation in scientific investigation and in constructive work and co-education of the sexes were assumed as foundation principles. The result has been that many of the "new" ideas that have aroused violent controversy elsewhere have been worked out quietly and successfully at this center. At the same time there has never been any break with the best elements in the old education. Latin and Greek have continued to hold an honored place in the work of many of the students who were also concerned in practical studies and problems of productive labor. Few schools have given to their students so much contact with the arts of music, drawing and painting, the festival, dancing and the drama. Wise provision was made from the beginning so that each student would have time and resources for the carrying on of some hobby. These ranged from collecting, garden experimentation and dairying to play and music writing, the study of cathedrals and the excavation and recovery of old Roman villas buried in the neighboring Hampshire fields. It is out of this experience that Mr. Badley, the headmaster, has written "Education After the War" (Longmans, Green and Co.), in which he gives a sensible programme for the schooling of all classes and ages. His discussion of preparation for national service is one of the sanest statements that have appeared on the subject.

F. A. M.

William M. Chase

IN THESE days when Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, and abstract painting have become familiar among us, it is particularly interesting to recall and recognize the importance of the part played by the late William M. Chase in our artistic development. The recent memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was a very sad affair, aesthetically considered, and gave but little idea of the painter's greater work as educator and propagandist.

For Chase alone among our few painters of the seventies had the courage to force the artistic provincialism of America to create the taste by which he was to be enjoyed, and thus prepare the way for greatness greater than his own. Chase was not a great artist, not even a great painter; he was a romantic, spectacular figure of pioneer importance who opened up the untapped artistic consciousness of his countrymen, a typically American product, a publicist-painter of aggressive personality and contagious enthusiasm. And the influence of Chase upon the artistic education of America was, in the main, decidedly beneficent. This I maintain in the face of his own blatant egotism and his many banal canvases.

At the time of his return to New York, after having studied in Munich, the country needed just such a picturesque, forceful figure as his

Middle-Western extraction and his European experience had helped him to fuse himself into being. Although we seek to flatter ourselves to the contrary, there was, nevertheless, absolutely no general interest in art here in America until the later seventies, and only a handful of men of whom it could fairly be said that they even felt painting as a plastic art. Chase appeared, bristling with enthusiasm and an almost aggressive pride in his calling. He brought with him a magnetic dexterity in brushwork, coupled with a broader and more plastic treatment. Also, and this is important, he strongly opposed the taste then prevailing overwhelmingly here in America for painted sentimentalisms. He took to teaching, at the Art Students' League in New York City, later establishing a school of his own; and, because of his great love of externals, his insistence upon realistic presentation, and his own brilliantly effective painting itself, he appealed to the impressionable youth of his country, and soon had a numerous following. A cynic might say that P. T. Barnum missed a great opportunity when he failed to recognize in Chase the supreme prestidigitator. But America took him seriously—the which, I am inclined to believe, was, after all, very fortunate.

Before beginning this note I again examined Chase's canvases in both the Brooklyn and Metropolitan Museums. I did so in the hope of being warmed up to say something sincerely complimentary of Chase as an artist. A realist, to which world-class Chase belongs, may well and fittingly be a great painter, seldom if ever is he a great artist. Rubens was a realist—and something more: his feeling for and powerful execution in figure composition were actually Olympian. Vermeer, a realist of the opposite nature, is worshipped not only for his wonderful painting but also for that inseparable something of intimate reserve which gives his few and small canvases their preciousness and quality. It is as a *painter* that Chase comes nearest to arousing enthusiasm. In his early interiors there is an almost joyous confusion of colorful objects, and a virile facility of handling never excelled by his masters in this genre: Alfred Stevens and Boldini. Although he never made so personal a thing of it, one feels that had he continued in this vein he had it in him successfully to contrast the suave, cynical elegance of Boldini and the textural excellence of the Belgian with something distinctively his own. Instead, he struck off at a tangent with his sensational fish pictures. Herein he could display to the full his skill in conjuring up realistically external representations. It is perhaps not without significance that in these still-life paintings Chase struck his most personal note.

In the painting of portraits Chase was surpassed in his own manner by younger men. Still it is, after all, *his* manner and not theirs; this much at least is to his credit. But his portraits as art even his manner cannot save: they suffer still from Chase's own excessive preoccupation with the externals of life. A glance at almost any Sargent, for instance, will prove what I say. Chase was a shrewd observer, but he lacked that penetration into character—that observation with the inward eye—which is the essential gift of the great portrait painter. The "Woman in Black," owned by the Metropolitan Museum, is Chase's nearest approach to greatness in portraiture and one can see Whistler and Stevens in that. Chase's full-length portrait of Whistler, by the way, is a most amusing example of the influ-

ence of the subtle James upon the robust Chase: even while Chase is trying to paint him as the trifler, the trail of the serpentine Whistler has been allowed to impress itself over all! Of Chase's other and more characteristic portraits some are very ably painted, and most are, no doubt, good likenesses. Of Chase as a colorist one can say nothing. And, despite his many years of painting and teaching, his knowledge of pure form and spacial composition was negligible.

Yet it is inconceivable that there would be here in North America any cultivated public for the works of Manet, Renoir, Degas, or Rodin had not this field been ploughed and harrowed by Chase, had not the taste for it been created by him. Not that this taste finds any of the above-mentioned men to its liking, no; but in its evolution it is slowly progressing toward a more catholic and modernistic attitude. Chase himself, to do him justice, went as far along as a man of his essentially objective vision could possibly go. Yet in his last years he was standing with his back to the wall, futilely striving to shout down the cry for those things for which he himself had quite unconsciously prepared the soil. He had fought long and hard for the recognition of the type of painting of which he was representative; to see it all being swept away in his old age was galling indeed. This accounts for his venomous attacks upon Cézanne and the moderns.

WILLIAM MURRELL.

"Christus": an Italian Photoplay

It was out of Italy that the first long photoplay came, and out of the studio that gives us *Christus*. From the days of *Quo Vadis,* the pioneer, made by this same Cines of Rome, through *Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Othello, Cabiria* and now *Christus,* Italy has given us dignity, solidity, elaboration, visual beauty, a knowledge of what pictorial art had been and a reverence for its place in life and for such kindred matters as literature and the heroic traditions of the stage, added to splendid photography and the best of laboratory work. Some of these excellent things our studios have only just mastered, some are still out of our reach; yet when America sees this newest work of the Italian camera it may well thank the god or the imp of the lens that our own pioneer movie people knew next to nothing of art and the traditions of pictorial beauty. Ignorance kept them close to the possibilities of the thing itself. They studied the new mechanism as they used it, and by trial and error they worked out a technique all their own. The Italians studied the theater, the picture gallery and the art photographer and set up a *menage à trois* in the name of cinema. In a flash they achieved a beauty and a majesty which our people can touch only haltingly today. But in a million flashes, our people have achieved a human expressiveness which is the original and vital technique of a genuinely new art.

The issue is clear. The Italian seeks beauty but not life. He goes to infinite pains to find splendid "locations." He composes fine pictures against them. He lays the verity of Egypt and Jerusalem before us. The desert blooms under his hand. The hills of Judea render up vista after vista of inspiration. Joseph and Mary go into a misty desert where moonlight is moonlight and not some blue-

print of a sunny scene. The beauties of Gethsemane are shadowed ineffably with the peace of that last night. But is the reality of Asia Minor—only a few days' cruise from Italy—more thrilling art than the illusion of Asia Minor in Southern California, ten thousand miles away? And can the beauties of desert and moonlight and Jerusalem's tunnelled streets make us see Christ, when they hold only pantomimic rehearsals of the most obvious episodes?

Comparisons with Griffith and his Christ story in *Intolerance* are inevitable. Griffith gave us the scenes that we expected and without which Christ could not live for us; but he gave us a score of things beside, that are far more necessary to a belief in his life. Griffith humanized the tale. He was not content to show us Christ in Jerusalem; he showed us Jerusalem itself. He gave us the busy streets. We glimpsed a wood-turner at work on the edge of the crowd. In a "close-up" of splendid composition, we were suddenly face to face with an animal-trapper from the desert. Another "long shot" at the street showed us a Pharisee halted for prayer; and then through "leader," "close-up" and "long shot" we learned that when a Pharisee prayed he demanded silence and immobility; and wood-turner and trapper and diner ceased from their occupations while the Pharisee talked to Jehovah. Christ could be a man as well as a God against such a background. He could sit with publicans and sinners and visit the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, make miracles and forgive sins; and be believed.

But what of this *Christus?* A lengthy "leader" tells us what he is about to do. Amid a throng of well-composed but quite undistinguishable actors, he goes through the motions of which we have just read. Then comes another "leader" and another event, both some months or miles away. If the director has a thrilling bit like the stoning of the woman taken in adultery, he puts a "leader" on the screen which gives at one and the same time Christ's injunction—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," and his subsequent admonition to the woman, "Go, and sin no more." Then he shows us a distant group in which the actor playing Christ goes through the facial motions of reproving the multitude, and, turning to Mary, repeats the operation for what we must presume to be the second group of words on the screen. Who can forget Griffith's handling of the woman; her litter in the street, the curious populace, the sanctimonious elders shaking their skirts in reprobation; later Christ sitting in the arch of the building and the approach of the mob pursuing the woman; his protection of her, the abashed faces of the crowd; the "leader": "he that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her"; the missiles falling from unnerved fingers, the crowd withdrawing; then, and not till then, the second "leader": "go and sin no more," prepared and followed by pictures which held a consolation in the very grace of their composition?

The Italian director pays Christ what he doubtless considers the respect of aloofness of almost no "close-ups," no "flash backs," no "dissolves," and he ends by making this *Christus* and his story the usual, unhuman recitation of facts with which Sunday school scholars are familiar. He doesn't realize our longing for detail, for a multitudinous reconstruction of the time and the people, for all the magicking of the movies that makes a delicately composed reality in which our imaginations can live and thrive.

Is it really reverence after all?

Count Antamaro, who made the film, might be excused his deadly distance from Christ's reality by the plea that he is treating Christ as all our painters and statue makers and best preachers have treated him—avoiding any of the humanizing contact which he so loved. Perhaps that is part of the explanation; it is certainly a natural and easy part of the whole Italian cinema method. But what can one say of the trick photography with which the director has larded his film? If it is respect to show Christ vanishing from before the eyes of the man he has just healed; if it is reverence to pile a "disappearing act" upon a spot-light and "double-printed" version of the walking on the water; if it is truth to a religious narrative to whisk Christ off into thin air as he scatters the money-changers from the temple steps, then give me impudence and the "close-up." It just happens that the American method, making Christ live against the background of his time, also reveals the message which he brought.

There is one by-product of the Italian worship of art that is worth further comment. It is the marvelous reconstruction—proudly heralded on the programme—of half a dozen famous paintings during the action of *Christus*. Fra Angelico's Annunciation, Correggio's Nativity, Leonardo's Last Supper bring a real power to those moments in the film, because the director has borrowed, through them, the intuitions and the technique of great artists. It is not, however, a field in which our American directors are behindhand. William Christy Cabanne, who is more than likely to know the word Dégas when he hears it, introduced Diane of the Follies by giving a steep-pitched wide-angle view of the lady against her dressing-room floor and a mirror. Scores of Metropolitan masterpieces supply the few virtues of Herbert Brenon. Rembrandt furnishes characterizing light and shade to the studios of Thomas H. Ince. Alan Dwan knows Vermeer. It may be humility or it may be disingenuousness which guides our directors in not announcing on the screen the source of their inspiration. At any rate, it is good sense. It keeps illusion. Our directors must learn to use art as it should be used—a source-book to be stolen from until they can make their own. Reverence for old masters or anything else except life and its appropriate expression is of little use when a new art is in the making.

Reverence is the ruin of *Christus*. Reverence for the formulas of art instead of its creative spirit; and so reverence for the attitudes of religion instead of its actualities. There was more of Christ in the few minutes that D. W. Griffith gave him out of the mad scramble of *Intolerance* than in all the two hours and a quarter of *Christus*, just as there is more of life in the hurried, shifting gaucheries of American movies than in all the studied, traditional beauties of Italian films.

And that is because there is an imperative humanity in the American movie technique which the Italians' cultured reverence for pictorial art cannot touch.

Kenneth MacGowan.

This Unpopular War

By John Reed

IT was one of those moist, stifling summer nights they have in Washington. After a perfect dinner we adjourned to the library and peeled off our coats, for comfort's sake. The butler brought ice, siphons and tall glasses, and things to smoke.

There were four or five of us; myself the stranger, and the others, clever youngsters a year or so out of college, now doing volunteer work on the Munitions Board, Hoover's Food Administration, or one of the innumerable sub-committees of the Council of National Defense.

They were well enough off to be able to do war work in Washington. None of them had had any real experience of competition for existence. Their minds inclined more to psychology and literary criticism than to political expediency. They had accepted the war and conscription as steps in the working out of a political theory whereby brains would ultimately rule mankind. Let me add that each was prepared to "do his bit," even to the extent of dying for his country. One was going to enlist in the aviation corps; the others thought they would be more serviceable in advisory or organizing positions than in the trenches.

"No one of any intelligence," one boy was saying, "thinks the war is popular.

"The other night a bunch of us dined together—Joe and George and Newton, some of the War Department men, and a few of the big business men in the sub-committees of the Council of National Defense.

"We wanted to think up a 'talking point,' as drummers call it, to 'sell the war.' For three solid hours we sat there cudgelling our brains, but we couldn't think of a single reason not patently a lie which was important enough to excite the patriotism of the man on the street. Of course our own reasons were sufficient, but for an advertising campaign they are much too—well, 'highbrow.' "

The aviation enthusiast spoke up, lying on his back and blowing expensive cigar smoke at the ceiling.

"Do you know what is needed? Only one thing—the same that did the trick for England. Casualties. At first it was impossible to interest the English masses in the war; they could not be made to see that it was their affair. But when the lists of dead, wounded, mutilated, began to come back—and, by the way, England ought to be grateful for the German atrocities—then hatred of the Germans began to soak into the whole people from the families of the wounded and the dead. This social anger is patriotism—for war purposes.

"If I had the job of popularizing this war, I would begin by sending three or four thousand American soldiers to certain death. That would wake the country up."

Now if this young man could wake up America by the simple process of immolating himself, I think he would not hesitate to play Curtius—although he has no romantic illusions, and would only be playing upon public sentimentalism to accomplish a highly rational end. However, he knows well that nothing he could do—even if action were not foreign to his temperament—would stir the American people in the slightest degree. The only thing which *would* stir them is pain, grief, a sense of unutterable loss. So, for our own good, let's slaughter several thousand boys.

Life is cheap now, and if by destroying some thousands of young men—less than a day's toll on the world's battle-lines—one clear step could be taken toward the freedom of mankind, I know where to find men for the job—and not conscripts,

either. But to be compelled or to be lured by cheap extravagances into furthering political theories too complicated or too subtle to fire the mass of the people, seems to me the same old undemocratic string-pulling which set Europe aflame.

I spent a year and a half in the various countries and on the various battle-fronts, visiting all the belligerent capitals and seeing action on five fronts. One of my best friends has accused me of not grasping the significance of the war, of not being impressed with the tremendous human contrasts of this universal cataclysm. He says I went over there with the fixed socialist idea that the capitalistic ruling classes had cynically and with malice prepense tricked their people into war; and that I refused to see anything else.

I admit I went abroad with an idea, and that my idea *was* substantially that. Everybody had at least one theory at the beginning of the war. But I was soon disillusioned; I found that the various peoples were not reasonable enough to make trickery necessary—even the socialists and anti-militarists shedding their beliefs like old skins when the colors and the drums swept down the street.

I'm afraid I never did properly understand the drama and the glory of this war. It seemed to me, those first few weeks coming up through France, as if I would never get out of my mind again those beflowered troop trains full of laughing, singing boys — the class of 1914 — bound so gaily, unthinkingly to the front. And then Paris—not stern, stoical, heroic, as the reporters all described it; but sick with fear, full of civilian panic, its citizens trampling down women and children in their wild rush to get on the trains for the South.

I saw so many ugly things—rich people putting their handsome houses under the protection of the Red Cross, and later when the Germans had retreated to the Aisne, withdrawing them. Small tradesmen making money out of things needed by the soldiers. Little political fights between the military medical corps and the Red Cross, whereby thou-

sands of beds in the city were vacant, and the wounded died lying out on the cobbles in the rain at Vitry.

Against that, what? A nation rising *en masse* to repel invasion, but without much stomach for a slaughter most people, I think, felt to be utterly stupid and useless. The flags, the emptiness, the spy-crazes, the wild-eyed women, the German aeroplanes dully dropping bombs from overhead into the streets. The shock, and then the slow inevitable dislocation of ordinary life, the growing tension. Later on, the one-armed, one-legged, the men gone mad from shell-fire; in side streets the lengthening lines of wretched poor at the public kitchens.

The battle of the Marne was something to go wild with delight about—but by that time there was no one left in Paris to celebrate. Decked with thousands of flags, the city lay smiling vapidly in the bright sunlight, her streets empty, her nights black. There were no glorious tidings, no heroism, no tolling bells and public rejoicings. Those things cease to be when the whole of a nation's manhood is drained into the trenches. There is no such thing as heroism when millions of men face the most ghastly death in such a spirit as the armies of Europe have faced it these three years. Millions of heroes! It makes military courage the cheapest thing in the world.

Why is it I saw this kind of thing? I tried to see the picturesque, the dramatic, the human; but to me all was drab, and all those millions of men were become cogs in a senseless and uninteresting machine. It was the same on the field. I saw a good deal of the battle of the Marne, I was with the French north of Amiens during the beginning of trench warfare. Almost always it was the same mechanical business. At first we were curious to know what new ways of fighting had been evolved; but the novelty soon wore off, as it did to the soldiers in the trenches.

At the battle of the Marne I spent the evening with some

British transport soldiers at the little village of Crécy, in sound of the great guns stabbing the dark away off to the north. These "Tommies"—why had they gone to war? Well, they didn't rightly know, except that Bill was going, and they wanted to get away from home for a spell, and the pay was good.

Along about October first, 1914, I had to stay the night in Calais, and out of sheer loneliness found my way finally to the town's one and only "joint," where there was liquor, song and girls. The place was packed with soldiers and sailors, some of them on leave from the front. I fell into conversation with one *poilu,* who told me with great pride that he was a socialist,—and an internationalist too. He had been guarding German prisoners, and waxed enthusiastic as he told me what splendid fellows they were,—all socialists too.

"Look here," I said. "If you belonged to the International why did you go to war?"

"Because," he said, turning his clear eyes upon me, "because France was invaded."

"But the Germans claim that you invaded Germany."

"Yes," he answered gravely, "I know they do say that. The prisoners tell me. Well, perhaps it is true. We were probably both invaded. . . . "

London, plastered with enormous signs, "Your King and Country Need You! Enlist for the War Only!" In all open spaces, knots of young men drilling—bank-clerks, stock-brokers, university and public school men, the middle and upper middle classes; for at this time the workers and the East End were not interested in the war. The first Expeditionary Force had been wiped off the face of the earth coming down from Mons; England was getting mad, at the top, and "Kitchener's Mob" was forming.

The great masses of the people of England knew little about the war and cared less. Yet it was up to them to fight, volunteer or conscript. Business and manufacturing concerns

began to discharge their employees of military age, and a patriotic black-list saw to it that they got no other work; it was "Enlist or starve." I remember seeing a line of huge trucks sweep through Trafalgar Square, full of youths and placarded "Harrods' Gift to the Empire." The men inside were clerks in Harrods' Stores, and they were being driven to the recruiting station.

There were other things in London which nauseated one. The great limousines going down to the City of a morning with recruiting appeals on their wind-shields, and overfed, overdressed men and women sitting comfortably inside. The articles for sale in the shops, with the "Made in Germany" signs torn off and new cards affixed, "Made in England"; the Rhine and Moselle wines they served in restaurants, their labels painted out, the immensely snobbish Red Cross benefit concerts and dances that made the fall of 1914 "London's gayest autumn."

All the talk of "German militarism," and "the rights of small nations," and "Kaiserism must go"—how sickening to know that the rulers of England really did not believe these pious epithets and platitudes! It was only the great masses of simple folk who were asked to give their lives because "Belgium was invaded," and the "scrap of paper" torn up. Just as in this our own country, where persons of intelligence cannot help smiling—or weeping—when President Wilson talks of American "democracy," and the "democracy" America champions in this war.

Berlin was less patently charged with hypocrisy, as one might expect; for Berlin had been getting ready for this for years. There was less need for advertising than there was in either London or Paris—the Germans had less differences of opinion about the war. And yet to see those hundreds of thousands of gray automatons caught inevitably and irreparably in that merciless machine, hurled down across Belgium in mile-wide, endless rivers, and poured against the

scarps of death-rimmed fortresses in close-marching battalions, was more horrible than what I saw in other countries.

Will anyone now dare to claim that the German people were told the truth about the war, or even told anything to speak of? No. The whole nation was sent to the trenches, without opportunity to know, to object, a little more ruthlessly than other nations—except Russia.

I was at the German front, where men stood up to their hips in water, covered with lice, and fired at anything which moved behind a mud-bank eighty yards away. They were the color of mud, their teeth chattered incessantly, and every night some of them went mad. In the space between the trenches, forty yards away, was a heap of bodies left over from the last French charge; the wounded had died out there, without any effort being made to rescue them; and now they were slowly but surely sinking into the soft mud, burying themselves. At this place the soldiers spent three days in the trenches and six days resting back of the lines at Comines, where the government furnished beer, women and a circulating library.

I asked those mud-colored men, leaning against the wet mud-bank in the rain, behind their little steel shields, and firing at whatever moved,—who were their enemies? They stared at me uncomprehendingly. I explained that I wanted to know who lay opposite them, in those pits eighty yards away. They didn't know—whether English, French or Belgians, they had not the slightest idea. And they didn't care. It was Something that Moved—that was enough.

Along the thousand-mile Russian front I saw thousands of young giants, unarmed, unequipped, and often unfed, ordered to the front to stop the German advance with clubs, with their defenseless bodies. If anyone thinks the Russian masses wanted this war, he has only to put his ear to the ground these days when the Russian masses are breaking their age-long silence, and hear the approaching rumble of peace.

No one will ever describe the unimaginable brutality of the old-time Russian military system, through whose machinery went Russia's young men. I have seen an officer on the street of Petrograd knock in the teeth of a soldier who didn't salute with just the proper amount of servility. Soldiers were treated like animals, as a matter of course. To the Russian peasant, what harm was in the Japanese, the Persian, the Turk, the Austrian, or the Prussian—before whose cannon his body crumpled down in alien lands far from his pleasant home? What care he if Serbia were invaded by Austria—or Belgium by the Germans? Hear him now, in those simple tones so exasperating to the "democracies" of the west:

"No annexations, no indemnities."

"Every people has a right to dictate its own form of government."

In Serbia, I was struck first by the unbelievable damage wrought by war and pestilence among a race of "still unbroken men"; and secondly, by the evidences of the network of intrigue in which the great powers had enmeshed the rulers of Serbia, driving straight to war. One young Serbian told me how the plot to kill the Austrian archduke had been formed, and how the Serbian government tolerated the conspiracy, and all about the money paid by the Russian minister. It is no secret that the Serbian peasant, when called to arms to protect his beloved country against the Magyar hordes, was not enlightened about what had gone on between Premier Pashitch and Vienna, and Petrograd.

Happily, I was in Bulgaria when she was forced into the war by her king and German diplomacy; and I had an opportunity to study a modern nation in the act of tricking its people. For seven out of the thirteen political parties in Bulgaria, representing a majority of the people, were against going to war, and through their regularly appointed delegates conveyed their position to the king, demanding the calling of parliament. But the king, the ministers and the

military authorities responded by suddenly decreeing mobilization,—with a stroke of the pen converting a nation into an army—and from that moment all communication between citizens, all protest, ceased—or was choked in blood.

I could go on telling of Italy, of Roumania, of Belgium under the Germans, how everywhere I saw the one main fact, repeated over and over again, that this was not a war of the peoples, that the masses in the different countries had, and have, no motive in continuing the struggle except defense, and revenge; and that even now the millions of men on all the fronts would stop fighting, lay down their arms and go home, at a word of command.

In the cities, especially in the capitals of the fighting countries, there is bitterness, hatred for the enemy, which has been slowly distilled from the grief of those who have lost their dear ones—or their property. The farther from the firing line, the stronger is the animosity. But in the trenches themselves there is almost none. Men are too busy fighting to hate. Hatred, after all, is an emotion only possible for the mass of people to sustain if they are idle, with nothing to occupy their minds but the sense of wrong. At the front there is grim cheerfulness, and potting the enemy is a sort of game. Almost everywhere there is some human communication between the trenches, sometimes—like the Christmas truce of the first winter, the hurling of newspapers and gibes from trench to trench, the morning armistice for breakfast. . . . Watch a German soldier, or a British Tommy, when prisoners come by; the conqueror usually goes out of his way to be decent, to supply the enemy with food, or tobacco, or bandages. There is little personal feeling left toward the enemy, at the front. It is a job to do, that's all. . . . God help the boys in the other trench who've got to do it.

Perhaps the most significant thing I noticed in Europe was the stubborn persistence of internationalism, in spite of the

war. Especially in those neutral countries between belligerents was it so. There citizens of enemy countries met in natural friendly communion, bound a little closer, it seemed to me, by the blind grapple of their fatherlands. It was wonderful to perceive by a thousand signs the truth that internationalism is an instinct in mankind. In Holland I have seen even British and German interned soldiers, who could not speak each other's language, fraternizing; while in Switzerland, and in far Roumania, Germans and Frenchmen met to talk the business out, and pledge each other a deeper friendship.

Soon it will be hard for us in America to realize that we ever had German friends, or ever will have them. The casualty lists of the great conscript army will begin to come in, and what my scientific young friend in Washington described will begin to happen to us; we will begin to hate,—"the social anger that is patriotism." Already we've had a taste of what will come, a thousand times intensified, in the beating of "pacifists" by soldiers and sailors—and in arbitrary arrests and suppressions by the police everywhere. It is getting to be as much as a man's liberty is worth to say that this is not a popular war, and that we are not going democratically about "making the world safe for democracy."

Yet both those things are true. In all the nations of the world—even including Germany—this war was not a popular war; nor is there one place left on the face of the globe where the government has dared to put it up to the fighting men whether they would begin the war, and having begun it, whether they will fight on. In all these embattled nations, whose proud crests just now flaunt in chief the word *Democracy,* a small class of immensely wealthy people own the country, while an enormous mass of workers are poor. Belgium, the ravished innocent among nations, was in times of peace the cruellest industrial oligarchy in Europe, with the poorest, most exploited people. And it was this laboring proletariat

which was thrown against the might of imperial Germany, to defend its masters.

Now comes our turn. Now millions of young American men are to go to Europe and kill Germans or be killed, in the name of "democracy." Most of these young men are workers, who may or may not know that their employers' patriotism never prevented them from squeezing the ultimate energy from "factory fodder." They may or may not realize that political power without economic power makes "democracy" a hollow sham. It may perhaps have occurred to them that the democratic way to make war is to ask the consent of those who are to do the fighting.

It will be said that it is easy to complain of the "undemocratic" methods of our government—but what was to be done? I think President Wilson could have stopped and asked almost any man he met on the street—he would have told him that.

Here is the way I diagnose the common man's attitude. At the outbreak of the war he felt pretty neutral as between the two belligerents. Later on his sympathies swung to the Entente cause—but never strongly enough to persuade him to bleed and die for it. Certainly, whether you like it or not, Wilson was elected because "he kept us out of war."

The common man's programme was this. His conscience hurt him a little at the shipping of arms and ammunition to Europe—or anyway, he felt that it was unfair. He would have cheerfully embargoed our munitions export trade. He thought Americans had no business travelling in the war-zone, any more than playing tag in a pest-house and he was all for warning them to keep out of there, or anyway, to keep off the vessels of belligerent nations. Compulsory military service he regarded as distinctly un-American, to say the least.

I don't say this frame of mind lasted three years, with the entire press, the churches, the universities, the banks and business agencies all screaming one endless chorus of fear

and hatred, overwhelmingly unanimous. No, he couldn't stick it out; pretty soon he simply threw up his horny hands and began to believe that the Allies were right and all the autocracy was in Berlin. But nevertheless, the simple ideas I have outlined above were the common man's reactions to the war; and I think that if he'd been consulted about what to do, the course of American history would have been changed. Anyway, the common man's cerebrations seem to me a perfectly valid, sensible and wise comment on the war.

The thesis of our "intellectuals" is, of course, that common men are unfit for self-government. I'll admit there is justification for that belief. For without their active desire, and even against their dawning understanding, the so-called self-governing peoples of the world allowed themselves to be hurled into war upon each other; and in countries whose very reason for existence was detestation of tyranny, forcible military service and military coercion were accepted almost without protest. Still, it seems a little shameful that this more or less obedient, more or less dumb mass of creatures, whose feeling about the war was characteristic and self-evident, should have been made to betray its own will—and that by clever juggling—from above; and even then not asked whether it would or no.

In the exclusive club to which I belong, a group of Plattsburghers were sitting at cocktail time, one day just before the President read his war message in Congress. The papers said that the Germans had torpedoed another American ship, and that American citizens had been drowned.

"It's true," one youth was drawling, "that they have been destroying our ships and killing our citizens—but I must confess that my ardor was somewhat dampened when I read that one of the victims was a negro. . . . "

The Collapse of American Strategy

By Randolph Bourne

IN the absorbing business of organizing American participation in the war, public opinion seems to be forgetting the logic of that participation. It was for the purpose of realizing certain definite international ideals that the American democracy consented to be led into war. The meeting of aggression seemed to provide the immediate pretext, but the sincere intellectual support of the war came from minds that hoped ardently for an international order that would prevent a recurrence of world-war. Our action they saw as efficacious toward that end. It was almost wholly upon this ground that they justified it and themselves. The strategy which they suggested was very carefully worked out to make our participation count heavily toward the realization of their ideals. Their justification and their strategy alike were inseparably bound up with those ideals. It was implicit in their position that any alteration in the ideals would affect the strategy and would cast suspicion upon their justification. Similarly any alteration in the strategy would make this liberal body of opinion suspicious of the devotion of the Government to those ideals, and would tend to deprive the American democracy of any confident morale it might have had in entering the war. The American case hung upon the continued perfect working partnership of ideals, strategy and morale.

In the eyes of all but the most skeptical radicals, Amer-

ican entrance into the war seemed to be marked by a singularly perfect union of these three factors. The President's address to Congress on April 2, supported by the December Peace note and the principles of the famous Senate address, gave the Government and American "liberalism" an apparently unimpeachable case. A nation which had resisted for so long a time the undertow of war, which had remained passive before so many provocations and incitements, needed the clearest assurance of unselfish purpose to carry it through the inevitable chaos and disillusionment of adopting a war-technique. That moment seemed to give this assurance. But it needed not only a clear, but a steady and unwavering assurance. It had to see day by day, in each move of war-policy which the Administration made, an unmistakable step toward the realization of the ideals for which the American people had consented to come into the war. American hesitation was overcome only by an apparently persuasive demonstration that priceless values of civilization were at stake. The American people could only be prevented from relapsing into their first hesitation, and so demoralizing the conduct of the war, by the sustained conviction that the Administration and the Allied governments were fighting single-mindedly for the conservation of those values. It is therefore pertinent to ask how this conviction has been sustained and how accurately American strategy has been held to the justifying of our participation in the war. It is pertinent to ask whether the prevailing apathy may not be due to the progressive weakening of the assurance that our war is being in any way decisive in the securing of the values for which we are presumably fighting.

It will not be forgotten that the original logic of American participation hung primarily upon the menace of Germany's renewed submarine campaign. The case for America's entrance became presumably irresistible only when the safety of the British Commonwealth and of the Allies and neutrals

who use the Atlantic highway was at stake. American liberal opinion had long ago decided that the logic of our moral neutrality had passed. American isolation was discredited as it became increasingly evident how urgent was our duty to participate in the covenant of nations which it was hoped would come out of the settlement. We were bound to contribute our resources and our good-will to this enterprise. Our position made it certain that however we acted we should be the deciding factor. But up to February first, 1917, it was still an arguable question in the minds of "liberals" whether we could best make that contribution through throwing in our lot with the more pacific nations or by continuing a neutrality benevolent toward their better cause. For this benevolent neutrality, however strained, was still endurable, particularly when supplemented by the hope of mediation contained in the "peace without victory" manœuvres and the principles of the Senate speech.

This attempt to bring about a negotiated peace, while the United States was still nominally neutral, but able to bring its colossal resources against the side which refused to declare its terms, marked the highwater level of American strategy.

For a negotiated peace, achieved before either side had reached exhaustion and the moral disaster was not irremediable, would have been the most hopeful possible basis for the covenant of nations. And the United States, as the effective agent in such a negotiated peace and as the most powerful neutral, might have assumed undisputed leadership in such a covenant.

The strategy of "peace without victory" failed because of the refusal of Germany to state her terms. The war went on from sheer lack of a common basis upon which to work out a settlement. American strategy then involved the persistent pressure of mediation. The submarine menace, however, suddenly forced the issue. The safety of the seas, the whole Allied cause, seemed suddenly in deadly peril. In

the emergency benevolent neutrality collapsed. Liberal opinion could find no other answer to the aggression than war. In the light of the sequel those radicals who advocated a policy of "armed neutrality" seem now to have a better case. For American action obtained momentum from the imminence of the peril. The need was for the immediate guarantee of food and ships to the menaced nations and for the destruction of the attacking submarines. "Armed neutrality" suggested a way of dealing promptly and effectively with the situation. The providing of loans, food, ships, convoys, could ostensibly have taken place without a declaration of war, and without developing the country's morale or creating a vast military establishment. It was generally believed that time was the decisive factor. The decision for war has therefore meant an inevitable and perhaps fatal course of delay. It was obvious that with our well-known unpreparedness of administrative technique, the lack of co-ordination in industry, and the unreadiness of the people and Congress for coercion, war meant the practical postponement of action for months. In such an emergency that threatened us, our only chance to serve was in concentrating our powers. Until the disorganization inherent in a pacific democracy was remedied, our only hope of effective aid would come from focussing the country's energies on a ship and food programme, supplemented by a naval programme devised realistically to the direct business at hand. The war could be most promptly ended by convincing the German government that the submarine had no chance of prevailing against the endless American succor which was beginning to raise the siege and clear the seas.

The decision, however, was for war, and for a "thorough" war. This meant the immediate throwing upon the national machinery of far more activity than it could handle. It meant attaching to a food and ship programme a military programme, a loan programme, a censorship programme. All

these latter have involved a vast amount of advertising, of agitation, of discussion, and dissension. The country's energies and attention have been drained away from the simple exigencies of the situation and from the technique of countering the submarine menace and ending the war. Five months have passed since the beginning of unrestricted submarine warfare. We have done nothing to overcome the submarine. The food and ship programmes are still unconsolidated. The absorption of Congress and the country in the loan and the conscript army and the censorship has meant just so much less absorption in the vital and urgent technique to provide which we entered the war. The country has been put to work at a vast number of activities which are consonant to the abstract condition of war, but which may have little relation to the particular situation in which this country found itself and to the particular strategy required. The immediate task was to prevent German victory in order to restore the outlines of our strategy toward a negotiated peace. War has been impotent in that immediate task. Paradoxically, therefore, our very participation was a means of weakening our strategy. We have not overcome the submarine or freed the Atlantic world. Our entrance has apparently made not a dent in the morale of the German people. The effect of our entrance, it was anticipated by liberals, would be the shortening of the war. Our entrance has rather tended to prolong it. Liberals were mistaken about the immediate collapse of the British Commonwealth. It continued to endure the submarine challenge without our material aid. We find ourselves, therefore, saddled with a war-technique which has compromised rather than furthered our strategy.

This war-technique compromises the outlines of American strategy because instead of making for a negotiated peace it has had the entirely unexpected result of encouraging those forces in the Allied countries who desire "la victoire intégrale," the "knockout blow." In the President's war-mes-

sage the country was assured that the principles of the negotiated peace remained quite unimpaired. The strategy that underlay this, it will be remembered, was to appeal to the Teutonic peoples over the heads of their rulers with terms so liberal that the peoples would force their governments to make peace. The strategy of the American government was, while prosecuting the war, to announce its war-aims and to persuade the Allies to announce their war-aims in such terms as would split the peoples of the Central Powers from their governments, thus bringing more democratic regimes that would provide a fruitful basis for a covenant of nations. We entered the war with no grievances of our own. It was our peculiar role to continue the initiative for peace, both by unmistakably showing our own purpose for a just peace based on some kind of international organization and by wielding a steady pressure on the Entente governments to ratify our programme. If we lost this initiative for peace, or if we were unable or unwilling to press the Entente toward an unmistakable liberalism, our strategy broke down and our justification for entering the war became seriously impaired. For we could then be charged with merely aiding the Entente's ambiguous scheme of European re-organization.

The success of this strategy of peace depended on a stern disavowal of the illiberal programmes of groups within the Allied countries and a sympathetic attitude toward the most democratic programmes of groups within the enemy Powers. Anything which weakened either this disavowal or this sympathy would imperil our American case. As potential allies in this strategy the American government had within the enemies' gates the followers of Scheidemann who said at the last sitting of the Reichstag: "If the Entente Powers should renounce all claims for annexation and indemnity and if the Central Powers should insist on continuing the war, a revolution will certainly result in Germany." It is not inconceivable that the American government and the German social-

ists had at the back of their minds the same kind of a just peace. The fact that the German socialists were not opposing the German government did not mean that any peace move in which the former were interested was necessarily a sinister Hohenzollern intrigue. The bitterest enemies of Hollweg were not the radicals but the Pan-Germans themselves. It is they who were said to be circulating manifestoes through the army threatening revolution unless their programme of wholesale annexations is carried out. Whatever liberal reservoir of power there is in Germany, therefore, remains in the socialist ranks. If there is any chance of liberal headway against the sinister Pan-German campaign it is through this nucleus of liberal power. American strategy, if it has to find a liberal leverage in Germany, will have to choose the socialist group as against the Pan-Germans. It is not absolutely necessary to assume that the support of the Chancellor by the socialist majority is permanent. It is unplausible that the Scheidemann group co-operates with the Government for peace merely to consolidate the Junker and military class in power after the war. It is quite conceivable that the socialist majority desires peace in order to have a safe basis for a liberal overturn. Revolution, impossible while the Fatherland is in danger, becomes a practicable issue as soon as war is ended. A policy of aiding the Government in its pressure toward peace, in order to be in a tactical position to control the Government when the war-peril was ended, would be an extremely astute piece of statesmanship. There is no evidence that the German socialists are incapable of such farsighted strategy. Certainly the "German peace" of a Scheidemann is bound to be entirely different from the "German peace" of a Hindenburg. This difference is one of the decisive factors of the American strategy. To ignore it is to run the risk of postponing and perhaps obstructing the settlement of the war.

It is these considerations that make the refusal of passports

to the American socialists seem a serious weakening of the American strategy. A conference of responsible socialists from the different countries might have clarified the question how far a Russian peace or a Scheidemann peace differed from the structure of a Wilson peace. By denying American participation in the conference, the Administration apparently renounced the opportunity to make contact with liberal leverage in Germany. It refused to take that aggressive step in cleaving German opinion which was demanded by its own strategy. It tended to discourage liberal opinion in Germany and particularly it discouraged the Russian democracy which was enthusiastic for a socialist conference.

This incident was symptomatic of the lessened adjustment which the Administration has shown toward the changing situation. It was the hope of the American liberals who advocated American entrance into the war that this country would not lose thereby its initiative for peace. They believed that our entrance would make our mediating power actually stronger. That hope has been disappointed through the unexpected radicalism of the new Russian government. The initiative for peace was bound to lie with the people that most wanted peace and was willing to make the most peremptory demands upon the Allied governments that they state the war-aims that would bring it. This tactic was an integral part of the original American strategy. The American liberals trusted the President to use American participation as an instrument in liberalizing the war-aims of all the Allied governments. In the event, however, it has not been America that has wanted peace sufficiently to be peremptory about it. It has been Russia. The initiative for peace has passed from President Wilson into the hands of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. It is the latter who have brought the pressure to declare democratic war-aims. It is their dissatisfaction with the original Allied statement that has brought these new, if scarcely more satisfactory, declarations.

In this discussion between the Governments regarding the restatement of war-aims, it was not upon Russia's side that this country found itself. The President's note to Russia had all the tone of a rebuke. It sounded like the reaction of a Government which—supposedly itself the leader in the campaign for a just peace—found itself uncomfortably challenged to state its own sincerity. The key to our American strategy has been surrendered to Russia. The plain fact is that the President has lost that position of leader which a Russian candor would have retained for him.

What is more serious is that the note to Russia implied not only his loss of the initiative for a negotiated peace but even the desire for it. "The day has come when we must conquer or submit." This has a very strange ring coming from a President who in his very war-message still insisted that he had not altered in any way the principles of his "peace without victory" note. The note to Russia did not attempt to explain how "peace without victory" was to be reconciled with "conquer or submit," nor has any such explanation been forthcoming. The implication is that the entire strategy of the negotiated peace has passed out of American hands into those of Russia, and that this country is committed to the new strategy of the "knockout blow." If this is true, then we have the virtual collapse of the strategy, and with it the justification, of our entrance into the war.

Whether American strategy has changed or not, the effect upon opinion in the Allied countries seems to be as if it had. Each pronouncement of America's war-aims is received with disconcerting unanimity in England, France and Italy as ratifying their own aspirations and policies. Any hint that Allied policies disagree with ours is received with marked disfavor by our own loyal press. When we entered the war, the Allied aims stood as stated in their reply to the President's December note. This reply was then interpreted by American liberals as a diplomatic programme of maximum de-

mands. They have therefore called repeatedly upon the President to secure from the Allied governments a resolution of the ambiguities and a revision of the more extreme terms, in order that we might make common cause with them toward a just peace. In this campaign the American liberals have put themselves squarely on the side of the new Russia, which has also clamored for a clear and liberal statement of what the war is being fought for. Unfortunately the Administration has been unable or unwilling to secure from the Allies any such resolution or revision. The Russian pressure has elicited certain statements, which, however, proved little more satisfactory to the Russian radicals than the original statement. Our own war-aims have been stated in terms as ambiguous and unsatisfactory as those of the Allies. Illiberal opinion in the other countries has not been slow in seizing upon President Wilson's pronouncements as confirming all that their hearts could wish. Most significant has been the satisfaction of Italian imperialistic opinion, the most predatory and illiberal force in any Allied country. The President has done nothing to disabuse Italian minds of their belief. He has made no disavowal of the Allied reactionary ratification. The sharp divergence of interpretation between the Allied governments and the Russian radicals persists. In lieu of any clear statement to the contrary, opinion in the Allied countries has good ground for believing that the American government will back up whatever of their original programme can be carried through. Particularly is this true after the President's chiding of Russia. The animus behind the enthusiasm for Pershing in France is the conviction that American force will be the decisive factor in the winning back of Alsace-Lorraine. It is no mere sentimental pleasure at American alliance. It is an immense stiffening of the determination to hold out to the uttermost, to the "peace with victory" of which Ribot speaks. Deluded France carries on the war to complete exhaustion on the strength of the Amer-

ican millions who are supposedly rushing to save her. The immediate effect of American participation in England and Italy as well has been an intense will to hold out not for the "peace without victory" but "pour la victoire intégrale," for the conquest so crushing that Germany will never be feared again.

Now the crux of American strategy was the liberalization of Allied policy in order that that peace might be obtained which was a hopeful basis for a League of Nations. American participation has evidently not gone one inch toward liberalizing the Allies. We are further from the negotiated peace than we were in December, though the only change in the military and political situation is the Russian revolution which immensely increased the plausibility of that peace. As Allied hope of victory grows, the covenant of nations fades into the background. And it is Allied hope of victory that our participation has inflamed and augmented.

The President's Flag Day address marks without a doubt the collapse of American strategy. That address, coupled with the hints of "effective readjustments" in the note to Russia, implies that America is ready to pour out endless blood and treasure, not to the end of a negotiated peace, but to the utter crushing of the Central Powers, to their dismemberment and political annihilation. The war is pictured in that address as a struggle to the death against the military empire of Mittel-Europa. The American role changes from that of mediator in the interest of international organization to that of formidable support to the breaking of this menace to the peace and liberty of Europe. It will be remembered that American liberals interpreted our entrance into the war as primarily defensive, an enterprise to prevent Germany's threatened victory on the sea. We came in, not to secure an Allied "peace with victory," but to prevent a German "peace with victory," and so restore the situation favorable to a negotiated peace. The strategy of the negotiated peace depended

largely on the belief that a military decision was either impossible or was not worth the colossal sacrifice it demanded. But it is only as the result of a sweeping military decision that any assured destruction of Mittel-Europa could come. In basing his case on Mittel-Europa, therefore, the President has clearly swung from a strategy of "peace without victory" to a strategy of "war to exhaustion for the sake of a military decision." He implies that a country which came only after hesitation to the defense of the seas and the Atlantic world will contentedly pour out its indefinite blood and treasure for the sake of spoiling the coalition of Mittel-Europa and of making readjustments in the map of Europe effective against German influence on the Continent. Such an implication means the "end of American isolation" with a vengeance. No one can be blamed who sees in the Flag Day Address the almost unlimited countersigning of Allied designs and territorial schemes.

The change of American strategy to a will for a military decision would explain the creation of the vast American army which in the original policy was required only "as a reserve and a precaution." It explains our close co-operation with the Allied governments following the visits of the Missions. An American army of millions would undoubtedly be a decisive factor in the remaking of the map of Europe and the permanent garrisoning of strategic points bearing upon Germany. But this change of strategy does not explain itself. The continental military and political situation has not altered in any way which justifies so fundamental an alteration in American strategy. American liberals justified our entrance into the war as a response to a sudden exigency. But the menace of Mittel-Europa has existed ever since the entrance of Bulgaria in 1915. If it now challenges us and justifies our change of strategy, it challenged us and justified our assault a full two years ago. American shudders at its bogey are doubly curious because it is probably less of

a menace now than it has ever been. President Wilson ignores the effect of a democratic Russia on the success of such a military coalition. Such heterogeneous states could be held together only through the pressure of a strong external fear. But the passing of predatory Russia removes that fear. Furthermore, Bulgaria, the most democratic of the Balkan States, would always be an uncertain partner in such a coalition. Bagdad has long been in British hands. There are strong democratic and federalistic forces at work in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The materials seem less ready than ever for the creation of any such predatory and subjugated Empire as the Flag Day Address describes. Whatever the outcome of the war, there is likely to result an economic union which could bring needed civilization to neglected and primitive lands. But such a union would be a blessing to Europe rather than a curse. It was such a union that England was on the point of granting to Germany when the war broke out. The Balkans and Asia Minor need German science, German organization, German industrial development. We can hardly be fighting to prevent such German influence in these lands. The irony of the President's words lies in the fact that the hopes of Mittel-Europa as a military coalition seem to grow dimmer rather than brighter. He must know that this "enslavement" of the peoples of which he speaks can only be destroyed by the peoples themselves and not at the imposition of a military conqueror. The will to resist this Prussian enslavement seems to have been generated in Austro-Hungary. The President's perspective is belated. If our fighting to crush this amazing plot is justified now, it was more than justified as soon as Rumania was defeated. The President convicts himself of criminal negligence in not urging us into the war at that time. If our role was to aid in conquest, we could not have begun our work too soon.

The new strategy is announced by the President in no uncertain terms,—"The day has come when we must conquer

or submit." But the strategy of conquest implies the necessity of means for consolidating the conquest. If the world is to be made safe for democracy, democracy must to a certain extent be imposed on the world. There is little point in conquering unless you carry through the purposes for which you have conquered. The earlier American strategy sought to bring democracy to Germany by appealing directly to the democratic forces in Germany itself. We relied on a self-motivated regeneration on the part of our enemy. We believed that democracy could be imposed only from within. If the German people cannot effect their own political reorganization, nobody can do it for them. They would continue to prefer the native Hohenzollerns to the most liberal government imposed by their conquering enemies. A Germany forced to be democratic under the tutelage of a watchful and victorious Entente would indeed be a constant menace to the peace of Europe. Just so far then as our changed American strategy contributes toward a conquest over Germany, it will work against our desire to see that country spontaneously democratized. There is reason for hope that democracy will not have to be forced on Germany. From the present submission of the German people to the war-regime nothing can be deduced as to their subserviency after the war. Prodigious slaughter will effect profound social changes. There may be going on a progressive selection in favor of democratic elements. The Russian army was transformed into a democratic instrument by the wiping-out in battle of the upper-class officers. Men of democratic and revolutionary sympathies took their places. A similar process may happen in the German army. The end of the war may leave the German "army of the people" a genuine popular army intent upon securing control of the civil government. Furthermore, the continuance of Pan-German predatory imperialism depends on a younger generation of Junkers to replace the veterans now in control. The most daring of those aristo-

crats will almost certainly have been destroyed in battle. The mortality in upper-class leadership will certainly have proved far larger than the mortality in lower-class leadership. The maturing of these tendencies is the hope of German democracy. A speedy ending of the war, before the country is exhausted and the popular morale destroyed, is likely best to mature these tendencies. In this light it is almost immaterial what terms are made. Winning or losing, Germany cannot replace her younger generation of the ruling class. And without a ruling class to continue the imperial tradition, democracy could scarcely be delayed. An enfeebled ruling class could neither hold a vast world military Empire together nor resist the revolutionary elements at home. The prolongation of the war delays democracy in Germany by convincing the German people that they are fighting for their very existence and thereby forcing them to cling even more desperately to their military leaders. In announcing an American strategy of "conquer or submit," the President virtually urges the German people to prolong the war. And not only are the German people, at the apparent price of their existence, tacitly urged to continue the fight to the uttermost, but the Allied governments are tacitly urged to wield the "knockout blow." All those reactionary elements in England, France and Italy, whose spirits drooped at the President's original bid for a negotiated peace, now take heart again at this apparent countersigning of their most extreme programmes.

American liberals who urged the nation to war are therefore suffering the humiliation of seeing their liberal strategy for peace transformed into a strategy for prolonged war. This government was to announce such war-aims as should persuade the peoples of the Central Powers to make an irresistible demand for a democratic peace. Our initiative with the Allied governments was to make this peace the basis of an international covenant, "the creation of a community of

limited independencies," of which Norman Angell speaks. Those Americans who opposed our entrance into the war believed that this object could best be worked for by a strategy of continued neutrality and the constant pressure of mediation. They believed that war would defeat the strategy for a liberal peace. The liberal intellectuals who supported the President felt that only by active participation on an independent basis could their purposes be achieved. The event has signally betrayed them. We have not ended the submarine menace. We have lost all power for mediation. We have not even retained the democratic leadership among the Allied nations. We have surrendered the initiative for peace. We have involved ourselves in a moral obligation to send large armies to Europe to secure a military decision for the Allies. We have prolonged the war. We have encouraged the reactionary elements in every Allied country to hold out for extreme demands. We have discouraged the German democratic forces. Our strategy has gradually become indistinguishable from that of the Allies. With the arrival of the British Mission our "independent basis" became a polite fiction. The President's Flag Day Address merely registers the collapse of American strategy. All this the realistic pacifists foresaw when they held out so bitterly and unaccountably against our entering the war. The liberals felt a naive faith in the sagacity of the President to make their strategy prevail. They looked to him single-handedly to liberalize the liberal nations. They trusted him to use a war-technique which should consist of an olive-branch in one hand and a sword in the other. They have had to see their strategy collapse under the very weight of that war-technique. Guarding neutrality, we might have counted toward a speedy and democratic peace. In the war, we are a rudderless nation, to be exploited as the Allies wish, politically and materially, and towed, to their aggrandizement, in any direction which they may desire.

Friday, June 22, 1917

By Hendrik Willem van Loon

FOR God's sake, will not someone give us an ideal? The world is waiting for the word that will set it free. The world is anxious to shed its blood and its dearest possessions. The world awaits a deed of leadership.

Meanwhile what does it get?

Words, words, words. Sentimental inanities and the revaluation of those worn-out doctrines which have sent women into sweatshops and have driven men to acts of utter despair.

Yet, we all know that this could be a right war. It could be damnably right. But the articulate expression of our hopes and our longing is drowned in the mushy banalities of official explanation. We ask for a phophecy. We get the recruiting poster.

In the field of material preparation our government has done its duty. Our army is drilling. Our navy is on the ocean. Our flying men are learning their craft by day and by night. We have given of our treasures and our hard-earned savings. Faithful Earth has been set to perform her miracles. Meanwhile we have neglected the most important part of all. We have not mobilized the spirit.

What of the mass of our people? We are groping and we talk to each other in hollow phrases. We pretend to feel certain emotions. We are lying to ourselves and we know it. The war is still a stranger to us. The aims of the war are a cause of indifference. And therefore, I, as one who shall have to take his share, I will try and state in positive

terms for what alone I am willing to fight with more than the brute strength of my inexperienced hands.

I have heard much about national doctrines and the Free Ocean and Democracy and the rights of this and the rights of that. All this means little to me and I will not fight for any of these worn-out ideals. I will fight for only one cause which is good and holy. *To make the world safe for my children.* I have been told that one country was wicked—that one man was wicked—that one system of leadership was wicked. I do not believe it. Neither do I care. The agonizing recollection of my own country's failures does not allow me to sit in judgment on my neighbors. Yet, I am willing to sacrifice all. Because I want this world to be safe for my children.

I do not believe in the Millennium. I fully understand the inert slowness of all progress. I also know that this world can be a place of reasonable happiness, reasonable comfort, a garden in which to spend a short while and meditate upon those things which are eternal. And for such a world I am willing to fight.

I am anxious to go forth and meet death that the foul visitation of war may be made impossible. Not through paper Leagues of armed Peace and societies of enthusiasts. I do not believe in new fire-escapes for a decaying old building. My deepest intuitive thought tells me that no constructive future is possible without the complete demolition of our ignoble past. I do not want this war to be the vindication of one set of bad principles over another. I fail to see the superior virtues of one racial unit as compared to another. The idea of atonement for present crimes I am willing to leave to the judgment of posterity. I recognize but one purpose. That I shall bestow a better world upon those who are to follow me.

What sort and manner of world, then, do I imagine? I shall tell you. The basic structure of my world shall be the

earth and the people thereon. Man shall acknowledge that he is of this world and by this world and for this world. He shall have no other gods but his own undying soul. He shall accomplish no miracles except through his own genius. He shall be ruled by knowledge—he shall be guided by facts—he shall follow the law which has been seen by the eyes of wise leaders. The dire inheritance of revealed authority he shall disclaim because it is cowardly to accept it. He shall forever struggle in the full understanding of his mysterious task—without despair—without resentment—patiently and triumphantly. He shall claim no reward but love and the consciousness of a firm duty, honorably and courageously performed.

Those who have eyes to read, let them read. Ask me to fight for this. I shall come. And I shall not be alone.

Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings

By Amy Lowell

PART I

DUE East, far West. Distant as the nests of the opposite winds. Removed as fire and water are, as the clouds and the roots of the hills, as the wills of youth and age. Let the key-guns be mounted, make a brave show of waging war, and pry off the lid of Pandora's box once more. Get in at any cost and let out at little, so it seems, but wait—wait—there is much to follow through the Great Gate!

They do not see things in quite that way, on this bright November day, with sun flashing, and waves splashing, up and down Chesapeake Bay. On shore, all the papers are running to press with huge headlines: "Commodore Perry Sails." Dining-tables buzz with travellers' tales of old Japan culled from Dutch writers. But we are not like the Dutch. No shutting the stars and stripes up on an island. Pooh! We must trade wherever we have a mind. Naturally!

The wharves of Norfolk are falling behind, becoming smaller, confused with the warehouses and the trees. On the impetus of the strong South breeze, the paddle-wheel steam frigate *Mississippi* of the United States Navy, sails down

the flashing bay. Sails away, and steams away, for her furnaces are burning, and her paddle-wheels turning, and all her sails are set and full. Pull, men, to the old chorus:

"A Yankee ship sails down the river,
Blow, boys, blow;
Her masts and spars they shine like silver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow."

But what is the use? That plaguey brass band blares out with "The Star Spangled Banner," and you cannot hear the men because of it. Which is a pity, thinks the Commodore, in his cabin, studying the map, and marking stepping-stones: Madeira, Cape Town, Mauritius, Singapore, nice firm stepping-places for seven-league boots. Flag-stones up and down a hemisphere.

My! How she throws the water off from her bows, and how those paddle-wheels churn her along at the rate of seven good knots! You are a proud lady, *Mrs. Mississippi,* curtseying down Chesapeake Bay, all a-flutter with red white and blue ribbons.

At Mishiwa in the Province of Kai,
Three men are trying to measure a pine tree
By the length of their outstretched arms.
Trying to span the bole of a huge pine tree
By the spread of their lifted arms.
Attempting to compress its girth
Within the limit of their extended arms.
Beyond, Fuji,
Majestic, inevitable,
Wreathed over by wisps of cloud.
The clouds draw about the mountain,
But there are gaps.
The men reach about the pine tree,
But their hands break apart;

The rough bark escapes their hand-clasps;
The tree is unencircled.
Three men are trying to measure the stem of a gigantic pine tree,
With their arms,
At Mishiwa in the Province of Kai.

Furnaces are burning good Cumberland coal at the rate of twenty-six tons per diem, and the paddle-wheels turn round and round in an iris of spray. She noses her way through a wallowing sea; foots it, bit by bit, over the slanting wave slopes; pants along, thrust forward by her breathing furnaces, urged ahead by the wind draft flattening against her taut sails.

The Commodore, leaning over the taffrail, sees the peak of Madeira swept up out of the haze. The *Mississippi* glides into smooth water, and anchors under the lee of the "Desertas."

Ah! the purple bougainvillia! And the sweet smells of the heliotrope and geranium hedges! Ox-drawn sledges clattering over cobbles— what a fine pause in an endless voyaging. Stars and stripes demanding five hundred tons of coal, ten thousand gallons of water, resting for a moment on a round stepping-stone, with the drying sails slatting about in the warm wind.

"Get out your accordion, Jim, and give us the "Sewanee River" to show those Dagos what a tune is. Pipe up with the chorus, boys. Let her go."

The green water flows past Madeira. Flows under the paddle-boards, making them clip and clap. The green water washes along the sides of the Commodore's steam flagship and passes away to leeward.

"Hitch up your trousers, Black Face, and do a hornpipe. It's a fine quiet night for a double shuffle. Keep her going, Jim. Louder. That's the ticket. Gosh, but you can spin, Blackey!"

The road is hilly
Outside the Tiger Gate,
And striped with shadows from a bow moon
Slowly sinking to the horizon.
The roadway twinkles with the bobbing of paper lanterns,
Melon-shaped, round, oblong,
Lighting the steps of those who pass along it;
And there is a sweet singing of many *semi,*
From the cages which an insect seller
Carries on his back.

Westward of the Canaries, in a wind-blazing sea. Engineers, there, extinguish the furnaces; carpenters, quick, your screwdrivers and mallets, and unship the paddle-boards. Break out her sails, quartermasters, the wind will carry her faster than she can steam, for the trades have her now, and are whipping her along in fine clipper style. Key-guns, your muzzles shine like basalt above the tumbling waves. Polished basalt cameoed upon malachite. Yankee-doodle-dandy! A fine upstanding ship, clouded with canvas, slipping along like a trotting filly out of the Commodore's own stables. White sails and sailors, blue-coated officers, and red in a star sparked through the claret decanter on the Commodore's luncheon table.

The Commodore is writing to his wife, to be posted at the next stopping place. Two years is a long time to be upon the sea.

Nigi-oi of Matsuba-ya
Celebrated oiran,
Courtesan of unrivalled beauty,
The great silk mercer, Mitsui,
Counts himself a fortunate man
As he watches her parade in front of him
In her robes of glazed blue silk

Embroidered with singing nightingales.
He puffs his little silver pipe
And arranges a fold of her dress.
He parts it at the neck
And laughs when the falling plum-blossoms
Tickle her naked breasts.
The next morning he makes out a bill
To the Director of the Dutch Factory at Nagasaki
For three times the amount of the goods
Forwarded that day in two small junks
In the care of a trusted clerk.

The North-east trades have smoothed away into hot, blue doldrums. Paddle-wheels to the rescue. Thank God, we live in an age of invention. What air there is, is dead ahead. The deck is a bed of cinders, we wear a smoke cloud like a funeral plume. Funeral—of whom? Of the little heathens inside the Gate? Wait! Wait! These monkey-men have got to trade, Uncle Sam has laid his plans with care, see those black guns sizzling there. "It's deuced hot," says a lieutenant, "I wish I could look in at a hop in Newport this evening."

The one hundred and sixty streets in the Sanno quarter
Are honey-gold,
Honey-gold from the gold-foil screens in the houses,
Honey-gold from the fresh yellow mats;
The lintels are draped with bright colors,
And from eaves and poles
Red and white paper lanterns
Glitter and swing.
Through the one hundred and sixty decorated streets of the
Sanno quarter,
Trails the procession,
With a bright slowness,
To the music of flutes and drums.

Great white sails of cotton
Belly out along the honey-gold streets.
Sword bearers,
Spear bearers,
Mask bearers,
Grinning masks of mountain genii,
And a white cock on a drum
Above a purple sheet.
Over the flower hats of the people,
Shines the sacred palanquin,
"Car of gentle motion,"
Upheld by fifty men,
Stalwart servants of the god,
Bending under the weight of mirror-black lacquer,
Of pillars and roof-tree
Wrapped in chased and gilded copper.
Portly silk tassels sway to the marching of feet,
Wreaths of gold and silver flowers
Shoot sudden scintillations at the gold-foil screens.
The golden phœnix on the roof of the palanquin
Spreads its wings,
And seems about to take flight
Over the one hundred and sixty streets
Straight into the white heart
Of the curved blue sky.
Six black oxen,
With white and red trappings,
Draw platforms on which are musicians, dancers, actors,
Who posture and sing,
Dance and parade,
Up and down the honey-gold streets,
To the sweet playing of flutes,
And the ever-repeating beat of heavy drums,
To the constant banging of heavily beaten drums,
To the insistent repeating rhythm of beautiful great drums.

Across the equator and panting down to Saint Helena, trailing smoke like a mourning veil. Jamestown jetty, and all the officers in the ship making at once for Longwood. Napoleon! Ah, tales—tales—with nobody to tell them. A bronze eagle caged by floating wood-work. A heart burst with beating on a flat drop-curtain of sea and sky. Nothing now but pigs in a sty. Pigs rooting in the Emperor's bedroom. God be praised, we have a plumed smoking ship to take us away from this desolation.

"Boney was a warrior
Away-i-oh;
Boney was a warrior,
John François."

"Oh, shut up, Jack, you make me sick. Those pigs are like worms eating a corpse. Bah!"

The ladies,
Wistaria Blossom, Cloth-of-Silk, and Deep Snow,
With their ten attendants,
Are come to Asakusa
To gaze at peonies.
To admire crimson-carmine peonies,
To stare in admiration at bomb-shaped, white and sulphur peonies,
To caress with a soft finger
Single, rose-flat peonies,
Tight, incurved, red-edged peonies,
Spin-wheel circle, amaranth peonies.
To smell the acrid pungence of peony blooms,
And dream for months afterwards
Of the temple garden at Asakusa,
Where they walked together
Looking at peonies.

The Gate! The Gate! The far-shining Gate! Pat your

guns and thank your stars you have not come too late. The Orient's a sleepy place, as all globe-trotters say. We'll get there soon enough, my lads, and carry it away. That's a good enough song to round the Cape with, and there's the Table Cloth on Table Mountain and we've drawn a bead over half the curving world. Three cheers for Old Glory, fellows.

A Daimino's procession
Winds between two green hills,
A line of thin, sharp, shining, pointed spears
Above red coats
And yellow mushroom hats.
A man leading an ox
Has cast himself upon the ground,
He rubs his forehead in the dust,
While his ox gazes with wide, moon eyes
At the glittering spears
Majestically parading
Between two green hills.

Down, down, down, to the bottom of the map; but we must up again, high on the other side. America, sailing the seas of a planet to stock the shop counters at home. Commerce-raiding a nation; pulling apart the curtains of a temple and calling it trade. Magnificent mission! Every shop-till in every by-street will bless you. Force the shut gate with the muzzles of your black cannon. Then wait—wait for fifty years—and see who has conquered.

But now the *Mississippi* must brave the Cape, in a crashing of bitter seas. The wind blows East, the wind blows West, there is no rest under these clashing clouds. Petrel whirl by like torn newspapers along a street. Albatrosses fly close to the mastheads. Dread purrs over this stormy ocean, and the smell of the water is the dead, oozing dampness of tombs.

Tiger rain on the temple bridge of carved greenstone,
Slanting tiger lines of rain on the lichened lanterns of the gateway,
On the stone statues of mythical warriors.
Striped rain making the bells of the pagoda roofs flutter,
Tiger-footing on the bluish stones of the courtyard,
Beating, snapping, on the cheese-rounds of open umbrellas,
Licking, tiger-tongued, over the straw mat which a pilgrim wears upon his shoulders,
Gnawing, tiger-toothed, into the paper mask
Which he carries on his back.
Tiger-clawed rain scattering the peach-blossoms,
Tiger tails of rain lashing furiously among the cryptomerias.

"Land—O." Mauritius. Stepping-stone four. The coaling ships have arrived, and the shore is a hive of Negroes, and Malays, and Lascars, and Chinese. The clip and clatter of tongues is unceasing. "What awful brutes!" "Obviously, but the fruits they sell are good." "Food, fellows, bully good food." Yankee money for pine-apples, shaddocks, mangoes. "Who were Paul and Virginia?" "Oh, a couple of spooneys who died here, in a shipwreck, because the lady wouldn't take off her smock." "I say, Fred, that's a shabby way to put it. You've no sentiment." "Maybe, I don't read much myself, and when I do, I prefer United States, something like old Artemus Ward, for instance." "Oh, dry up, and let's get some donkeys and go for a gallop. We've got to begin coaling tomorrow, remember."

The beautiful dresses,
Blue, Green, Mauve, Yellow;
And the beautiful green pointed hats
Like Chinese porcelains!
See, a band of geisha

Is imitating the state procession of a Corean Ambassador,
Under painted streamers,
On an early afternoon.

The hot sun burns the tar up out of the deck. The paddle-wheels turn, flinging the cupped water over their shoulders. Heat smoulders along the horizon. The shadow of the ship floats off the starboard quarter, floats like a dark cloth on the sea. The watch is pulling on the topsail halliards:

"O Sally Brown of New York City,
Ay, ay, roll and go."

Like a tired beetle, the *Mississippi* creeps over the flat, glass water, creeps on, breathing heavily. Creeps—creeps—and sighs and settles at Pointe de Galle, Ceylon.

Spice islands speckling the Spanish Main. Fairy tales and stolen readings. Saint John's Eve! Midsummer Madness! Here it is all true. But the smell of the spice-trees is not so nice as the smell of new-mown hay on the Commodore's field at Tarrytown. But what can one say to forests of rose-wood, satin-wood, ebony! To the talipot tree, one leaf of which can cover several people with its single shade. Trade! Trade! Trade in spices for an earlier generation. We dream of lacquers and precious stones. Of spinning telegraph wires across painted fans. Ceylon is an old story, ours will be the glory of more important conquests.

But wait—wait. No one is likely to force the Gate. The smoke of golden Virginia tobacco floats through the blue palms. "You say you killed forty elephants with this rifle!" "Indeed, yes, and a trifling bag, too."

Down the ninety mile rapids
Of the Heaven Dragon River,
He came,
With his bowmen,
And his spearmen,

Borne in a gilded palanquin,
To pass the Winter in Yedo
By the Shogun's decree.
To pass the Winter idling in the Yoshiwara,
While his bowmen and spearmen
Gamble away their rusted weapons
Every evening
At the Hour of the Cock.

Her Britannic Majesty's frigate *Cleopatra* salutes the *Mississippi* as she sails into the harbor of Singapore. Vessels galore choke the wharves. From China, Siam, Malaya; Sumatra, Europe, America. This is the bargain counter of the East. Goods—Goods, dumped ashore to change boats and sail on again. Oaths and cupidity; greasy clothes and greasy dollars wound into turbans. Opium and birds'-nests exchanged for teas, cassia, nankeens; gold thread bartered for Brummagem buttons. Pocket knives told off against teapots. Lots and lots of cheap damaged porcelains, and trains of silken bales awaiting advantageous sales to Yankee merchantmen. The figure-head of the *Mississippi* should be a beneficent angel. With her guns to persuade, she should lay the foundation of such a market on the shores of Japan. "We will do what we can," writes the Commodore, in his cabin.

Outside the drapery shop of Taketani Sabai,
Strips of dried cloth are hanging out to dry.
Fine Arimitsu cloth,
Fine blue and white cloth,
Falling from a high staging,
Falling like falling water,
Like blue and white unbroken water
Sliding over a high cliff,
Like the Ono Fall on the Kisokaido Road.
Outside the shop of Taketani Sabai,

They have hung the fine dyed cloth
In strips out to dry.

Romance and heroism; and all to make one dollar two. Through grey fog and fresh blue breezes, through heat, and sleet, and sheeted rain. For centuries men have pursued the will-o'-the-wisp—trade. And they have got—what? All civilization weighed in twopenny scales and fastened with string. A sailing planet packed in a dry-goods box. Knocks, and shocks, and blocks of extended knowledge, contended for and won. Cloves and nutmegs, and science stowed among the grains. Your gains are not in silver, mariners, but in the songs of violins, and the thin voices whispering through printed books.

"It looks like a dinner-plate," thinks the officer of the watch, as the *Mississippi* sails up the muddy river to Canton, with the Dragon's Cave Fort on one side, and the Girl's Shoe Fort on the other.

The Great Gate looms in a distant mist, and the anchored squadron waits and rests, but its coming is as certain as the equinoxes, and the lightning bolts of its guns are ready to tear off centuries like husks of corn.

The Commodore sips bottled water from Saratoga, and makes out a report for the State Department. The men play pitch-and-toss, and the officers poker, and the betting gives heavy odds against the little monkey-men.

On the floor of the reception room of the Palace
They have laid a white quilt,
And on the quilt, two red rugs;
And they have set up two screens of white paper
To hide that which should not be seen.
At the four corners, they have placed lanterns,
And now they come.
Six attendants,

Three to sit on either side of the condemned man,
Walking slowly.
Three to the right,
Three to the left,
And he between them
In his dress of ceremony
With the great wings.
Shadow wings, thrown by the lantern light,
Trail over the red rugs to the polished floor,
Trail away unnoticed,
For there is a sharp glitter from a dagger
Borne past the lanterns on a silver tray.
"O my Master,
I would borrow your sword,
For it may be a consolation to you
To perish by a sword to which you are accustomed."
Stone, the face of the condemned man,
Stone, the face of the executioner,
And yet before this moment
These were master and pupil,
Honored and according homage,
And this is an act of honorable devotion.
Each face is passive,
Hewed as out of strong stone,
Cold as a statue above a temple porch.
Down slips the dress of ceremony to the girdle.
Plunge the dagger to its hilt.
A trickle of blood runs along the white flesh
And soaks into the girdle silk.
Slowly across from left to right,
Slowly, upcutting at the end,
But the executioner leaps to his feet,
Poises the sword—
Did it flash, hover, descend?
There is a thud, a horrible rolling,

And the heavy sound of a loosened, falling body,
Then only the throbbing of blood
Spurting into the red rugs.
For he who was a man is that thing
Crumpled up on the floor,
Broken, and crushed into the red rugs.
The friend wipes the sword,
And his face is calm and frozen
As a stone statue on a Winter night
Above a temple gateway.

PART II

Four vessels giving easily to the low running waves and catspaw breezes of a Summer sea. July, 1853, Mid-Century, but just on the turn. Mid-Century, with the vanishing half fluttering behind on a foam-bubbled wake. Four war ships steering for the "Land of Great Peace," caparisoned in state, cleaving a jewelled ocean to a Dragon Gate. Behind it, the quiet of afternoon. Golden light reflecting from the inner sides of shut portals. War is an old wives' tale, a frail beautiful embroidery of other ages. The panoply of battle fades. Arrows rust in arsenals, spears stand useless on their butts in vestibules. Cannon lie unmounted in castle yards, and rats and snakes make nests in them and rear their young in unmolested satisfaction.

The sun of midsummer lies over the "Land of Great Peace," and behind the shut gate they do not hear the paddle-wheels of distant vessels unceasingly turning and advancing, through the jewelled scintillations of the encircling sea.

Susquehanna and *Mississippi,* steamers, towing *Saratoga* and *Plymouth,* sloops of war. Moving on in the very eye of the wind, with not a snip of canvas upon their slim yards. Fugi!—a point above nothing, for there is a haze. Stop gazing, that is the bugle to clear decks and shot guns. We must

be prepared, as we run up the coast straight to the Bay of Yedo. "I say, fellows, those boats think they can catch us, they don't know that this is Yankee steam." Bang! The shore guns are at work. And that smoke-ball would be a rocket at night, but we cannot see the gleam in this sunshine.

Black with people are the bluffs of Uraga, watching the "fire-ships" lipping windless up the bay. Say all the prayers you know, priests of Shinto and Buddha. Ah! The great splashing of the wheels stops, a chain rattles. The anchor drops at the hour of the ape.

A clock on the Commodore's chest of drawers strikes five with a silvery tinkle.

Boats are coming from all directions. Beautiful boats of unpainted wood, broad of beam, with tapering sterns, and clean runs. Swiftly they come, with shouting rowers standing to their oars. The shore glitters with spears and lacquered hats. Compactly the boats advance, and each carries a flag —white-black-white—and the stripes break and blow. But the tow-lines are cast loose when the rowers would make them fast to the "black ships," and those who would climb the chains slip back dismayed, checked by a show of cutlasses, pistols, pikes. *"Naru Hodo!"* This is amazing, unprecedented! Even the Vice Governor, though he boards the *Susquehanna,* cannot see the Commodore. "His High Mighty Mysteriousness, Lord of the Forbidden Interior," remains in his cabin. Extraordinary! Horrible!

Rockets rise from the forts, and their trails of sparks glitter faintly now, and their bombs break in faded colors as the sun goes down.

Bolt the gate, monkey-men, but it is late to begin turning locks so rusty and worn.

Darkness over rice-fields and hills. The Gold Gate hides in shadow. Upon the indigo-dark water, millions of white

jelly-fish drift, like lotus-petals over an inland lake. The land buzzes with prayer, low, dim smoke hanging in air; and every hill gashes and glares with shooting fires. The fire-bells are ringing in double time, and a heavy swinging boom clashes from the great bells of temples. Couriers lash their horses, riding furiously to Yedo; junks and scull-boats arrive hourly at Shinagawa with news; runners, bearing dispatches, pant in government offices. The hollow doors of the Great Gate beat with alarms. The charmed Dragon country shakes and trembles. Iyéyoshi, twelfth Shogun of the Tokugawa line, sits in his city. Sits in the midst of one million, two hundred thousand trembling souls, and his mind rolls forward and back like a ball on a circular runway, and finds no goal. Roll, poor distracted mind of a sick man. What can you do but wait, trusting in your Dragon Gate, for how should you know that it is rusted.

But there is a sign over the "black ships." A wedge-shaped tail of blue sparklets, edged with red, trails above them as though a Dragon were pouring violet sulphurous spume from steaming nostrils, and the hulls and rigging are pale, quivering, bright as Taira ghosts on the sea of Nagato.

Up and down, walk sentinels, fore and aft, and at the side gangways. There is a pile of round shot and four stands of grape beside each gun; and carbines, and pistols, and cutlasses, are laid in the boats. Floating arsenals—floating sample-rooms for the wares of a continent, shop-counters, flanked with weapons, adrift among the jelly-fishes.

Eight bells, and the meteor washes away before the wet, white wisps of dawn.

Through the countrysides of the "Land of Great Peace," flowers are blooming. The greenish-white, sterile blossoms of hydrangeas boom faintly like distant inaudible bombs of color exploding in the woods. Weigelias prick the pink of their slender trumpets against green backgrounds. The fan-

shaped leaves of ladies' slippers rustle under cryptomerias.

Midsummer heat curls about the cinnamon-red tree-boles along the Tokaido. The road ripples and glints with the passing to and fro, and beyond, in the roadstead, the "black ships" swing at their anchors and wait.

All up and down the Eastern shore of the bay is a feverish digging, patting, plastering. Forts to be built in an hour to resist the barbarians, if, peradventure, they can. Japan turned to, what will it not do! Fishermen and palanquin-bearers, packhorse-leaders and farm-laborers, even women and children, pat and plaster. Disaster batters at the Dragon Gate. Batters at the doors of Yedo, where Samurai unpack their armour, and whet and feather their arrows.

Daimios smoke innumerable pipes, and drink unnumbered cups of tea, discussing—discussing—"What is to be done?" The Shogun is no Emperor. What shall they do if the "hairy devils" take a notion to go to Kioto! Then indeed would the Tokugawa fall. The prisons are crammed with those who advise opening the Gate. Open the Gate, and let the State scatter like dust to the wind! Absurd! Unthinkable! Suppress the "brocade pictures" of the floating monsters with which book-sellers and picture-shop keepers are delighting and affrighting the populace. Place a ban on speech. Preach, inert Daimios—the Commodore will *not* go to Nagasaki, and the roar of his guns will drown the clattering fall of your Dragon Doors if you do not open them in time. East and West, and trade shaded by heroism. Hokusai is dead, but his pupils are lampooning your carpet soldiers. Spare the dynasty—parley, procrastinate. Appoint two Princes to receive the Commodore, at once, since he will not wait over long. At Kurihama, for he must not come to Yedo.

Flip—flap—flutter—flags in front of the Conference House. Built over night, it seems, with unpainted peaked summits of roofs gleaming like ricks of grain. Flip—flutter

—flap—variously-tinted flags, in a crescent about nine tall standards whose long scarlet pennons brush the ground. Beat —tap—fill and relapse—the wind pushing against taut white cloth screens, bellying out the Shogun's crest of heart-shaped Asarum leaves in the panels, crumpling them to indefinite figures of scarlet spotting white. Flip—ripple—brighten—over serried ranks of soldiers on the beach. Sword-bearers, spear-bearers, archers, lancers, and those who carry heavy, antiquated match-locks. The block of them five thousand armed men, drawn up in front of a cracking golden door. But behind their bristling spears, the cracks are hidden.

Braying, blasting blares from two brass bands, approaching in glittering boats over glittering water. One is playing the "Overture" from "William Tell," the other, "The Last Rose of Summer," and the way the notes clash, and shock, and shatter, and dissolve, is wonderful to hear. Queer barbarian music, and the monkey-soldiers stand stock still, listening to its reverberation humming in the folded doors of the Great Gate.

Stuff your ears, monkey-soldiers, screw your faces, shudder up and down your spines. Cannon! Cannon! from one of the "black ships." Thirteen thudding explosions, thirteen red dragon tongues, thirteen clouds of smoke like the breath of the mountain gods. Thirteen hammer strokes shaking the Great Gate, and the seams in the metal widen. Open Sesame, shotless guns; and "The Only, High, Grand and Mighty, Invisible Mysteriousness, Chief Barbarian" reveals himself, and steps into his barge.

Up, oars, down; drip—sun-spray—rowlock-rattle. To shore! To shore! Set foot upon the sacred soil of the "Land of Great Peace," with its five thousand armed men doing nothing with their spears and match-locks, because of the genii in the black guns aboard the "black ships."

One hundred marines in a line up the wharf. One hundred

sailors, man to man, opposite them. Officers, two deep; and, up the centre—the Procession. Bands together now: "Hail Columbia." Marines in file, sailors after, a staff with the American flag borne by seamen, another with the Commodore's broad pennant. Two boys, dressed for ceremony, carrying the President's letter and credentials in golden boxes. Tall, blue-black negroes on either side of—THE COMMODORE! Walking slowly, gold, blue, steel-glitter, up to the Conference House, walking in state up to an ancient tottering Gate, lately closed securely, but now gaping. Bands, rain your music against this golden barrier, harry the ears of the monkey-men. The doors are ajar, and the Commodore has entered.

Prince of Idzu—Prince of Iwami—in winged dresses of gold brocade, at the end of a red carpet, under violet, silken hangings, under crests of scarlet heart-shaped Asarum leaves, guardians of a scarlet lacquered box, guardians of golden doors, worn thin and bending.

In silence the blue-black negroes advance, and take the golden boxes from the page boys; in silence they open them and unwrap blue velvet coverings. Silently they display the documents to the Prince of Idzu—the Prince of Iwami—motionless, inscrutable—beyond the red carpet.

The vellum crackles as it is unfolded, and the long silk-gold cords of the seals drop their gold tassels to straight glistening inches and swing slowly—gold tassels clock-ticking before a doomed, burnished gate.

The negroes lay the vellum documents upon the scarlet lacquered box; bow, and retire.

"I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other." Careful letters, carefully traced on rich parchment, and the low sun casts the shadow of the Gate far inland over high hills.

"The letter of the President of the United States will be

delivered to the Emperor. Therefore you can now go."

The Commodore, rising: "I will return for the answer during the coming Spring."

But ships are frail, and seas are fickle, one can nail fresh plating over the thin gate before Spring. Prince of Idzu—Prince of Iwami—inscrutable statesmen, insensate idiots, trusting blithely to a lock when the key-guns are trained even now upon it.

Withdraw, Procession. Dip oars back to the "black ships." Slip cables and depart, for day after day will lapse and nothing can retard a coming Spring.

Panic Winter throughout the "Land of Great Peace." Panic, and haste, wasting energies and accomplishing nothing. Kioto has heard, and prays, trembling. Priests at the shrine of Isé whine long slow supplications from dawn to dawn, and through days dropping down again from morning. Iyéyoshi is dead, and Iyésada rules in Yedo; thirteenth Shogun of the Tokugawa. Rules and struggles, rescinds laws, urges reforms; breathless, agitated endeavors to patch and polish where is only corroding and puffed particles of dust.

It is Winter still in the Bay of Yedo, though the plum-trees of Kamata and Kinagawa are white and fluttering.

Winter, with green, high, angular seas. But over the water, far toward China, are burning the furnaces of three great steamers, and four sailing vessels heel over, with decks slanted and sails full and pulling.

"There's a bit of a lop, this morning. Mr. Jones, you'd better take in those royals."

"Ay, ay, Sir. Tumble up here, men! Tumble up! Lay aloft and stow royals. Haul out to leeward."

"To *my,*
Ay,
And we'll *furl*
Ay,

And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots."

"Taught band—knot away."

Chug! Chug! go the wheels of the consorts, salting smoke-stacks with whirled spray.

The Commodore lights a cigar, and paces up and down the quarter-deck of the *Powhatan*. "I wonder what the old yellow devils will do," he muses.

Forty feet high, the camellia trees, with hard, green buds unburst. It is early yet for camellias, and the green buds and the glazed green leaves toss frantically in a blustering March wind. Sheltered behind the forty feet high camellia trees, on the hills of Idzu, stand watchmen straining their eyes over a broken dazzle of sea.

Just at the edge of moonlight and sunlight—moon setting; sun rising—they come. Seven war ships heeled over and flashing, dashing through heaped waves, sleeping a moment in hollows, leaping over ridges, sweeping forward in a strain of canvas and a train of red-black smoke.

"The fire-ships! The fire-ships!"

Slip the bridles of your horses, messengers, and clatter down the Tokaido; scatter pedestrians, palanquins, slow moving cattle, right and left into the cryptomerias; rattle over bridges, spatter dust into shop-windows. To Yedo! To Yedo! For Spring is here, and the fire-ships have come!

Seven vessels, flying the stars and stripes, three more shortly to join them, with ripe, fruit-bearing guns pointed inland.

Princes evince doubt, distrust. Learning must beat learning. Appoint a Professor of the University. Delay, prevaricate. How long can the play continue? Hayashi, learned scholar of Confucius and Mencius—he shall confer with the Barbarians at Uraga. Shall he! Word comes that the Mighty Chief of Ships will not go to Uraga. Steam is up, and —Horror! Consternation! The squadron moves toward

Yedo! Sailors, midshipmen, lieutenants pack yards and cross-trees, seeing temple gates, castle towers, flowered pagodas, and look-outs looming distantly clear, and the Commodore on deck can hear the slow booming of the bells from the temples of Shiba and Asakusa.

You must capitulate, great Princes of a quivering Gate. Say Yokohama, and the Commodore will agree, for they must not come to Yedo.

Rows of japonicas in full bloom outside the Conference House. Flags and streamers, and musicians and pikemen. Five hundred officers, seamen, marines, and the Commodore following in his white-painted gig. A jig of fortune indeed, with a sailor and a professor manœuvring for terms, chess-playing each other in a game of future centuries.

The Americans bring presents. Presents now, to be bought hereafter. Goodwill, to head long bills of imports. Occidental mechanisms to push the Orient into limbo. Fox-moves of interpreters, and Pandora's box with a contents rated far too low.

Round and round goes the little train on its circular railroad, at twenty miles an hour, with grave dignitaries seated on its roof. Smiles, gestures, at messages running over wire, a mile away. Touch the harrows, the plows, the flails, and shudder at the "spirit pictures" of the daguerreotype machine. These Barbarians have harnessed gods and dragons. They build boats which will not sink, and tinker little gold wheels till they follow the swinging of the sun.

Run to the Conference House. See, feel, listen. And shrug deprecating shoulders at the glisten of silk and lacquer given in return. What are cups cut out of conch-shells, and red-dyed figured crêpe, to railroads, and burning engines!

Go on board the "black ships" and drink mint juleps and brandy smashes, and click your tongues over sweet puddings. Offer the strangers pickled plums, sugared fruits, candied

walnuts. Bruit the news far inland through the mouths of countrymen. Who thinks of the Great Gate! Its portals are pushed so far back that the shining edges of them can scarcely be observed. The Commodore has never swerved a moment from his purpose, and the dragon mouths of his guns have conquered without the need of a single powder-horn.

The Commodore writes in his cabin. Writes an account of what he has done.

The sands of centuries run fast, one slides, and another, each falling into a smother of dust.

A locomotive in pay for a Whistler; telegraph wires buying a revolution; weights and measures and Audubon's birds in exchange for fear. Yellow monkey-men leaping out of Pandora's box, shaking the rocks of the Western coastline. Golden California bartering panic for prints. The dressing-gowns of a continent won at the cost of security. Artists and philosophers lost in the hour-glass sand pouring through an open Gate.

Ten ships sailing for China on a fair May wind. Ten ships sailing from one world into another, but never again into the one they left. Two years and a tip-turn is accomplished. Over the globe and back, Rip Van Winkle ships. Slip into your docks in Newport, in Norfolk, in Charlestown. You have blown off the locks of the East, and what is coming will come.

POSTLUDE

In the Castle moat, lotus flowers are blooming,
They shine with the light of an early moon
Brightening above the Castle towers.
They shine in the dark circles of their unreflecting leaves.
Pale blossoms,
Pale towers,

Pale moon,
Deserted ancient moat
About an ancient stronghold,
Your bowmen are departed,
Your strong walls are silent,
Their only echo
A croaking of frogs.
Frogs croaking at the moon
In the ancient moat
Of an ancient, crumbling Castle.

1903. Japan

The high cliff of the Kegon waterfall, and a young man carving words on the trunk of a tree. He finishes, pauses an instant, and then leaps into the foam-cloud rising from below. But, on the tree-trunk, the newly-cut words blaze white and hard as though set with diamonds:

"How mightily and steadily go Heaven and Earth! How infinite the duration of Past and Present! Try to measure this vastness with five feet. A word explains the Truth of the whole Universe—*unknowable*. To cure my agony I have decided to die. Now, as I stand on the crest of this rock, no uneasiness is left in me. For the first time I know that extreme pessimism and extreme optimism are one."

1903. America

"Nocturne—Blue and silver—Battersea Bridge.
Nocturne—Grey and Silver—Chelsea Embankment.
Variations in Violet and Green."

Pictures in a glass-roofed gallery, and all day long the throng of people is so great that one can scarcely see them. Debits—credits? Flux and flow through a wide gateway. Occident—Orient—after fifty years.

Rudd

By Waldo Frank

RUDD'S wife had been sick for a long time; Rudd was not sure any more how long,— but the glad years when he had come back evenings from work with the kitchen gleaming and the boys eager and the dinner ready seemed altogether dim, and true only as things remembered are if one have faith in them. Of course, all that could not have been so very far in the past, for there was Andy, the oldest, only eight, and Jack but six. Helpless, smitten lads they had become when their mother took to her bed. And at once, the kitchen had begun to chant its grey refrain. And so real was the pall over the flat, so far-reaching the emptiness of life with the bed filled in the little room, that nothing happier seemed ever to have been. The happy part had faded—like the cheerful chapters of his religion.

Rudd had been forced to work harder and longer during those weeks when the time away from home was even so more unending and labor at all a strain. He had been forced to work at night—to help the boys to their supper, to give Mary her drink of medicine, and then to leave for the ragged-end jobs that he procured after hours. And through it, there stirred in his mind, vaguely removed from his consciousness, the thought that all this was a bitter joke life played on him. The thought was—it seemed to him—"next door"; like a sound that one hears from the real world when one is dreaming. The dream is bad; the sound calls from a reality where the dream will die. But still, one goes on dreaming, fasci-

nated, foolish, helpless, merging the outer sound into the nightmare's texture. So, somehow, Rudd was aware of the joke that life was playing on him. And somewhere his fancy had woven a picture of what must be, when he grew fully conscious of it.

Rudd was a bricklayer.

His trade was little in his life beyond a capable and fairly steady means to what was everything. He took pride in the way he worked. But he had a greater pride.

The foremen knew his worth, but when they spoke of it always there was a smile of reserve on his lips that they failed to understand. The smile said: "If you knew my real masterpiece!" But to the foremen, to his mates, the smile had if anything a flavor of contempt. So that the men who most admired Rudd, expressing themselves, came to be the men who liked him least. There was an aloofness, an unconcern about him that they could not forgive. And the consequence must be that Rudd would always get what he deserved—and never any more.

He was a spare tall man, with grey eyes and heavy hands and a rhythm of muscle forever playing beneath the drab of his clothes. His smile was a thin curling of his lips above a jaw that was sheer, yet gentle rather than commanding. And the masterpiece of which the smile made boast was his home.

Here was his great work, as he understood it; and here, in truth, was where he dwelt. For a fault gnawed in Rudd; he was proud of his happiness and he was prone to bask in its sun.

He had not counted on Mary's failing in her part of his pride. He looked upon her illness in that light. She had been a slender, pretty woman, proud of her husband as he was of her. They had many acquaintances of whom none could resist envying and admiring their state. And if they had no real friends among these, the cause lay completely in themselves. They needed no friends. They had no desire to

give of their real selves. They prized each other and their children and the relative glamor of their home. They were unwilling in any generous sense to share their happiness, since they were sure, instinctively, that to do so had been to lessen or at least to dim it. They had the isolation, then, of all truly happy people. For in those who would win contentment there must dwell a passionate singleness of purpose much like that which leads the artist to greatness or the prophet to revelation.

There was, however, no mere conceit in Rudd's pleasure of his wife. Mary had chosen him from a full field. She was clever and quick and clean, and miraculously able to scrub by day and shine by night. And now, all of a sudden, here she was failing of her great part in his pride! Here she was, drawn of face, languid of gesture, dull of charm:—and then, at length, moistly huddled in her bed, feverish and limp.

It was the first trick that fortune had played on Rudd. He took it stoutly at first. He did his share in meeting it. Not until Mary had sunk beyond the brink of knowing did his feeling of anger and resentment rise above his sorrow. But since this was the true reflex of his nature to misfortune, it was sure eventually to come. For Rudd in his own family of life was a spoiled child. And he had spirit—the same spirit that had won him his contentment—to fling now against its disappearance.

Rudd knew that the Lodge doctor was lying when he shook his head and looked down at his womanish hands and said:

"I wish I could encourage you, old man. I'll be back tomorrow."

It was such nonsense, innumerable little instances of it, with which he doubtless built up his practice, as bricks mount into a wall. Mary was not yet thirty! And last Christmas they had danced together at the ball till the sun came and made the other women look like painted pictures in a book. But the sun had made Mary glow like one of the flowers she cared

for in the kitchen window. They had gone home singing—silently though it was. For all of the night they had been dancing together, though the men made faces—and the women too. Rudd was sure of that, because Mary had told him so. And such a wife did not deserve to be a mere brick in a doctor's wall of alarms.

Rudd discharged the Lodge physician and engaged another and began to work at night to pay his daily visit. But at last the visit became a twice daily happening. And then, there was the same long face, the same shake of the learned head, the same hateful, pious clasping of white hands.

But not yet did Rudd believe. What frightened him, however, was that he did not disbelieve so steadfastly—that to do so was a more strenuous summoning of will. He did not dare to discharge this doctor. He did not dare to face him, any more than the truth behind his coming. He kept on working at night and joking with the boys. And since to be with Mary much was to face the doctor's truth, he did not dare that either. Here his work helped him. But the fine edge of Mary's consciousness was blurred, so that perhaps this did not make her suffer.

And then like a burst of storm belief in what the doctor said did come to Rudd. And under it his spirit crumpled and collapsed.

Why work, now, at night? It was only a matter of time before the end? Would he care for funds after that?

Rudd spent his evenings at home in the big room where he could hear his wife's hard breathing and the easy slumber of the boys. At length, his wife's hard breathing came equally by day as by night. And something robbed the airy bloom from the boys' sleep—it was never more clear to him than that. And then, Rudd spent also his days at home.

He sat at the kitchen table, his shoulders tremorously drawn in, his hands forever clenching and distending, his eyes wilfully flashing and then bathed in their own hot repression—

the picture of a man who had been insulted. And a true picture it was. For this was the theme of his growing mood. Without reason and without warning, he was being grossly, desperately insulted! And as if ropes bound his muscles, he must sit there and take the insult.

Andy came back from school, bringing Jack who had been playing in the street. The elder boy placed away his books, the other his ball, with a new quietness. They looked without nodding at their father and then, to his relief, went in to their mother.

Rudd was uncomfortable in their presence. What lowered over his home was a loss to them. Yet a loss in some lights can be an honorable thing. They who were little boys could not feel it as a slur. But since it was a slur to him, so full and clear, Rudd felt that his sons must know it. And this was unbearable—that his sons should see him humiliated and without respect. And this was why Rudd felt relief when the boys went in to their mother. And this was why it was impossible for him to follow.

The two boys felt the stressed reserve in their suddenly strange father and left him alone. Their voices had become low and their eyes vagrant, in their home.

They had been born close enough to life, they had sprung up through a layer of it vivid and vital enough to have a sentiment of what was death. But also, they retained the candid stoicism of their youth—the quality of acceptance that springs from want of space or time to conceive otherwise. Their world, since it partook of whatever happened, was merely going on. Their father's world, since it was builded on a past, was disappearing.

So Rudd sat quietly at the table and heard the door close, gently shutting out the boys and his sinking wife; and yearned for the grief he knew he felt, to overwhelm him as respite from this far more bitter sense of degradation. These things were the currency of life. He thought of his mother who had

lost three children and her husband before the beginnings of his memory. He thought of a friend who had fallen from a scaffold and became a cripple with a crippled mind. He thought of the fire in the next block which had spared an old couple and killed both their children. He found, as he thought, that these thoughts meant little; that they were vague, unreal puffs of cloud in some atmosphere he had no need of. Every day he read the papers; and they were filled with these calamities and jests of fortune. And they, too, belonged to a plane of being that in no way impinged on his own. The mishaps of those he knew, the reports in the papers, the concise dramas of the motion-pictures—all of them dwelt alike outside, contactless with himself, brewing if anything a liquor of excitement that he paid pennies, nickels, to partake of. Yes: even the sorrows of his friends, in the last measure, had heightened the reality of his own peace—no more. Was his sorrow, now, doing the same thing for other calm spectators? Was his destruction, somewhere, a mere nickel's worth of fun?

Rudd jumped to his feet, his fists clenched. And then, limp, he sank down again. He could not find this "show," so he could not destroy it. He could only play his part. For he knew, dimly, that he had been paid for it in advance.

These were flashes in the thick cloud of his consciousness. They went, leaving the heaviness and the greyness and the encompassing bar to the sun.

His thoughts were compressed and tight and slow-moving. They drove into him like a blunt mallet in the hand of a dull giant. And their direction was downward. Rudd's hands slid out over the table and his head fell on his arms. His eyes were open. His eyes took in the steady, rough grain of the wood that was just below them and that so quickly ran beyond—a hard meaningless surface against his vision, which somehow, in the running of the grain, did have a meaning. This engrossed Rudd. He thought of nothing. He felt

in the nearness of the table's surface shutting out his sight that he himself was hidden. He found a security in this opaqueness. He found a soothing note in the sheer rough rhythm of the grain. And then, he looked up, feeling the eyes of his two boys.

They stood slightly aloof, taking him in. With an angry emphasis, Rudd threw up his head.

"Well?"

He did not know what leaned him toward the yielding figures of his boys as a relief from the hard surface of the table—and then, what drew him savagely, revengefully. Perhaps, without his guessing, he envied and abhorred their isolating fitness for what must come.

Andy spoke: "Mother fell asleep—fell asleep."

His little wiry body—its life—was a burden of protest to such a sleep. His hand clasped his brother's. They stood side by side, as if they had been suppliants before a throne.

Rudd gripped himself more easily as he saw this. His weakness, then, had escaped them.

"It's good for Mother to sleep. Let her."

"It's not good!"

The words were from the younger child. But they were not his, consciously. He said what he felt rather than what he knew. His father caught the fatal austerity of this.

"Go for the doctor!"

The command was for the older boy. Rudd caught Jack in his two arms and lifted him on his knees, while Andy had flown out; and held him straight, vicing his shoulders, seeking his gaze. He found it. He held it. His child's spirit flowed to him.

They sat there, motionless, rigid, upright. And neither of them knew, while the child sat on his father's knee, with his frail body clamped in the strong hands, that it was he who was strong and who sustained the other. But both of them knew that the woman who slept was dead. . . .

There was no relief for Rudd; and also there was no change. The little room was still full with its ironic emptiness. The jest of life stayed balanced, as if revelling in its climax. Rudd's nerves were more tautly drawn. His head was duller underneath its load. The silence about his breast was a more stifling one. Everything was the same. Merely, everything was keyed a little nearer to a shriek.

For Rudd had not been able to raise up his sorrow that it might cleanse his degradation. With all of his old self that his sorrow mourned, his sorrow lay submerged. . . .

But at last, the gaunt, silent, eloquent vestige of Rudd's pride was laid away. He thought: when he saw home again, at least it would be really empty, even if it could never again be home. It would be altogether of the broken present. It would be too bare even to remind him of the happy past. Things must grow better then—the sing of his nerves told him—or they must break!

As he rode to her grave, he felt how wrong he was. The lads were close about him in the carriage, like thoughts, like memories, like pain. They throbbed and were mute and were ubiquitous in just this way. He was their father. That meant that he must master them. He felt his failing to. Had he been master, they would not have been so enduring, so cloying-close. In all ways, they were like his senses that clung with him, while he, acknowledging them bluntly, could neither understand nor cast away. They were the true remains of his life, the true point of the jest that was his life. That which rolled silently along before them, with its wreath of immortelles, was no longer anything at all. There was no sense in burying that. It was dead—that death! But there was another death—the death that his two boys, clinging close to him, were forever bringing back. That death was alive! Why could not they be buried?

But they could not be buried. They would go home with

him. They would remain with him. They were like his thoughts. There was no escape from them. Even, he would have to nourish *them!* That which he had deemed the climax of the jest was the point of its starting. It would weave into the texture of his love for the living his horror over the love that was lost. It would continue laughing slowly through all his life. . . .

The thinking of these things was a drone and a rhythm:—one, first, with the swing of the wheels, and one, at last, with the swing of his breath. Swathed in the things he thought, Rudd stood over the broken earth and looked down into the grave. Beyond him waved the world. A fringe of trees rolled over the hill that was golden and purple in the sun. The sky glanced against it and its infinite steadfastness made a wave of the landside and a mood of the trees. The wind ran tremorously along. Rudd saw only the grave; but the wind sang in his ears and what it sang was the secret of all it had traversed to reach him. On the horizon, the brow of the hill touched a cloud. And the cloud's top touched the sun. And the wind had come from the horizon.

So a great need came over Rudd. He could escape his thoughts. He knew a way. But these living, growing forms of his thoughts, that clasped his hands? He must escape them first!

Rudd drew free his hands. He did not look at the faces of his boys. Simply, he walked away from their faces. And his harsh gait, as he strode out of earshot, was a measure of his disordered will.

Three days Rudd did not return. He wandered about. He drank enough to blunt the edge of insult cutting his nerves. He kept himself at that. He had a mist about him to dim the direction of his thoughts. But he still had a sense of their stirring, of their nearness, of the danger of their approach. He did not dare to lose this altogether. Something

held him from taking liquor to that end. And this same thing it was that at last drew him home.

His living through these three days had been like a siege for him. Within, safe for the moment, was a self that did not see and did not hurt. Without, was the bitter and beating and intolerable mass of his emotions which he had managed to thrust away, but which drove stubbornly back toward their home. As the siege wore on, he knew that they would return. He was not surprised, as he opened the door of his flat. He had never reasonably figured out another course. And he had not drunk enough entirely to lose his reason.

A woman who lived below and whom he had seldom seen faced him, as he stood slightly hesitant in the threshold. Behind her, seated, doing nothing, were his two sons. The flat had a vast and vacant air to his veering senses. In it, the boys were petty and out of scale. The realities were the looming strange emptiness of the place where he had lived, and the sudden challenge of the woman. Rudd glanced beyond her to the table which was bare and to the stove which was cold. It was early evening. The shadows came up from the street and into the window. Another shadow lay against the room from the door of the little chamber, and made the room almost blindingly light by contrast. The door was open. Everything was larger than its wont, and new with a sudden oldness. Rudd saw the sewing-machine with its little stool. It was huge. He saw the painted china statue and the colored picture. They were flushed with a fever. From these abandoned marks of his past came a shrill tremor that caught in his brain and made him dizzy.

Rudd stood very still and bent his mind to steadiness. Why were his two sons so small and quiet? The woman's voice broke in and made him listen.

"Well, Mr. Rudd," she said, "So you've come home at last? And are you expecting me to feed you too, as I have your sons?"

Rudd swayed a bit. This was what the woman needed to unleash her.

"A fine father you are!"

He saw his sons, meekly quiet, their eyes lowered from their father, their bodies withdrawn.

"You'd 'a' let 'em starve, I suppose—you big brute!—abandoning your children when they've gone and lost their mother. God! you men—carousing for three days. Well, I ain't no millionaire. I got no more food to spare for 'em. I guess it's up to you to get 'em their dinner."

She marched directly upon him.

"Let me pass," she sneered. With a heavy arm, she thrust him aside. The door slammed.

The noise showered out and went through Rudd like steel, sobering him. He saw himself, alone with his two sons. A great shame possessed him, shrivelling up all his other senses. Barely, he made out his sons, still sitting there. They were eloquent in their withdrawal from this father who had shamed himself. . . .

Rudd clenched his fists. He could not bear this subtle proof of his disgrace. He must win over his sons, though the task sickened him. He must blot out their mute shy calm that branded him more clearly, even than the words of the woman. They had listened while this stranger flayed their father!

He had lost his love—his life. And now this living humiliation was heaped on the grave of his pride—on the remains of death? A woman had spoken in that way before his sons? Had struck at him so, with her service to his sons? Always—his sons! They were there, eternally then, to quicken his disgrace!

The impulse surged in Rudd to wipe them out. Another impulse came to fall on his knees before them—told him that this completion would be sweet. But Rudd threw up his head.

"Come, lads," he cried. "We're going out to supper."

They put on their hats and coats with the same cowed look of accusation. They said nothing. It was their silence which Rudd found insufferable. For through it came more clearly their contempt and their disgust, and the sharp contrast with what once had been.

As they walked down the street, he tried to alter this. He tried to joke, to ask them questions. But how could he joke when he had last seen them at their mother's grave? And how could he ask them questions without questioning how they had been since she had left them? And how could he hear them speak without looking in their faces from which he had walked away? They entered the restaurant in a cold stillness.

On one side of the narrow room was a counter fitted with stools revolving on iron rods. On the other was a squad of tables bare of cloth, cluttered with canisters and thick dishes and the sprawling elbows of the eaters. Above the counter was a glass pasted with cardboard notices of food and prices. Behind it worked an unshaved man in an apron of dirty white. Another, even a little greasier, worked the tables. The place was alive with men and women; silence swarmed over their drab movements like a slow rotting. It was as if the squalor of the place, rather than the food, were stifling their hunger.

Rudd and his sons sat down. Rudd took the bill of fare. Here was one topic of talk where he could venture. Into it he put all of himself, all of his starved capacity of father. From it, in some mad way, he seemed to seek redemption.

"Well, lads," he announced, "what will you have to eat? Anything you want. Now, make sure!"

He read down the list, stressing the delicacies, putting a tinge of rhapsody gleaned from another and true pathos into his voice as he pronounced them, slurring the common meats as if they were beneath the splendor of his rite. The boys listened with unaltered faces. Rudd grew lyric over the desserts. And then, he paused.

"I want some fried eggs," said Andy, with a cold decision that seemed to have been made before the reading of the bill of fare.

"Me too," said Jack. His tone was the same.

The father quavered over this abyss from his proud comedy. He feared for his balance.

"Aren't you hungrier than that?" he pleaded.

"Mrs. Wagner gave us a whole lot for lunch."

Rudd winced. The waiter was standing over him, supercilious and ready for the order.

"Very well," declared Rudd, beating down the still rising pain.

"Fried eggs, three times," he gave out. He avoided looking at the waiter. His presence was hostile to him. He had heard Rudd's prandial oration,—and its anti-climax. This may have been an initial cause. For the fellow had dared to smile. And the poison of that smile had seeped now through all Rudd's personality.

"And what with it—potatoes?" the waiter asked, his head also up.

Rudd turned to his boys in question. They nodded almost imperceptibly.

"How?" asked their father. It was as if he had been addressing some unreality. That was why he found it painful to control his voice.

"Boiled," was their low answer.

"Boiled potatoes on the side," ordered Rudd, and the other man lounged off.

Once more there was silence.

The one topic of talk was exhausted. It had helped not at all.

Rudd waited, tapping the floor with his foot. But even this he ceased to do. He became altogether still. His two sons gazed vacantly ahead, with their hands clasped and their eyes glistening and their spirit altogether pinched and broken.

And then, an infinite air came and held all three,—an air that was cloying and thick and unbreathable, and that they had to breathe—an air of Permanence. In its drawing chill, in its measured penetration, Rudd recognized it.

At last, the waiter returned and laid their food before them on the table.

The Broncho That Would Not be Broken of Dancing

By Vachel Lindsay

A LITTLE colt-broncho, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm.
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm.
Calling "Beware," with lugubrious singing.
But the butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and olden
Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.
In all the wide farm-place the person most human.
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,
With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,
With Greek-footed figures and Parthenon paces;
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. "Keep whirling," they said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed
"If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing.
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing,
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.

And they scourged you, with Hell in their speech and their faces,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you" rattled the crows,
As you dragged the whole reaper, next day, down the rows.
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing,
You tangled the harness, with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you, a pole for a lance,
And the giant mules bit at you, keeping their places,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon, your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down, like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death-warrant tracing;
And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper, to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

A Group of Lyrics

Leave-Taking

WILL the world still live for you
When I am gone?
Will the straight garden poppy
Still sprout blood from its green throat
Before your feet?
Will the five cleft petals of the campion
Still be rose-colored,
Like five murdered senses, for you?

Will your trees still live,
Thrust metallic bosses of leafage
From the hill side in the summer light;
Will the leaves sway and grow darker,
Rustle, swirl in the gales;
Decay into gold and orange,
Crinkle and shrivel,
And fall silently at last
On frosty grass?

Will there be sun for you;
The line of near hills
Cut, as in thin blue steel,
Against red haze?

Will there be silence?

Will not even the clean acrid sea
Turn stale upon your lips?

Will the world die for you
As it dies for me?

—*Richard Aldington.*

An Old Conceit New-dressed

MAY will not come again to me
With bird on the green tree,
And dandelion in sun:
But when the winter's done
I shall behold as others have before
The narrow door.

Nor shall I hesitate
Before that chastening gate;
But just turn back to fling
To the awakening spring
(Feeling the earth-mole start and blindly stir
In the deep heart of her)

This one memorial rose
To the reluctant snows,
This singing lance of light
Where arbutus is white,
And go glad-hearted after pain to sleep—
But not too deep

For timothy and all friendly grasses
When the first robin passes,
To reach with love that seeks
The faded glow of cheeks,

The swift limbs' laughing strength
All the dear body's length,

And lift me once again
Into the beat of rain,
The burly clasp of bees,
The reticence of trees,
Until some sunrise the red-bird in the larch
Feels his throat parch

With unusual aching
(When April's making
Where every orchard covers
Brown and happy lovers)
And I shall flame one morning into song,
Dead, they thought, so long.

—*Willard Wattles.*

Magic Screen

THE city misted in rain, dim wet flashes of light
Strike through the dusk; vaguely thunders a train;
The cabs rattle and slip over the glimmering street.
Under the wheels and hooves and hurrying feet
The darkly-shining pave
Reaches into the night.
On blackness color flames: purple and blurs of red
Like fruits of faery bloom,
Yellow soft as honey and gold, green as though crushed emeralds bled,
Arctic blue in pale cold ribbons
Lost in gloom.—
Wind, and across the shaken lanterns
The obscure shadows loom.

—*Babette Deutsch.*

A Group of Lyrics

In the Next Yard

O YES, you are very cunning,
I can see that:
Out there in the snow with your red cart
And your wooly grey coat
And those ridiculous
Little grey leggings!
Like a rabbit,
A demure brownie.
O yes, you are cunning;
But do not think you will escape your father and mother
And what your brothers are!
I know the pattern.
It will surely have you—
For all these elfish times in the snow—
As commonplace as the others,
Little grey rabbit.

—Helen Hoyt.

The Nobility

BEHIND blinking lids of banter, playing at butterfly, profundity digs his cave.
Careless of her weak yellow gums, sorrow smiles like a toad and snarls an insipid ditty.
Not unruefully, the aged night trees raise their petticoats; their skinny white knees protrude and flirt with the fireflies.
The earth snores in his sleep, as the worms squirming in his brain weave a nightmare of glee.
For a noble breath or two, scorn is god . . .

The river plays on on his flute.
The stupid mountains shrug their shoulders.
The elephant moon goes, wagging his head.

—Alfred Kreymborg.

A Group of Lyrics

The Old Courtesan

(After the Bronze by Auguste Rodin)

SHE is old and ugly—
Battered with years,
Like an inn
That life has deserted
Long ago—
Love once held revel in her heart;
Youth once lay captive on those breasts;
Now!
She is old and ugly—
Wrinkled with years,
Like a grape
That Life has squeezed out
Over its cup—
Time has pressed flat the fulness of her cheeks;
Lust has sucked dry the sweetness of her lips;
Now!
She is old and ugly—
Yellow with years,
Like a parchment
That Life has scrawled over and over
With villainous rhymes.

—*Alter Brody.*

Young Spain

By John R. Dos Passos

THE *señores* were from Madrid? Indeed! The man's voice was full of an awe of great distances. He was the village baker of Almorox, where we had gone on a Sunday excursion from Madrid; and we were standing on the scrubbed tile floor of his house, ceremoniously receiving wine and figs from his wife. The father of the friend who accompanied me had once lived in the same village as the baker's father, and bought bread of him; hence the entertainment. This baker of Almorox was a tall man, with a soft moustache very black against his ash-pale face, who stood with his large head thrust far forward. He was smiling with pleasure at the presence of strangers in his house, while in a tone of shy deprecating courtesy he asked after my friend's family. Don Fernando and Doña Ana and the Señorita were well? And little Carlos? Carlos was no longer little, answered my friend, and Doña Ana was dead.

The baker's wife had stood in the shadow looking from one face to another with a sort of wondering pleasure as we talked, but at this she came forward suddenly into the pale greenish-gold light that streamed through the door, holding a dark wine-bottle before her. There were tears in her eyes. No; she had never known any of them, she explained hastily—she had never been away from Almorox—but she had heard so much of their kindness and was sorry. . . . It was terrible to lose a father or a mother. The tall baker shifted his feet uneasily, embarrassed by the sadness that seemed slipping over his guests, and suggested that we walk up the hill to the Hermitage; he would show the way.

"But your work?" we asked. Ah, it did not matter. Strangers did not come every day to Almorox. He strode out of the door, wrapping a woolen muffler about his bare strongly moulded throat, and we followed him up the devious street of whitewashed houses that gave us glimpses through wide doors of dark tiled rooms with great black rafters overhead and courtyards where chickens pecked at the manure lodged between smooth worn flagstones. Still between whitewashed walls we struck out of the village into the deep black mud of the high road, and at last burst suddenly into the open country, where patches of sprouting grass shone vivid green against the gray and russet of broad rolling lands. At the top of the first hill stood the Hermitage—a small whitewashed chapel with a square three-storied tower; over the door was a relief of the Virgin, crowned, in worn lichened stone. The interior was very plain with a single heavily gilt altar, over which was a painted statue, stiff but full of a certain erect disdainful grace—again of the Virgin. The figure was dressed in a long lace gown, full of frills and ruffles, grey with dust and age.

"La Virgen de la Cima," said the baker, pointing reverently with his thumb, after he had bent his knee before the altar. And as I glanced at the image a sudden resemblance struck me: the gown gave the Virgin a curiously conical look that somehow made me think of that conical black stone, the Bona Dea, that the Romans brought from Asia Minor. Here again was a good goddess, a bountiful one, more mother than virgin, despite her prudish frills. . . . But the man was ushering us out.

"And there is no finer view than this in all Spain." With a broad sweep of his arm he took in the village below, with its waves of roofs that merged from green to maroon and deep crimson, broken suddenly by the open square in front of the church; and the gray towering church, scowling with strong lights and shadows on buttresses and pointed windows; and

the brown fields faintly sheened with green, which gave place to the deep maroon of the turned earth of vineyards, and the shining silver where the wind ruffled the olive-orchards; and beyond, the rolling hills that grew gradually flatter until they sank into the yellowish plain of Castile. As he made the gesture his fingers were stretched wide as if to grasp all this land he was showing. His flaccid cheeks were flushed as he turned to us; but we should see it in May, he was saying, in May when the wheat was thick in the fields, and there were flowers on the hills. Then the lands were beautiful and rich, in May. And he went on to tell us of the local feast, and the great processions of the Virgin. This year there were to be four days of the *toros*. So many bullfights were unusual in such a small village, he assured us. But they were rich in Almorox; the wine was the best in Castile. Four days of *toros,* he said again; and all the people of the country around would come to the fiestas, and there would be a great pilgrimage to this Hermitage of the Virgin . . . As he talked in his slow deferential way, a little conscious of his volubility before strangers, there began to grow in my mind a picture of his view of the world.

First came his family, the wife whose body lay beside his at night, who bore him children, the old withered parents who sat in the sun at his door, his memories of them when they had had strong rounded limbs like his, and of their parents sitting old and withered in the sun. Then his work, the heat of his ovens, the smell of bread cooking, the faces of neighbors who came to buy; and, outside, in the dim penumbra of things half real, of travellers' tales, lay Madrid, where the king lived and where politicians wrote in the newspapers,—and *Francia* and all that was not Almorox . . . In him I seemed to see the generations wax and wane, like the years, strung on the thread of labor, of unending sweat and strain of muscles against the earth. It was all so mellow, so strangely aloof from the modern world of feverish change,

this life of the peasants of Almorox. Everywhere roots striking into the infinite past. For before the Revolution, before the Moors, before the Romans, before the dark furtive traders, the Phœnicians, they were much the same, these Iberian village communities. Far away things changed, cities were founded, hard roads built, armies marched and fought and passed away; but in Almorox the foundations of life remained unchanged up to the present. New names and new languages had come. The Virgin had taken over the festivals and rituals of the old earth goddesses, and the deep mystical fervor of devotion. But always remained the love for the place, the strong anarchistic reliance on the individual man, the walking consciously or not, of the way beaten by generations of men who had tilled and loved and lain in the cherishing sun with no feeling of a reality outside of themselves, outside of the bare encompassing hills of their commune, except the God which was the synthesis of their souls and of their lives.

Here lies the strength and the weakness of Spain. This intense individualism, born of a history whose fundamentals lie in isolated village communities—*pueblos,* as the Spaniards call them—over the changeless face of which, like grass over a field, events spring and mature and die, is the basic fact of Spanish life. No revolution has been strong enough to shake it. Invasion after invasion, of Goths, of Moors, of Christian ideas, of the fads and convictions of the Renaissance, have swept over the country, changing surface customs and modes of thought and speech, only to be metamorphosed into keeping with the changeless Iberian mind.

And predominant in the Iberian mind is the thought *La vida es sueño:* "Life is a dream." Only the individual, or that part of life which is in the firm grasp of the individual, is real. The supreme expression of this lies in the two great figures that typify Spain for all time; Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Don Quixote, the individualist who believed

in the power of man's soul over all things, whose desire included the whole world in himself. Sancho, the individualist to whom all the world was food for his belly. On the one hand we have the ecstatic figures for whom the power of the individual soul has no limits, in whose minds the universe is but one man standing before his reflection, God. These are the Loyolas, the Philip Seconds, the fervid ascetics like Juan de la Cruz, the originals of the glowing tortured faces in the portraits of El Greco. On the other hand are the jovial materialists like the Archpriest of Hita, culminating in the frantic, almost mystical sensuality of such an epic figure as Don Juan Tenorio. Through all Spanish history and art the threads of these two complementary characters can be traced, changing, combining, branching out, but ever in substance the same. Of this warp and woof have all the strange patterns of Spanish life been woven.

II.

In trying to hammer some sort of unified impression out of the scattered pictures of Spain in my mind, one of the first things I realize is that there are many Spains. Indeed every village hidden in the folds of the great barren hills, or shadowed by its massive church in the middle of one of the upland plains, every fertile *huerta* of the seacoast is a Spain. Iberia exists, and the strong Iberian characteristics; but Spain as a modern centralized nation is an illusion—perhaps a delusion; for the present atrophy, the desolating resultlessness of a century of revolution, may very well be due in large measure to the artificial imposition of centralized government on a land essentially centrifugal.

In the first place there is the matter of language. Roughly four distinct languages are at present spoken in Spain: Castilian, the language of Madrid and the central uplands, the official language, spoken in the south in its Andalusian form;

Gallego-Portuguese, spoken on the west coast; Basque, which does not even share the Latin descent of the others; and Catalan, a form of Provençal which, with its dialect, Valencian, is spoken on the upper Mediterranean coast and in the Balearic Isles. Of course, under the influence of rail communication and a conscious effort to spread Castilian, the other languages, with the exception of Portuguese and Catalan, have lost vitality and died out in the larger towns; but the problem remains far different from that of the Italian dialects, since the Spanish languages have all, except Basque, a strong literary tradition.

Added to the variety of language, there is an immense variety of topography in the different parts of Spain. The central plateaux, dominant in modern history (history being taken to mean the births and breedings of kings and queens and the doings of generals in armor), probably approximate the warmer Russian steppes in climate and vegetation. The west coast is in most respects a warmer and more fertile Wales. The southern *huertas* (arable river valleys) have rather the aspect of Egypt. The east coast from Valencia up is a continuation of the Mediterranean coast of France. It follows that, in this country where an hour's train ride will take you from Siberian snow into African desert, unity of population is hardly to be expected.

Here is probably the root of the tendency in Spanish art and thought to emphasize the differences between things. In painting, where the mind of a people is often more tangibly represented than anywhere else, we find one supreme example. El Greco, almost the caricature in his art of the Don Quixote type of mind, who, though a Greek by birth and a Venetian by training, became more Spanish than the Spaniards during his long life at Toledo, strove constantly to express the difference between the world of flesh and the world of spirit, between the body and the soul of man. More recently, the extreme characterization of Goya's sketches and

portraits, the intensifying of national types found in Zuloaga and the other painters who have been exploiting with such success the peculiarities—the picturesqueness—of Spanish faces and landscapes, seem to spring from this powerful sense of the separateness of things.

In another way you can express this constant attempt to differentiate one individual from another as caricature. Spanish art is constantly on the edge of caricature. Given the ebullient fertility of the Spanish mind and its intense individualism, a constant slipping over into the grotesque is inevitable. And so it comes to be that the conscious or unconscious aim of their art is rather self-expression than beauty. Their image of reality is sharp and clear, but distorted. Burlesque and satire are never far away in their most serious moments. Not even the calmest and best ordered of Spanish minds can resist a tendency to excess of all sorts, to overelaboration, to grotesquerie, to deadening mannerism. All that is greatest in their art, indeed, lies on the borderland of the extravagant, where sublime things skim the thin ice of absurdity. The great epic, Don Quixote; such plays as Calderon's *La Vida es Sueño,* such painting as El Greco's *Resurrection* and Velasquez's dwarfs, such buildings as the Escorial and the Alhambra—all among the universal masterpieces—are far indeed from the middle term of reasonable beauty. Hence their supreme strength. And for our generation, to which excess is a synonym for beauty, is added argumentative significance to the long tradition of Spanish art.

Another characteristic, springing from the same fervid abundance, that links the Spanish tradition to ours of the present day is the strangely impromptu character of much Spanish art production. The slightly ridiculous proverb that genius consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains is well controverted. The creative flow of Spanish artists has always been so strong, so full of vitality that there has been no time for taking pains. Lope de Vega, with his two thousand odd

plays—or was it twelve thousand?—is by no means an isolated instance. Perhaps the strong sense of individual validity, which makes Spain the most democratic country in Europe, sanctions the constant improvization, and accounts for the confident planlessness as common in Spanish architecture as in Spanish political thought.

Here we meet the old stock characteristic, Spanish pride. This is a very real thing, and is merely the external shell of the fundamental trust in the individual and in nothing outside of him. Again El Greco is an example. As his painting progressed, grew more and more personal, he drew away from tangible reality, and, with all the dogmatic conviction of one whose faith in his own reality can sweep away the mountains of the visible world, expressed his own restless, almost sensual, spirituality in forms that flickered like white flames toward God. For the Spaniard, moreover, God is always, in essence, the proudest sublimation of man's soul. The same spirit runs through the preachers of the early church and the works of Santa Teresa, a disguise of the frantic desire to express the self, the self, changeless and eternal, at all costs. From this comes the hard cruelty that flares forth luridly at times. A recent book by Miguel de Unamuno, *Del Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida,* expresses this fierce clinging to separateness from the universe by the phrase *el hambre de inmortalidad,* the hunger of immortality. This is the core of the individualism that lurks in all Spanish ideas, the conviction that only the individual soul is real.

III

In the Spain of today these things are seen as through a glass, darkly. Since the famous and much gloated-over entrance of Ferdinand and Isabella into Granada, the history of Spain has been that of an attempt to fit a square peg in a round hole. In the great flare of the golden age, the age of

ingots of Peru and of men of even greater worth, the disease worked beneath the surface. Since then the conflict has corroded into futility all the buoyant energies of the country. I mean the persistent attempt to centralize in thought, in art, in government, in religion, a nation whose every energy lies in the other direction. The result has been a deadlock, and the ensuing rust and numbing of all life and thought, so that a century of revolution seems to have brought Spain no nearer a solution of its problems. At the present day, when all is ripe for a new attempt to throw off the atrophy, a sort of despairing inaction causes the Spaniards to remain under a government of unbelievably corrupt and inefficient politicians. There seems no solution to the problem of a nation in which the centralized power and the separate communities work only to nullify each other.

The attitude of Spain to the war is an outgrowth of this. The country is pretty evenly divided into Germanophiles and Frankophiles, as they are called, not from any broad convictions on world politics, but from the hope that the victory of one or the other will throw weight on the side of one of the contesting parties. The reactionaries, the clergy, and the ignorant priest-ridden classes—the high aristocracy and the lowest peasantry—are strongly pro-German, or rather, pro-Austrian. Perhaps the faint hope of a new Metternich sustains them. The liberals of all colors, the intelligenzia, and the munitions manufacturers, who have been growing very wealthy in the North, are fervidly pro-Ally. Then there is a further regional division: the Basque provinces, Portugal, Galicia and Catalonia, the portions of the peninsula that have most connection with the modern world, are pro-Ally; the central and southern parts pro-German.

But the most important influence of the war on Spain is this. The cost of living is constantly rising, and labor is wretchedly underpaid. Meanwhile the governing classes plunder, the intellectual classes talk and prophesy and de-

spair, and a few towns in the North, like Corunna, grow suddenly rich on munitions. But under the surface the moment comes nearer and nearer when the tension will snap. Famine is the mother of revolutions. The trouble is that the revolutionary classes have so many different aims. In Catalonia they want a republic and virtual autonomy from the rest of Spain. In Andalusia they want, very simply, food and decent wages. In Galicia they want to be let alone and allowed to grow rich in peace. Fear of failure is everywhere, a fear that any move may make matters worse, may lift again into the saddle the incubus of the clergy and the reactionaries. So Spain, hot with discussion, holds aloof from the war.

On every side, however, in thought if not in fact, the ice of national stagnation is breaking. The war of '98, which to us was merely an occasion for a display of the school history-book style of patriotism, combined with an amazing skill in sanitation, was to the Spanish people a great spiritual crisis. It was the first thorough unmasking of the hopeless atrophy of their political life. From '98 indeed has sprung the present generation, a generation of men strangely sensitive and self-conscious, some despairing, some pressing on very boldly up the logical paths of Spanish thought—toward anarchism, toward a searing criticism of the modern world in general and Spain in particular. Gradually, laboriously, with unexampled devotion, these men are piecing together the tattered shreds of national consciousness. Not national consciousness wholly in the present capitalistic-patriotic sense, however, but something more fruitful, more local.

The two most important novelists in the younger generation, Pio Barroja and Blasco Ibañez well illustrate this mood. The first, who very probably is one of the foremost writers of our time, has spent his life in delineating Spain against the background of the world today, exposing her weakness with frank pessimism. Barroja's attitude has a certain affinity to the attitude toward America of the early Henry James,

though as artists there is no comparison between them. The Spaniard has a sense of life, a bouyancy, a power to tell a story that make sickly beside them the pale artifices of the Anglo-American novelist. Far different, too, from James's quiet dissent from ideas American is Barroja's burning criticism of his country's inaction. Through him Nietzsche has reached the present generation, and a worship of things Anglo-Saxon, of the efficient Roosevelt virtues, which sounds strangely in the ears of Americans used to reacting in the opposite direction from their red-blooded national ethics. Blasco Ibañez, a belated Zolaist of slightly lurid tendencies, attacks Spanish life from the opposite point of view, from that of his socialist's vision of the world. He is less of an artist, but probably his ideas will be ultimately more fruitful than the old-fashioned cosmopolitanism and Anglo-mania of Barroja.

In the Spanish poetry of the day there is much the same sense of purpose. Rubén Darío, the Nicaraguan who dominated the Spanish-speaking world for the past decade, was full of his call to the Spanish peoples to unite, to build a new ideal of life that would defeat what he called the *Yankí* ideal of dollars and steel. In his bold metrical inventions, in his continual breaking of the conventional chains of Spanish thought, he was the prophet of an era of solidarity for the Spanish peoples of the world, with a humaner literature and a humaner religion. Antonio Machado, writing his passionate love for the grey iron hills and the yellow plains of Castile, and for the dark reliant peasants who till their soil, has made some of his greatest poetry in attempts to stir his countrymen to realization and action. Throughout his strong repressed poems runs the plaint of the ancient glory of Castile, "fecund mother of captains in the old time, today bringing forth puny drill-sergeants." Another poet, Juan Ramón Jiménez, has introduced a prosody developed from the French vers librists which approximates in some measure the verse of Amy Lowell and Richard Aldington. He has substituted a vague,

rather Celtic mood for the traditional clarity of Spanish verse, and a delicate irregular cadence for the heavy lilt of its ballad rhythms. He is the poet of Andalusia the gay, the center of the ruined dream of Moorish Spain, while Antonio Machado represents somber visionary Castile. And, in the same manner, each poet of modern Spain can be assigned to his province, to his *pueblo*. In literature the triumph of the commune over Madrid is near at hand.

The regional character of Spanish music of the present generation is even more obvious. This is probably largely due to the varied character of the rich store of still unexploited folk-music, roughly of Celtic origin in the North and West, and of African in the South and Levant, which up to the present has found no genius strong enough to fuse it into a truly personal work of art. Spain is saturated with this native music. Even the light opera of the cheaper theatres in Madrid has, when the source is not muddied by imitation Viennese tinsel and syrup, moments of great charm and true musical value. Often in a trivial and ill put-together *zarzuela* appear almost unconscious traces of old thrilling motives handed down from the Moors or the Celt-Iberian mountaineers. Perhaps Spanish music is in the condition of German music before Beethoven. No one has yet appeared to collect the scattered strands into a great racial art. Among recent composers, neither Granados nor Albéniz have to my mind thoroughly mastered their material. They and probably Fallo and the other composers of the moment, who are so busily engaged in collecting and interpreting what they can of the stream of musical richness that flows past them, will be the stepping-stones for the genius who must follow to make of Spanish music a great and original expression.

First, however, in Spanish music as in Spanish painting, one influence must be overcome: Paris. Paris has hitherto done one of two things to Spanish artists; it has subdued them entirely to the prevailing French mode, or it has turned them

into mongers of the picturesque, of romantic Spain, for export purposes. There seem, in Spanish art as in American, few personalities strong enough to gain the technique of Paris without becoming as enslaved as Circe's swine.

The great vitality of Spanish painting in recent years is partly due to the fact that it has been an expression of local schools. Sorolla was a thoroughly Valencian painter before he went to Paris, and his best work is that which shows most the influence of the local tradition. In Zuloaga can be seen again and again the influence of his uncle Daniel, the Castilian ceramist. In the Basque painters represented by the brothers Zubiaurre, localism in style and technique becomes almost a mannerism. Indeed it is hard to realize how much good painting is being done in small isolated groups in Spain. Seville, Granada, Bilbao, Corunna, Barcelona, Valencia, have all their circles of extremely active painters; while Madrid is the palm of victory. There live all the thoroughly successful artists, and those the war has driven away from the lotus-trees of Paris. But even in the rather vulgar and cosmopolitan—in the worst sense—artistic circle of Madrid, the cult of the god Success and of the god Foreignness has nothing of the power and universality it enjoys in corresponding circles in America. Perhaps the reason is that a sincere inborn sense of art is part of the heritage of all classes of Spanish society.

IV

It was after a lecture at an exhibition of Basque painters in Madrid, where we had heard a wonderful old man, with eyes that burned out from under shaggy grizzled eyebrows, denounce in bitter stinging irony what he called the Europeanization of Spain. What they called progress, he had said, was merely an aping of the stupid commercialism of modern Europe. Better no education for the masses than education that would turn healthy peasants into crafty putty-

skinned merchants; better a Spain swooning in her age-old apathy, than a Spain awakened to the brutal soulless trade-war of modern life . . . I was walking with a young student of philosophy I had met by chance across the noisy board of a Spanish *pension,* discussing the exhibition we had just seen as a strangely meek setting for the fiery reactionary speech. I had remarked on the very "primitive" look much of the work of these young Basque painters had, shown by some in the almost affectionate technique, in the dainty caressing brush-work, in others by that inadequacy of the means at the painter's disposal to express his idea, which made of so many of the pictures rather gloriously impressive failures. My friend was insisting, however, that the primitiveness, rather than the birth-pangs of a new view of the world, was nothing but the last affectation of an over-civilized tradition."

"Spain," he said, "is the most civilized country in Europe. The growth of our civilization has never been interrupted by outside influence. The Phoenicians, the Romans—Spain's influence on Rome was, I imagine, fully as great as Rome's on Spain; think of the five Spanish emperors;—the Goths, the Moors;—all incidents, absorbed by the changeless Iberian spirit . . . Even Spanish Christianity," he continued, smiling, "is far more Spanish than it is Christian. Our life is one vast ritual. Our religion is part of it, that is all. And so are the bull-fights that so shock the English and Americans,—are they any more brutal, though, than fox-hunting and prize-fights? And how full of tradition are they, our *fiestas de toros;* their ceremony reaches back to the hecatombs of the Homeric heroes, to the bull-worship of the Cretans and of so many of the Mediterranean cults, to the Roman games. Can civilization go further than to ritualize death as we have done? But our culture is too perfect, too stable. Life is choked by it."

We stood still a moment in the shade of a yellowed lime-tree. My friend had stopped talking, and was looking with

his usual bitter smile at a group of little boys with brown bare dusty legs who were intently playing bull-fight with sticks for swords and a piece of newspaper for the toreador's scarlet cape.

"It is you in America," he went on suddenly, "to whom the future belongs; you are so vigorous and vulgar and uncultured. Life has become once more the primal fight for bread. Of course the dollar is a complicated form of the food the cave man killed for and slunk after, and the means of combat are different, but it is as brutal. From that crude animal brutality comes all the vigor of life. We have none of it; we are too tired to have any thoughts; we have lived so much so long ago that now we are content with the very simple things,—the warmth of the sun and the colors of the hills and the flavor of bread and wine. All the rest is automatic, ritual."

"But what about the strike?" I asked, referring to the one day's general strike that had just been carried out with fair success throughout Spain, as a protest against the government's apathy regarding the dangerous rise in the prices of food and fuel.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That, and more," he said, "is new Spain, a prophecy, rather than a fact. Old Spain is still all-powerful."

Later in the day I was walking through the main street of one of the clustered adobe villages that lie in the folds of the Castilian plain not far from Madrid. The lamps were just being lit in the little shops where the people lived and worked and sold their goods, and women with beautifully shaped pottery jars on their heads were coming home with water from the well. Suddenly I came out on an open *plaza* with trees from which the last leaves were falling through the greenish sunset light. The place was filled with the lilting music of a grind-organ and with a crunch of steps on the gravel as people danced. There were soldiers and servant-

girls, and red-cheeked apprentice-boys with their sweethearts, and respectable shop-keepers, and their wives with mantillas over their gleaming black hair. All were dancing in and out among the slim tree-trunks, and the air was noisy with laughter and little cries of childlike unfeigned enjoyment. I thought of a cheap dancehall in America. How much healthier this seemed, in the open air, without restraint or hidden obscenities, this merrymaking of people who were so unaffectedly at ease in the world.

Here was the gospel of Sancho Panza, I thought, the easy acceptance of life, the unashamed joy in food and color and the softness of women's hair. But as I walked out of the village across the harsh plain of Castile, grey-green and violet under the deepening night, the memory came to me of the knight of the sorrowful countenance, Don Quixote, blunderingly trying to remould the world, pitifully sure of the power of his own ideal. And in these two Spain seemed to be manifest. Far indeed were they from the restless industrial world of joyless enforced labor and incessant goading war. And I wondered to what purpose it would be, should Don Quixote again saddle Rosinante.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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Kahlil Gibran Robert Frost
Louis Untermeyer Robert Edmond Jones
Edna Kenton David Mannes

Editorial

In the pause of ominous foreboding days,
In the strange darkening silence,
I listen . . . I listen to myself . . .
I hear what is larger than myself, what is gigantic and terrible in strength,
The approaching reverberations of footsteps and tongues quivering on the air, gathering and drawing close,
The confused murmur of assembling voices,

The guttural animal rumble of growing crowds,
The suffocating, the inarticulate groans of peoples.

The air grows sultry, the skies thicken, the shrill birds beat against the wind . . .
When shall the clear thunder speak?
When shall the lightning of holy revolt cleave asunder the prisons?
When shall there sweep the envenomed earth and sky in shouted blasts the music of the storm?

Where are you lagging, Isaiah of the factories?
Where, O Joan of the slums?
Where, O prophet of the proletariat?
O masters, come forth from the side-street or the mill-town
And sweep into a divine symphony
The dark mute music of multitude:
Gather the heavy drops of rain—this man and that—this woman, that child—
Into the releasing storm, into the clear-voiced storm, into the storm that lets our hearts out, our souls out, thunder-trumpeting what we feel.

Bright archangel of battle
Ride on the northern winds of Revolution,
Ride the blast from arisen Russia
And girdle the world like a typhoon sucking the peoples into a column of war,
A war against the war,
A war against the swindling glory of war,
A war against the divine rights of kings and states, of heroes and of presidents,
A war against hate and holiness:
A war for life, for the laughter of children and the love of women and men.

How long, O how long, beloved race,
How long, beloved multitudes,
Shall you be drugged with the damned, the opiate fake of military music,
And slay one another like beasts to make a blood-spectacle for the old men,
To fatten with your deaths the Egotists who send you out to die?
Seven million of our young are murdered dead in Europe,
And the numbers of a great people are broken for the days of their life . . .
How long shall you feed the cannon you do not own,
And the States you do not run?
How long shall you taste dumb agony for a myth and a creed and a lie?

O the hope of the world were dead, and we were doomed to the undoing of man,
Were it not for thee, Russia, holy Russia,
Thou glimpse of the splendid sun in the black battle-smoke,
Thou shining health, thou virtue in the insane death-shambles!
To thee, the leadership has passed.
From America to thee has been handed the torch of freedom;
Thou art the hope of the world, the asylum of the oppressed,
The manger of the Future.

Rise, ever higher, more splendid,
Be as the divine dawn sending the rays of thy promised joy into the wilderness of madness,
Call us with thy clear lips,
Call us to the Day of Man, to the Planet of Humanity,
Call us into thy triumphing Revolution . . .
Call up the magnificent storm which shall be a throat and a tongue for our dumb thick anguish,

Which shall be a flaying terror to the thrones of kingdoms
and republics,
Which shall be a word of love in a world of hate,
A sanity in madness.

We march over the invisible edge of the precipice,
We drop thousand by thousand into the abyss,
We walk dumbly, like driven beasts, in lonely separation, in
inarticulate rage—
Under us rolls a growing murmur, an ascending rumble, an
ominous groaning . . .
We wait the Voice . . . we wait the Storm . . .

J. O.

Recollections of Samuel Butler

By John Butler Yeats

I KNEW Butler. In the year 1867-68 I was a pupil at Heatherleigh's Art School, Newman Street, London, and Butler was there also. It is not true that Butler had talent. To be a painter after the manner of John Bellini was for years the passion of his life. It was vain; he had no talent. At the time I knew him he was beginning to see this and it was pathetic! We tried to comfort him and would have cheered him with false hopes. All the intellect in the world won't make a painter if it is not the right kind of intellect.

A Scotch friend of mine and his whom Butler loved because of his knowledge of music would sometimes say, "Yes, Mr. Butler, you are a dominie"—and he would chuckle slowly in his Scotch manner. Like a dominie he kept us all in order. We called each other briefly by our surnames without the prefix of the Mr.—Butler was always *Mr.* Butler. Once a daring citizen of London town ventured, "Have you been to the Alhambra, Butler?" He pronounced it "Al'ambra"—that gave Butler his opportunity. The Englishman in possession of all his aitches can always hold the many in check because of their deficiency in aitches. "Is there an aitch in the word?" said Butler. Never again did my poor friend venture, or for that matter any of us.

The Irishman likes his equal and is, as every one admits, the best of comrades; the German likes his superior; but the Englishman likes to be with his inferior and is not comfortable in any other relation. He is sent to the public school

and the university by his anxious parents and guardians that he may acquire the superior manner. There are two sneers in England, the cockney variety which no one respects and the university and public school sneer which compels respect, even among foreigners. It impressed Goethe. The footman puts it on but overdoes it, so that at a glance we know it to be counterfeit. Butler was the politest, the most ceremonious of men, but the sneer was there and all the more palpable because so carefully veiled.

We were art students and tried to be Bohemian, or would have done so had not Butler been one of us. There was a student whom he much liked; one day he took him in hand and in his most paternal manner admonished him that he must not use the word "chap." Butler was an Englishman through and through and an Englishman of "class." The Englishman of class will part with his faith, with his wife and children, with his money, even, or his reputation and be cheerful about it, but closer than his skin sticks to him his class conceit; and in his accent, his voice, his gestures, his phrases he carefully preserves all its insignia. Possessed of these he knows he may go anywhere and associate with anyone; it is a passport entitling him to a nobleman's freedom. Every Englishman, gentle or simple, either by force or by patient groping will try for a sheltered spot where he may have his own thoughts and his own ways hampered by none. But the Englishman of class is freest of all; a policeman, even he, will hesitate to interfere with you if he knows that you are a gentleman.

In his "Way of All Flesh," Butler describes English home life and he enables us to see that affection and sympathy do not form part of it. Butler, the product of that life, sets little importance on either affection or sympathy; and yet there never was a kinder man. Good nature was fundamental in his character and was, I think, the source of most of his writings and opinions. The English going about life in an intensely selfish way and doing this on principle are obliged to

have strict laws strictly enforced; yet outside these laws they claim and allow the utmost license of action and thought. It is their distinction among nations that they love personal liberty so much,—that is for themselves; they are quite ready to enslave other people. With this love for personal freedom has grown up, side by side with it and as part and parcel of it, an immense appreciation of human nature itself. Against this appreciation Puritanism has vainly and indeed dolorously struggled. Butler's good nature was due to his liking for human nature itself; hence his zeal against all the conventions and illusions and veiling "respectabilities" that would snatch from human nature its proper food.

The continental nations may hate human nature and produce their Goyas, but such art among Englishmen excites only a lazy contempt. Notwithstanding their passion for law and rule, a necessary thing among people so selfishly bent on their own gains, the Englishman does not actually hate his neighbor, even though he keeps aloof from him. He has indeed a genial relish for the selfishness in his neighbor which is so strong in himself. Edmund Burke writes of "the *good nature* and integrity of this ancient people." The Dutch, being a freedom-loving people, have a similar good nature. Rembrandt and Shakespeare get artistic pleasure out of the ugly but with laughter, not as in Goya with a grin of hatred. Indeed, looking at some of Goya's work, one is forced to believe that he hated even the people who looked at his pictures and wished through them to insult and offend all his friends,—a kind of disorderly impulse which in him and others prompts to the disgusting and obscene in art. Butler's emancipated intellect had won for his soul and senses a freedom which he wished to share with others; he had as it were acquired a freedom to be on good terms with himself. To be sure, a Scotchman is on good terms with himself when he is conceited. Butler wanted people to be on good terms with their senses and appetites and everything else that goes into

our make-up as men, to all of which Scotch conceit is the enemy. For this he was always fighting, and he began to fight at Heatherleigh's Art School. He found us, as he thought, enslaved by this or that convention or illusion and by his mockeries and his wit worked for our liberation.

He always occupied one place in the school chosen so that he could be as close as possible to the model and might paint with small brushes his kind of John Bellini art. There he would stand very intent and mostly quite silent, intent also on our casual conversation, watchful for the moment when he could make some sally of wit that would crush his victim. He had thick eyebrows and grey eyes,—or were they light hazel? These eyes would sometimes look tired as he plied his hopeless task of learning how to paint. But the discovery of any mental slavery or insincerity among our band of students would bring a dangerous light into them, and he would say things that perhaps hurt very much men who were absolutely sincere, however mistaken. Then Butler, who respected, as he often told me, every kind of sincerity, would humble himself and make apologies that were not always accepted and in the grey eyes, like a little fire on a cold hearth, I would see a melting kindness that it must have been hard to resist. The virtuous are not always the generous, neither are they always as wise as Solomon.

At that time I was a very busy student working from morning to night, otherwise I should have tried to see more of Butler. There is nothing so winning as a look of helpful kindness in a mocking face. Besides, he was a good deal my senior and seniority is attractive to ingenuous youth; and I was then ingenuous. I sometimes think I have lost all my opportunities; the chance of knowing Butler well was one of these. Slowly I have come to feel that affection for human nature which is at the root of all poetry and art, whether the poet be pessimist or optimist. Had I stayed much with Butler I should have learned my lesson almost at once. Matthew

Arnold's "sweetness and light" was not much to his taste, and he cared nothing for the high ethics of Wordsworth. An affectionate mother, such as we have among the peasants of Ireland, where mother-love is a passion, does not want her children to be good half as much as she wants them to be happy. It was so Butler regarded poor, struggling, and deceived human nature. There was the source of his "good nature" and of his influence. In this he was pre-eminently English of the English and in this there was nothing of the system maker or the philanthropist. Nor was he a philosopher or anything else except a mere man touching and handling the concrete matters of everyday life. With tenderness of humor and a most real poetry he touched, healingly, all the sores of ailing humanity.

Butler liked women but disapproved of marriage. He liked women because, as I heard him say, they are so good natured. They would laugh with him but never at him. Then they are obedient and teachable and the dominie within him liked pupils. His attitude toward them was a smiling indulgence. The charming women of those backward days were still in the Middle Ages, apologetic, almost penitential, as if they asked pardon for being so beautiful or so merry and engaging, and did not a bit mind if Butler regarded them as inferior, especially as toward them he was always kindly and fatherly and innocent. It is quite easy to see why Butler disliked marriage; it would have curtailed his freedom to follow out all his queer vagaries of Butlerian thought and inclination. This consideration does not affect the ordinary Englishman of coarser grain, tenacious of his ancient right to do what he likes with his own, his own being his wife and children and servants and "all that he possesses." The ordinary Englishman lives alone in his English home, lord and master of it, with his wife second in command. Butler, of course, could not so live; therefore to keep his liberty he dismissed forever the thought of a married home. Had he married I

have no doubt he would have chosen a helpmate not likely to dispute his supremacy. I knew Miss Savage, the model for his good woman in "The Way of All Flesh." She was a student at the art school and not very young, and she was lame; life had disciplined her. She was fair, with a roundish face and light blue eyes that were very sensitive and full of light; a small head, her features charmingly mobile and harmonious. She radiated goodness and sense. She kept herself very much to herself, yet all liked her, even though we never spoke to her. Butler soon discovered that she laughed easily; but as usual he was cautious. One day he consulted me as to whether he could with safety ask her a schoolboy riddle he had picked up somewhere, a schoolbody riddle in that, though quite innocent, it was not altogether nice. I don't remember how I advised, only that they became fast friends.

Though he avoided marriage, his flesh was weak. "I have a little needle-woman, a good little thing. I have given her a sewing machine. I go to see her." As he made his confession he retired backwards, bowing his head several times as in mockery of himself and acknowledgment of a sad necessity from which even he was not exempt. For it was given to him also to tread "The Way of All Flesh." It was always part of his philosophy that he should confess his sins, besides being a necessity to his social nature and one of his most engaging qualities.

Though he professed to despise Greek plays he was a good classical scholar. Outside the classics he had read nothing except Shakespeare and "The Origin of Species" and the Bible. For him "The Origin of Species" was the book of books. If he took a fancy to a student he would watch him for a few days and then approach him with cautious ceremony—he was always ceremonious—and ask him if he had read *the book* and perhaps offer to lend it to him. I am proud to remember that he lent it to me. "The Origin of Species" had, as he told me, completely destroyed his belief in a per-

sonal God; so occasionally instead of the usual question he would ask the student if he believed in God. In this he did not confine himself to students. There was a nude model named Moseley who often sat to us at Heatherleigh's. He liked this model, in whom he found a whimsical uprightness that appealed to his sense of things. Once in the deep silence of the class I heard him asking, "Moseley, do you believe in God?" Without altering a muscle or a change of expression, Moseley replied, "No, sir, don't believe in old Bogey." The form of the answer was unexpected; its cheerful cockney impudence was beyond even Butler's reach of courage. He retired in confusion, and we laughed. We liked a laugh at Butler's expense. Besides, in those days most of us were orthodox; in fact had never given a thought to the question of Deity. But that fear kept them quiet, there were some valiant spirits who would have cried out against him, since then as well as now, in America as well as in England, an orthodox inertia was characteristic of artists. They do not go to church, they never give a thought to religion, but they are profoundly orthodox in a deep, untroubled somnolency. I remember that one man, a very successful student, did engage in controversy and was highly sentimental in a dandified, affected way. Butler's reply was one word repeated several times—"Pooh!"; that ended it. I have no doubt that that gentleman still retains his orthodoxy. When a belief rests on nothing you cannot knock away its foundations.

Butler's father was a wealthy dean of the Church of England, and, I fancy, pompous and authoritative. He told me that his father never became excited unless the dinner was late. When he broke away from orthodoxy and announced his intention of becoming an artist instead of a clergyman, his family refused him all assistance. Nor is it true that his father helped him in his New Zealand venture. He himself told me that he managed to borrow from friends £10,000, and that he was more proud of that than of anything else in

his life. He stayed in New Zealand four years, after which a lucky turn on the market enabled him to return to England and repay the money, while keeping enough to support himself in his pursuit of art. He liked to tell of his New Zealand life and of his hatred of sheep. They were always getting lost, so that he said the word "sheep" would be found engraved on his heart. He did not know one of his horses from another or from anybody else's horse, and said he was like the Lord, whose delight is not in the strength of a horse.

Sam Butler's desire for truth and his stripping away from life and belief all the veils of illusion was the characteristic of a man truly poetic. He and his pupil, G. B. Shaw, by their passion for sincerity, help the imaginative life. When Michael Angelo maintained that only the Italians understood art, Victoria Collona pointed out that the German pictures touched the feelings. "Yes," he replied, "because of the weakness of our sensibilities." Poetry and the imaginative life can only flourish where truth is of supreme moment; an education which contents itself with half-knowledge and half-thought will inevitably produce a crowd of sentimentalists and false poets and rhetoricians. The great artist and the great poet have rigorous minds. Michael Angelo said of those German pictures that they were only fit for "women, ecclesiastics and people of quality." After all a poet must believe, and without rigorous thinking there is no sense of belief.

To know things thoroughly or not at all,—this was the habit of Butler's mind, derived from his classical education, in which the whole stress is on the minutiae of scholarship. For instance, he told me that he never studied music till he was twenty-one years of age, after which he gave to it every moment he could spare. Yet he only cared for Händel, content that all the rest should be to him an unknown world. What he could not study thoroughly he would not study at all. In his eyes superficial knowledge was superficial ignorance and the mental habits engendered by it disastrous.

Among painters he valued chiefly those who, like John Bellini, are thorough to minuteness. Though he professed to despise style he was a precisian in words. At a restaurant which he and I frequented for our midday meal he met a man who said he never "used" hasty pudding. This application of the verb "use" was to him a source of endless amusement. I have heard him tell the story many times.

I think he read Shakespeare continually. I know he read no other poetry, although he did glance once a little wistfully at Whitman,—"the catalogue man," he called him. All the same he was a genuine Englishman and brooded in the imaginative mood of a self-centered solitude which could not be shared with anyone, as the sympathetic Frenchman lives in the imaginative mood of an expansive existence which he would share with everyone.

I remember the last time I saw Butler. I was sitting at breakfast, alone, in a lodging in an out of the way part of London, having come from Ireland the night before after an absence of seven or eight years. I saw him passing and in glad surprise at once raised the window, meaning to hail him. But I reflected sadly and changed my mind, closing the window and returning to my breakfast, as I thought: "God forbid that I should intrude myself uninvited on any Englishman."

A Painter's Faith

By Marsden Hartley

THERE is just cause for wonder at the noticeable absence of critics in the field of painting, of individuals who are capable of some serious approach to the current tendencies in art. We have witnessed a very general failure to rise above the common or high-class reportorial level in this particular sphere. Why do so many people who write specifically about painting say so little that really relates to it? It is because most of them are journalists or men of letters who have made emotional excursions into this field, which is in most instances foreign to them; well-known literary artists, occasionally, intent upon varying their subject matter.

We read Meier-Graefe, for instance, on the development of modern art, and we find his analogies more or less stimulating, but taken as a whole his work is unsatisfactory from an artist's point of view: not much more than a sort of novel with art for its skeleton, or rather a handbook from which the untutored layman can gather superficial information about group and individual influences, a kind of verbal entertainment that is altogether wanting in true critical values. I have listened to lectures on art by people who were supposed to know about it, merely to see how much this type of critical study could satisfy the really artistic mind somewhat conversant with true relations, and I have found these lectures of but the slightest value, *resumés* compounded of wearisome and inappropriate detail. There is always an extreme lack of true definition, of true information, there is always too much of the amateur

spirit passing for popular knowledge among these individuals who might otherwise do so much to form public taste and appreciation. Thus we find that even the chatty Meier-Graefe stops without going any further than Cézanne. Is it possible that after writing two very heavy volumes upon the development of modern art, he has to remain silent on modern art itself, that he really feels he is not qualified to speak upon Cézanne and his successors; or does he assume possibly that there is nothing this side of Cézanne? How many writer people are there who really do understand what has taken place since then?

I have heard these characteristic remarks among the so-called art writers who write the regular notices for the daily journals—"You see I really don't know anything about the subject, but I have to write;" or—"I don't know anything about art, but I am reading up on it as much as possible so that I won't appear too stupid; for they send me out and I have to write something." Their attitude is the same as if their subject were a fire or a murder: but either of the latter would be much more in their line, calling for nothing but a registration of the simplest of facts. Just why these people have to write upon art will never be clear. But because of this altogether trivial relationship to the theme of painting we find it difficult to take seriously at all what we read in our dailies, in every case the barest notation with heavily worded comment, having little or no reference to what is important in the particular pictures themselves. How can anyone take these individuals seriously when they actually have no opinion to offer, and must rely either upon humor or indignation to inspire them?

If we turn to the pundits of criticism we find statements like this of Ruskin on Giotto:—"For all his use of opalescent warm color, Giotto is exactly like Turner, as in his swift expressional power he is like Gainsborough!" Again, speaking of Turner's *Fighting Téméraire,* he says: "Of all pictures of

subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted—no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave." Journalism of the first class certainly, but at the farthest stretch of the imagination how can one possibly think of Gainsborough or Turner in connection with any special quality of Giotto? As for the pathos of an aged ship, that belongs to poetry, as Coleridge has shown; sentiment of this kind has never had any proper place in painting. A far worthier type of appreciation in words is to be found, of course, in Pater's passages on *La Gioconda* and Botticelli's *Birth of Venus.* But these belong to a different realm, in which literature rises to a height independent of the pictures themselves by means of the suggestion that is in them, the power of suggestion being a finer alternative for crude and worthless description. We shall always dispute with the writer on art as to exactly what symbol is inherent in the presence of a rose in the hand or a tear upon the cheek, but we cannot quarrel when the matter is treated as sublimely as in the case of a literary artist like Pater. It is in the sphere of professed critical judgment that the literary authorities so often go astray.

Thus between the entertaining type of writer like Meier-Graefe and the daily reporter there is no middle ground. The journalist is frank and says that he doesn't know but that he must write; the other writes books that are well suited for reference purposes, but have scant bearing upon the actual truth in relation to pictures. Are there any critics who attempt seriously to approach the modern theme, who find it worth their while to go into modern aesthetics with anything like sincerity or real earnestness of attitude? Only two that I am aware of. There is the intelligent Leo Stein who seldom appears in print, but who makes an art of conversation on the subject; and there is Willard Huntington Wright, who has appeared extensively and certainly with intelligence also, both of these critical writers being very much at variance in theory,

but both full of discernment whatever one may think of their individual ideas. We are sure of both as being thoroughly inside the subject, this theme of modern art, for they are somehow painter people. I even suspect them both of having once, like George Moore, painted seriously themselves.

Nevertheless there is a hopeful seriousness of interest developing in what is being done this side the sea, a rediscovery of native art of the sort that is occurring in all countries. The artist is being taught by means of war that there is no longer a conventional center of art, that the time-worn fetish of Paris as a necessity in his development has been dispensed with; and this is fortunate for the artist and for art in general. It is having its pronounced effect upon the creative powers of the individual in all countries, almost obliging him to create his own impulse upon his own soil; it is making the artist see that if he is really to create he must create irrespective of all that exists as convention in the mind.

How will this affect the artist? He will learn first of all to be concerned with himself and what he puts forth of personality and of personal research will receive its character from his strict adherence to this principle, whether he proceeds by means of pervailing theories or by departure from them. The public will thus have no choice but to rely upon what he produces seriously as coming clearly from himself, from his own desire and labor. He will realize that it is not a trick, not a habit, not a trade—this modernity—and that with fashions it has nothing to do; that it is explicitly a part of our modern urge toward expression quite as much as the art of Corot and Millet were of Barbizon, as the art of Titian, Giorgione and Michael Angelo were of Italy; that he and his time bear the strictest relationship to one another and that through this relationship he can best build up his own original power. Unable to depend therefore upon the confessedly untutored lay writer or even the better class essayist to tell him his place, he will establish himself, and his place will be deter-

mined in the regime of his day by precisely those qualities which he contributes to it. He will not rely too insistently upon idiosyncracy; the failure of this we have already seen, in the post-impressionists.

The truth is that painters must sooner or later learn to express themselves in terms of pure language, they must learn that creation is the thing most expected of them, and, if possible, invention as well. Oddity in execution or idea is of the least importance. Artists have a more respectable service to perform than this dilettantist notion of beauty implies. Since the utter annihilation of sentimentality, of legend, of what we call poetry has taken place, a richer substance for expression has come to us by means of which the artist may express a larger, newer variety of matter, more relevant to our special need, our modernity.

The war has disintegrated the *art habit* and in this fact lies the hope of art. Fads have lost what slight interest they possessed, the folly of imitation has been exposed. As a result of this, I like to think that we shall have a finer type of expression, a richer kind of personal quality. Every artist is his own maker, his own liberator; he it is that should be the first to criticise, destroy and reconstruct himself, he should find no mood convenient, no attitude comfortable. What the lay-writer says of him in praise or blame will not matter so much in the future; he will respect first and last only those who have found the time to share his theme, at least in mind, if not in experience, and the discerning public will free itself from the temporary influences of the confessedly untutored critic. The artist will gain its confidence by reason of his own sincerity and intelligence. It is probable, too, that in time criticism in the mode of Ruskin will utterly disappear and the Meier-Graefe type of critic will have found a fitter and truer successor, someone who, when he calls himself a critic, will prove a fairly clear title to the distinction and will not have to apologize for himself or for his occupation.

The Dreiser Bugaboo

By H. L. Mencken

DR. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, the Lampson professor of English at Yale, opens his chapter on Mark Twain in his "Essays on Modern Novelists" with a humorous account of the critical imbecility which pursued Mark in his own country down to his last years. The favorite national critics of that era (and it extended to 1895, at the least) were wholly anaesthetic to the fact that he was a great artist. They admitted him, somewhat grudgingly, a certain low dexterity as a clown, but that he was an imaginative writer of the first rank, or even of the fifth rank, was something that, in their insanest moments, never so much as occurred to them. Phelps cites, in particular, an ass named Professor Richardson, whose "American Literature," it appears, "is still a standard work" and "a deservedly high authority"—apparently in colleges. In the 1892 edition of this *magnum opus,* Mark is dismissed with less than four lines, and ranked below Irving, Holmes and Lowell—nay, actually below Artemus Ward, Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby! The thing is fabulous, fantastic—but nevertheless true. Lacking the "higher artistic or moral purpose of the greater humorists" (*exempli gratia,* Rabelais, Molière, Aristophanes!), Mark is put off by this Prof. Balderdash as a laborious buffoon . . . But stay! Do not laugh yet! Phelps himself, indignant at the stupidity, now proceeds to prove that Mark was really a great moralist, and more, a great optimist . . . Turn to "The Mysterious Stranger" and "What is Man?"! . . .

College professors, alas, never learn anything. The ident-

ical pedagogue who achieved this nonsense about old Mark in 1910 now seeks to dispose of Theodore Dreiser in the precise manner of Richardson. That is to say, he essays to finish him by putting him into Coventry, by loftily passing him over. "Do not speak of him," said Kingsley of Heine; "he was a wicked man." Search the latest volume of the Phelps revelation, "The Advance of the English Novel," and you will find that Dreiser is not once mentioned in it. The late O. Henry is hailed as a genius who will have "abiding fame"; Henry Sydnor Harrison is hymned as "more than a clever novelist," nay, "a valuable ally of the angels" (the right-thinker complex! art as a form of snuffling!), and an obscure Pagliaccio named Charles D. Stewart is brought forward as "the American novelist most worthy to fill the particular vacancy caused by the death of Mark Twain"—but Dreiser is not even listed in the index. And where Phelps leads with his baton of birch most of the other drovers of rah-rah boys follow. I turn, for example, to "An Introduction to American Literature," by Henry S. Pancoast, A. M., L. H. D., dated 1912. There are kind words for Richard Harding Davis, for Amélie Rives, and even for Will N. Harben, but not a syllable for Dreiser. Again, there is "A History of American Literature," by Reuben Post Halleck, A.M., LL.D., dated 1911. Lew Wallace, Marietta Holley, Owen Wister and Augusta Evans Wilson have their hearings, but not Dreiser. Yet again, there is "A History of American Literature Since 1870," by Prof. Fred. Lewis Pattee, instructor in "the English language and literature" somewhere in Pennsylvania. Fred has praises for Marion Crawford, Margaret Deland and F. Hopkinson Smith, and polite bows for Richard Harding Davis and Robert W. Chambers, but from end to end of his fat tome I am unable to find the slightest mention of Dreiser.

So much for one group of heroes of the new Dunciad. That it includes most of the acknowledged heavyweights of the craft—the Babbitts, Mores, Brownells and so on—goes with-

out saying; as Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out in *The Seven Arts,* these magnificoes are austerely above any consideration of the literature that is in being. The other group, more courageous and more honest, proceeds by direct attack; Dreiser is to be disposed of by a moral *attentat.* Its leaders are two more professors, Stuart P. Sherman and H. W. Boynton, and in its ranks march the lady critics of the newspapers with much shrill, falsetto clamor. Sherman is the only one of them who shows any intelligible reasoning. Boynton, as always, is a mere parroter of conventional phrases, and the objections of the ladies fade imperceptibly into a pious indignation which is indistinguishable from that of the professional suppressors of vice.

What, then, is Sherman's complaint? In brief, that Dreiser is a liar when he calls himself a realist; that he is actually a naturalist, and hence accursed. That "he has evaded the enterprise of representing human conduct, and confined himself to a representation of animal behavior." That he "imposes his own naturalistic philosophy" upon his characters, making them do what they ought not to do, and think what they ought not to think. That he "has just two things to tell us about Frank Cowperwood: that he has a rapacious appetite for money, and a rapacious appetite for women." That this alleged "theory of animal behavior" is not only incorrect, but immoral, and that "when one half the world attempts to assert it, the other half rises in battle." [1]

Only a glance is needed to show the vacuity of all this irate flubdub. Dreiser, in point of fact, is scarcely more the realist or the naturalist, in any true sense, than H. G. Wells or the later George Moore, nor has he ever announced himself in either the one character or the other—if there be, in fact, any difference between them that anyone save a pigeon-holing pedagogue can discern. He is really something quite different, and, in his moments, something far more stately. His

[1] The *Nation,* Dec. 2, 1915.

aim is not merely to record, but to translate and understand; the thing he exposes is not the empty event and act, but the endless mystery out of which it springs; his pictures have a passionate compassion in them that it is hard to separate from poetry. If this sense of the universal and inexplicable tragedy, if this vision of life as a seeking without a finding, if this adept summoning up of moving images, is mistaken by college professors for the empty, meticulous nastiness of Zola in "Pot-Bouille"—in Nietzsche's phrase, for "the delight to stink"—then surely the folly of college professors, as vast as it seems, has been underestimated. What is the fact? The fact is that Dreiser's attitude of mind, his manner of reaction to the phenomena he represents, the whole of his alleged "naturalistic philosophy," stems directly, not from Zola, Flaubert, Augier and the younger Dumas, but from the Greeks. In the midst of democratic cocksureness and Christian sentimentalism, of doctrinaire shallowness and professorial smugness, he stands for a point of view which at least has something honest and courageous about it; here, at all events, he is a realist. Let him put a motto to his books, and it might be:

> O ye deathward-going tribes of men!
> What do your lives mean except that they go to
> nothingness?

If you protest against that as too harsh for Christians and college professors, right-thinkers and forward-lookers, then you protest against "Oedipus Rex."

As for the animal behavior prattle of the learned headmaster, it reveals on the one hand only the academic fondness for seizing upon high-sounding but empty phrases and using them to alarm the populace, and on the other hand, only the academic incapacity for observing facts correctly and reporting them honestly. The truth is, of course, that the behavior of such men as Cowperwood and Eugene Witla and of such women as Carrie Meeber and Jennie Gerhardt, as

Dreiser describes it, is no more merely animal than the behavior of such acknowledged and undoubted human beings as Dr. Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Jane Addams. The whole point of the story of Witla, to take the example which seems to concern the horrified watchmen most, is this: that his life is a bitter conflict between the animal in him and the aspiring soul, between the flesh and the spirit, between what is weak in him and what is strong, between what is base and what is noble. Moreover, the good, in the end, gets its hooks into the bad: as we part from Witla he is actually bathed in the tears of remorse, and resolved to be a correct and godfearing man. And what have we in "The Financier" and "The Titan"? A conflict, in the ego of Cowperwood, between aspiration and ambition, between the passion for beauty and the passion for power. Is either passion animal? To ask the question is to answer it.

I single out Dr. Sherman, not because his pompous syllogisms have any plausibility in fact or logic, but simply because he may well stand as archetype of the booming, indignant corrupter of criteria, the moralist turned critic. A glance at his pæan to Arnold Bennett[1] at once reveals the true gravamen of his objection to Dreiser. What offends him is not actually Dreiser's shortcomings as an artist, but Dreiser's shortcomings as a Christian and an American. In Bennett's volumes of pseudo-philosophy—*e.g.*, "The Plain Man and His Wife" and "The Feast of St. Friend"—he finds the intellectual victuals that are to his taste. Here we have a sweet commingling of virtuous conformity and complacent optimism, of sonorous platitude and easy certainty—here, in brief, we have the philosophy of the English middle classes—and here, by the same token, we have the sort of guff that the half-educated of our own country can understand. It is the calm, superior numskullery that was Victorian; it is by Samuel Smiles out of Hannah More. The offense of Dreiser is that

[1]The New York *Evening Post*, Dec. 31, 1915.

he has disdained this revelation and gone back to the Greeks. Lo, he reads poetry into "the appetite for women"—he rejects the Pauline doctrine that all love is below the diaphragm! He thinks of Ulysses, not as a mere heretic and criminal, but as a great artist. He sees the life of man, not as a simple theorem in Calvinism, but as a vast adventure, an enchantment, a mystery. It is no wonder that respectable schoolteachers are against him. . . .

The comstockian attack upon "The 'Genius'" seems to have sprung out of the same muddled sense of Dreiser's essential hostility to all that is safe and regular—of the danger in him to that mellowed Methodism which has become the national ethic. The book, in a way, was a direct challenge, for though it came to an end upon a note which even a Methodist might hear as sweet, there were provocations in detail. Dreiser, in fact, allowed his scorn to make off with his taste —and *es ist nichts fürchtlicher als Einbildungskraft ohne Geschmack*. The Comstocks arose to the bait a bit slowly, but none the less surely. Going through the volume with the terrible industry of a Sunday-school boy dredging up pearls of smut from the Old Testament, they achieved a list of no less than 89 alleged floutings of the code—75 described as lewd and 14 as profane. An inspection of these specifications affords mirth of a rare and lofty variety; nothing could more cruelly expose the inner chambers of the moral mind. When young Witla, fastening his best girl's skate, is so overcome by the carnality of youth that he hugs her, it is set down as lewd. On page 51, having become an art student, he is fired by "a great, warm-tinted nude of Bouguereau"—lewd again. On page 70 he begins to draw from the figure, and his instructor cautions him that the female breast is round, not square—more lewdness. On page 151 he kisses his girl on mouth and neck and she cautions him: "Be careful! Mamma may come in"—still more. On page 161, having got rid of mamma, she yields "herself to him gladly, joyously" and he is greatly shocked

when she argues that an artist (she is by way of being a singer) had better not marry—lewdness doubly damned. On page 245 he and his bride, being ignorant, neglect the principles laid down by Dr. Sylvanus Stall in his great works on sex hygiene—lewdness most horrible! But there is no need to proceed further. Every kiss, hug and tickle of the chin in the chronicle is laboriously snouted out, empanelled, exhibited. Every hint that Witla is no vestal, that he indulges his unchristian fleshliness, that he burns in the manner of I. Corinthians, VII, 9, is uncovered to the moral inquisition.

On the side of profanity there is a less ardent pursuit of evidence, chiefly, I daresay, because their unearthing is less stimulating. (Besides, there is no law prohibiting profanity in books: the whole inquiry here is but so much *layniappe.*) On page 408, describing a character called Daniel C. Summerfield, Dreiser says that the fellow is "very much given to swearing, more as a matter of habit than of foul intention," and then goes on to explain somewhat lamely that "no picture of him would be complete without the interpolation of his various expressions." They turn out to be *God damn* and *Jesus Christ*—three of the latter and five or six of the former. All go down; the pure in heart must be shielded from the knowledge of them. (But what of the immoral French? They call the English *Goddams.*) Also, three plain *damns,* eight *hells,* one *my God,* five *by Gods,* one *go to the devil,* one *God Almighty* and one plain *God.* Altogether, 31 specimens are listed. "The 'Genius' " runs to 350,000 words. The profanity thus works out to somewhat less than one word in 10,000 . . . . Alas, the Comstockian proboscis, feeling for such offendings, is not as alert as when uncovering more savoury delicacies. On page 191 I find an overlooked *by God.* On page 372 there are *Oh, God, God curses her,* and *God strike her dead.* On page 373 there are *Ah, God, Oh, God,* and three other invocations of God. On page 617 there is *God help me.* On page 720 there is *as God is my judge.* On

page 723 there is *I'm no damned good* . . . . But I begin to blush.

When the Comstock Society began proceedings against "The 'Genius,'" a group of English novelists, including Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, W. L. George and Hugh Walpole, cabled an indignant caveat. This bestirred the Authors' League of America to activity, and its executive committee issued a minute denouncing the business. Later a protest of American *literati* was circulated, and more than 400 signed, including such highly respectable authors as Winston Churchill, Percy Mackaye, Booth Tarkington and James Lane Allen, and such critics as Lawrence Gilman, Clayton Hamilton and James Huneker, and the editors of such journals as the *Century,* the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *New Republic.* Among my literary lumber is all the correspondence relating to this protest, not forgetting the letters of those who refused to sign, and some day I hope to publish it, that posterity may not lose the joy of an extremely diverting episode. Meanwhile, the case moves with stately dignity through the interminable corridors of jurisprudence, and the bulk of the briefs and exhibits that it throws off begins to rival the staggering bulk of "The 'Genius'" itself.

In all this, of course, there is a certain savoury grotesquerie; the exposure of the Puritan mind makes life, for the moment, more agreeable. The danger of the combined comstockian professorial attack, to Dreiser as artist, is not that it will make a *muss*-Presbyterian of him, but that it will convert him into a professional revolutionary, spouting stale perunas for all the sorrows of the world. Here Greenwich Village pulls as Chautauqua pushes; already, indeed, the passionate skepticism that was his original philosophy begins to show signs of being contaminated by various so-called "radical" purposes. The danger is not one to be sniffed in. Dreiser, after all, is an American like the rest of us, and to be an American is to be burdened

by an ethical prepossession, to lean toward causes and remedies. Go through "The 'Genius'" or "A Hoosier Holiday" carefully, and you will find disquieting indications of what might be called a democratic trend in thinking—that is, a trend toward short cuts, easy answers, glittering theories. He is bemused, off and on, by all the various poppycock of the age, from Christian Science to spiritism, and from the latest guesses in eschatology and epistemology to *art pour l'art*. A true American, he lacks a solid culture, and so he yields a bit to every wind that blows, to the inevitable damage of his representation of the eternal mystery that is man.

Joseph Conrad, starting out from the same wondering agnostism, holds to it far more resolutely, and it is easy to see why. Conrad is, by birth and training, an aristocrat. He has the gift of emotional detachment. The lures of facile doctrine do not move him. In his irony there is a disdain which plays about even the ironist himself. Dreiser is a product of far different forces and traditions, and is capable of no such escapement. Struggle as he may to rid himself of the current superstitions, he can never quite achieve deliverance from the believing attitude of mind—the heritage of the Indiana hinterland. One half of the man's brain, so to speak, wars with the other half. He is intelligent, he is thoughtful, he is a sound artist—but always there come moments when a dead hand falls upon him, and he is once more the Indiana peasant, snuffing absurdly over imbecile sentimentalities; giving a grave ear to quackeries, snorting and eye-rolling with the best of them. One generation spans too short a time to free the soul of man. Nietzsche, to the end of his days, remained a Prussian pastor's son, and hence two-thirds a Puritan; he erected his war upon holiness, toward the end, into a sort of holy war. Kipling, the grandson of a Methodist preacher, reveals the tin-pot evangelist with increasing clarity as youth and its ribaldries pass away and he falls back upon his fundamentals. And that other English novelist who springs from the servants' hall—

let us not be surprised or blame him if he sometimes writes like a bounder.

As for Dreiser, as I hint politely, he is still, for all his achievement, in the transition stage between Christian Endeavor and civilization; between Warsaw, Indiana, and the Socratic grove; between being a good American and being a free man; and so he sometimes vacillates perilously between a moral sentimentalism and a somewhat extravagant revolt. "The 'Genius', " on the one hand, is almost a tract for rectitude, a Warning to the Young; its motto might be *Scheut die Dirnen!* And on the other hand, it is full of a laborious truculence that can be explained only by imagining the author as heroically determined to prove that he is a plain-spoken fellow and his own man, let the chips fall where they may. So, in spots, in "The Financier" and "The Titan," both of them far better books. There is an almost moral frenzy to expose and riddle what passes for morality among the stupid. The isolation of irony is never reached; the man is still a bit evangelical; his ideas are still novelties to him; he is as solemnly absurd in some of his floutings of the Code American as he is in his respect for Bouguereau, or in his flirtings with New Thought, or in his naive belief in the importance of novel-writing. . . .

But his books remain, particularly his earlier books—and not all the ranting of the outraged orthodox will ever wipe them out. They were done in the stage of wonder, before self-consciousness began to creep in and corrupt it. The view of life that got into "Sister Carrie," the first of them, was not the product of a deliberate thinking out of Carrie's problem. It simply got itself there by the force of the artistic passion behind it; its coherent statement had to wait for other and more reflective days. This complete rejection of ethical plan and purpose, this manifestation of what Nietzsche used to call moral innocence, is what brought up the guardians of the national tradition at the gallop, and created the Dreiser bugaboo

of today. All the rubber-stamp formulæ of American fiction were thrown overboard in these earlier books; instead of reducing the inexplicable to the obvious, they lifted the obvious to the inexplicable; one could find in them no orderly chain of causes and effects, of rewards and punishments; they represented life as a phenomenon at once terrible and unintelligible, like a stroke of lightning. The prevailing criticism applied the moral litmus. They were not "good"; *ergo,* they were "evil."

The peril that Dreiser stands in is here. He may begin to act, if he is not careful, according to the costume forced on him. Unable to combat the orthodox valuation of his place and aim, he may seek a spiritual refuge in embracing it, and so arrange himself with the tripe-sellers of heterodoxy, and cry wares that differ from the other stock only in the bald fact that they are different. . . . Such a fall would grieve the judicious, of whom I have the honor to be one.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for August

"Le Feu"

"Le Feu" by M. Henri Barbusse (Paris: Flammarion: 3fr. 50) is the loveliest, the most generous piece of prose fiction this war has produced. It is the one that compels our reverence most. For it is a work motivated by a great pity, pity for the nameless innumerable victims of war. It is the work of one who would purge human beings in all time of their love of war and of their worship of those who make it, by representing the infinite misery of the sufferers. It is a perfectly realized piece of art. I place it without hesitation beside "The Trojan Women" of Euripides.

It is the book of one who has attained his spiritual stature through the war. It is the book of a spokesman of a generation come to itself through the war. It is a work that seems to prove once more that the generation awaited the conflict as the thing that would bring it human being, awaited it in weariness and disgust of the outworn foreign world into which it had been born. "L'Enfer", the novel that M. Barbusse wrote a few years ago, during the days when he was a good Parisian and editor of the bourgeois "Je sais tout", is the book of a man sick because he is condemned to a life improper to him. It is the book of a prisoner feverishly pacing his cell, seeking to gain some relief in attempting to adjust himself to his gaol. "Le Feu", the novel written after M. Barbusse had been dismissed from service after having participated in the fighting at Crouy and at Hill No. 119, is that of one who has been vouchsafed the grace of a great, a supreme experience. It was not simply the experience of sharing in the battle. It was of a higher order. It was of an order higher than that of the author of "Gaspard", the joyous satisfaction of finding France eternally youthful, eternally strong. It was rather the encountering of his fellows. It was having his fellows become poignantly real and vital to him. It was the experience of seeing about himself, there in the trenches, so many wonderful human visages, of coming to love his comrades, and becoming acquainted with pity for human kind. It was the achievement of a saving sense of unity with others, of an eagerness not only "to share man's desperate toil, and share it whole" but to realize in himself all that had befallen his fellows in the war, to sum up in his own flesh the pitiful destinies of so many dumb, helpless men, and then to set it without himself for all the world to feel. And for that reason, he wrote his book.

"A la mémoire des camarades tombés à coté de moi" runs the dedication. The book is indeed an act of devotion. Its meticulous realism, the bald, ungarnished notation of the episodes, the sharp, nervous, abrupt narrative, the style, "spoken" enough

to outrage academic sensibilities, are in themselves expressions of a great faithfulness. It is as if the man had felt that literary taste should conform to his matter, and not his matter to literary taste, that the setting forth of anything but the truth about his comrades, their way of life, their talk amongst themselves, their manner of experiencing, were the betrayal of a trust devolved upon him. It is for their sake that he is writing. But it is not for their sake alone. It is for the sake of the dead soldiers of all nations. It is for their sake, that the things that befell them should not have befallen in vain. It is perhaps this impulse of personal loyalty that sets the book apart from other great war novels, apart from "Le Dêbacle" and from "The Red Laugh." This is the book of a good comrade.

And so, without apology, he sets the men of his squad, of all squads, before us, and conjures up about us the strange nightmare land in which they perished. It is a no-man's land of terrible adventure, so sinister and oppressive that one wonders where on earth it may be, and by what ways men fared to it. It is a region like some circle of the Inferno, a region from which men look back on the days when they are still "in the ranks of the living." The old life is far off, sunk into the distance. It has become unsubstantial and helpless. Sometimes, it flickers for an instant, called up by a letter, a photograph, a memory. Then it vanishes again. All about, there are fields of viscous slime and blasted trees and foetid trenches under a menacing sky. Existence has reduced itself to a long dull expectancy, to a long inhuman fatigue, to the business of killing and escaping being killed. Desire has been numbed till there remain only the elemental wishes of surviving, of feeding, of sleeping. And yet, the men that are here are not soldiers and professional butchers. They are men taken from the quietest walks of life, peasants and laborers whom the madness of humankind has cast forth into this monstrous place, and who still bear their tragic fates as bravely as men have ever borne a tragedy. And we stand with them, amid the flaming projectiles and the suffocating stench of the trenches, amid the deluge of snow and rain that falls like an extinguishment upon life. And we go with them wherever they go. We go with the man who steals home secretly for an hour with his wife, and looks through the window into his house, and sees her sitting and smiling with a couple of strange soldiers, and sees the wife of a comrade but lately fallen laughing along with them, and knows that he, the living, is already dead. We go with the three off on a day's furlough to some little provincial capital. "Ayant suivi le boulevard de la République, puis l'avenue Gambetta, nous débouchons sur la place du Commerce." And, with them, we see that life goes on as it once did for them, that others are happy and sit in cafés, and go arm in arm with women, and we tell ourselves that there are in the world two differing types of people—those who have to surrender their all, and those who profit by the others' loss. And, with the wounded men crawling from the field, we cry "enough!" and hear only the rain of steel falling relentlessly, and know that war goes on, goes on without end, till there come

> "Out of the noise and the flame,
> Death, the most holy!"

And yet, for all that long agony, the book bears great tidings. Over the last scene of the book, over the

deluged battlefield, the black sky opens for an instant. "Entre deux masses de nuées ténébreuses, un éclair tranquille en sort, et cette ligne de lumière, si resserrée, si endeuillée, si pauvre, qu'elle a l'air pensante, apporte tout de même la preuve que le soleil existe." For in the heart of the author, there was the assurance that the sun of righteousness does exist. He knew he was not alone in his hatred of war. In the men whom he had come to love, there had dawned and glowed a truth. Some there were, no doubt, who could still say "Guillaume, c'est une bête puante d'avoir voulu c'te guerre. Mais Napoléon, ça, c'est un grand homme!" But there were others to whom all military glory, all wars, all those who make them, had become hateful. There were others for whom one man stood out above all others brought to the front by the war, and that was Liebknecht. They had come to recognize the lies that had blinded the world so long, had come to hate those who say "Every race hates every other," and those who say "I thrive on war, and my belly fattens on it," and those who say "War has always been, and must always be" and those who say "I see no farther than the end of my own feet, and forbid you to see further." and those who say "Children come into the world stamped with a red or a blue flag," or those who say, "Shut your eyes and trust in God!" And so, we, too, have faith. Reading this book, we know for sure that "the future is in the hands of the thirty millions of slaves that were hurled upon each other by crime and wrong. We shall live to see the world changed by the alliance that will one day be established between those whose numbers and whose miseries are infinite!"

P. R.

PORTMANTEAU PLAYS

It may be humiliating to our American pride that so many of our writers should elect to serve in their work as feeble mirrors of some European art, when a whole continent of life is here, ripe and urgent for expression. But the phenomenon is of importance only in view of the vogue that this sort of artistic sycophant enjoys among us. The prestige of the unfertile imitator is indeed a striking sign of our national complacency. Before the deep blasts of America's articulation, his furbelows will, of course, be blown away. But biding the advent of that voice, it is the critic's unpleasant duty to discredit him. A recent flagrant example comes to us in the guise of four one-act plays by Stuart Walker (Stewart and Kidd Co., $1.50 net). The little dramas form part of the repertory of the ambulant *Portmanteau Theater* of which Mr. Walker is the founder. His theater has prospered and only recently played to an enthusiastic clientele in New York where the charm of his stage-productions and the featuring of the works of Lord Dunsany assured his success. Lord Dunsany is, himself, a dramatist of doubtful authenticity. The brilliant, melodramatic method of his plays suggests an at least spiritual decadence from the Irish Theater of Synge and Colum—a decadence in which the exotic influence of the French symbolist drama is perhaps palpable. But the plays of Mr. Walker are a refraction through at least two foreign atmospheres. They suggest a piece of carpentry built up by taking several foreign and mutually alien bits of furniture apart. They are a reconstruction of Maeterlinckian simplicity, Dunsanyan color and fairy-lore borrowed from the Brothers Grimm. And their one

contribution—the one thing in them that is American—is a fatuous and sentimental optimism. They are poorly written in a sort of self-conscious jingle; they are meager in invention and one hears in them the unceasing and repellant clang of foreign idioms. All in all, it is to be regretted that a native of our lively continent who has seen so much of it should so insistently have advertised his lack of that personal reality which is the spark of good writing.

LITERATURE IN THE UNMAKING

There is about certain persons a deadening atmosphere. It may be hard to localize. They may act and look and talk like creatures of sound substance. But one goes away from them diminished, heart-sick, thirsty for clear air and the sun as if one had been dreaming in a charnel-house. There are, moreover, books of the same sort. And "Literature in the Making" by Joyce Kilmer (Harpers, $1.40) is one of them. It is hard to believe that merely the dominant note of ineptitude which pervades most of this book's chapters could have brought about the sense of sacrilege and death that it exudes. Silliness is rather a part of life than of death. And ignorance may go with youth. The book is a series of literary interviews:—but Robert W. Chambers discoursing on "Genius", Kathleen Norris saying of Dickens, "I think I like him chiefly because he saw so clearly the joys of the poor", and Rex Beach proving how the motion-picture is cleaning up the novel should properly furnish pleasant reading. A series of conversations with writers so various as Booth Tarkington, George Barr McCutcheon, Charles Rann Kennedy, E. A. Robinson and Amy Lowell might well prove an indigestable *satura;* but there should be nothing ghoulish about it. And not even the fact that the interviews were garnered from the Sunday Supplement of the *New York Times* can explain our feeling. Logically one is forced to the conclusion that something in Joyce Kilmer's treatment of these subjects must be responsible for the pervasion of decrepitude and despair that the book brings. This is undoubtedly the case. There is nothing sinister in what Mr. Chambers says of the speed limitations of Flaubert; but there is something decidedly sinister in the spectacle of a critic seriously noting it. Arthur Guiterman's advice to poets is merely fatuous,—but Mr. Kilmer's authoritative report of it is terrifying. The wisdom of George Barr McCutcheon applied to fiction and magazines might have its place in any verbal circus; but a chapter devoted to it—in a book called "Literature in the Making—By Some of its Makers"—suggests a nightmarish perversion of the eternal verities. And the pursuance of one tone of voice on the part of the chronicler from Harry Leon Wilson to E. A. Robinson and from Fannie Hurst to Amy Lowell offers a picture of critical obtuseness which becomes sardonic indeed when one considers that it has been exhibited in authoritative places and published forth to the world by a reputable journal and a reputable house. Herein lies the vice of this book: that it was written seriously, printed seriously and doubtless is seriously read. This equation of reality sets in a different light the complacent follies which otherwise we might have laughed at. For at once, the condition underlying the spectacle is clear—a widespread and American condition—the condition

of a people with no sense of values and without reverence for the truth that lies in art. In any less supine society, would not Mr. Joyce Kilmer be laughed into the limbo where his dogmatic ignorance consigns him?

The Provincetown Players

In the prospectus of the Provincetown Players for their second Manhattan season lie reaffirmations of the creed that carried them through two spontaneously creative summer seasons at Provincetown and their uniquely successful first season in New York. "We have a theater because we want to do our own thing in our own way. . . . Our justification for existence must lie now, as it did when we began, in our own faith and impulse." Seeds of life, these. But lying with them, in an ever so slightly stressed page of quotations from the critics, lurks a tiny black seed that may make for decay. Perhaps it will die in their old Wharf Theater at Provincetown this summer, and the Provincetown Players will come back next fall, revivified, purged of human foibles, as firmly resolved to ignore professional criticism this year as last.

Their theater was unique among Manhattan's little theaters last year, for the Provincetown Players naively set about trying the untried experiment of conducting their first season in New York as simply and unpretentiously as they had managed their two summer seasons at Provincetown. As a matter of illuminating fact, they shifted their Playwrights' Theater from an artists' summer colony in an old fishing town to a Broadway-pierced city without disturbing its basic idea; the purely experimental production of unproduced plays by American playwrights before a more or less self-selected group of people interested in experiments more than in safely forecasted results. They dared to attempt to survive without a press agent, without publicity, without extending press privileges, without invitations to dramatic critics. With trust and hope they circularized a comparatively small group of New Yorkers, and garnered an audience as spontaneously responsive as their summer auditors. Intending to play two nights every two weeks, the surprisingly ready number of subscribers forced the extension of their fortnightly bill to four and then five nights, and with their opening week they closed their subscription books, modestly but adequately financed for the year. Still without a press agent and without publicity they put on their first bill in their improvised theater in Macdougal Street, of one act plays made up from their Provincetown repertoire. Its sincere production set a healthy standard, and sincerely and proudly amateur the Playwrights' Theater continued on its way, unheralded, unsung by any but its own, inviting no comparisons with professional standards, and with no self-conscious and self-limiting eye cast at box office, audience, or critics.

Therefore it came to pass that the Provincetown Players, ignoring the blessings of publicity and deliberately evading its curses, by the very brightness of their high exclusiveness, automatically invited it. The critics came down, endured novel difficulties to gain admission, were amused by an aloofness flowering so strangely in New York, and wrote pleasant

things about the little theater on Macdougal Street. It was inevitable, and it was inevitably gratifying.

So the critics have a page in the prospectus of the Provincetown Players' second season, a yielding to the perfume of praise which is only human, but which indicates a subtle change in attitude on the part of the Provincetown Players which, if precedent counts for anything, is too likely to make eventually for self-consciousness and semi-professionalism. It presages another thing as threatening to the fine amateur spirit which the Provincetown Players brought into New York, a change in the quality of its next year's subscription audiences.

For the audiences at the Playwrights' Theater last winter were as interesting as the plays and players. It happened somehow that this group of subscribers, gathered from many diverse quarters, was a thing as young in spirit as the Playwrights' Theater itself, and, realizing this, and trusting in its responsiveness to their ideals, the Players experimented with plays as freely as at the Wharf Theater, "producing their own thing in their own way"; inviting many failures in their faith that out of unusual, dangerous, or frankly doubtful plays might come successes worth while, knowing always that honest experimentation is its own reward. This is, of course the only spirit which can keep a players' workshop experimental, but, remaining that, it demands as much of the temper of its audiences and owes as much to it, as to the temper of its own working group. This sort of audience the Provincetown Players last year in some way divinely achieved. Their audiences stood faithfully by, through three successive bills that did not hold one success, giving the Players their fair chance for second wind, and so saw them through an entirely successful latter half year.

In their prospectus the Provincetown Players quote from "prominent critics, actors, and producers," avowedly because "their expressions of approval may be of interest" to those whom they ask to subscribe for their coming season. Their last season's subscribers were not gathered in so, and it is doubtful if those who are inspired to join this year from the faddist's interest in favorable professional criticisms will have the same reactions to pure experiment, the same indifference to failures, or will see beyond the raggednesses of amateur production the idea for which an experimental playwright's theater stands. They will be too apt to come, expecting successes graded according to professional standards, and they will not react comprehendingly to plays that are surface failures.

Since a theater such as the Playwrights' Theater demands a peculiarly plastic and responsive audience, it is surely not the height of wisdom to stress success, and ensnare thereby a too-expectant subscription list. For, if it is to remain a theater for experimenting with unknown and doubtful quantities, its successes will be inevitably over balanced by what, from the average point of view, are frankly failures. The blessings of publicity are as far-reaching as its curses, but they do not reach as far as little theaters which stand for the purely amateur and empirical.

Perhaps nothing that has lasted a year in New York can pass on into another year with its ideal unchanged. Perhaps a theater whose artistic and financial success last year was achieved primarily because it definitely eschewed press agent and crit-

ics cannot face its second year with that same wise avoidance of professional criticism. Perhaps it is humanly impossible for the Provincetown Players to preserve within themselves the same real indifference to outside criticism with whch they came into New York last year. By just so much as they value it, however, and are influenced consciously or unconsciously by it, they depart from the basic ideal on which the Wharf Theater at Provincetown was founded—a theater for playwrights, artists, and actors, avowedly experimental, inviting an audience interested in experiments rather than results, holding themselves serenely apart from the current cant of comment which blames or praises, too interested in the play for the play's sake to be self-conscious or afraid.

But, not inviting publicity, they have achieved it, and in their prospectus have accepted it. Their ideals may be rooted deep enough to survive the crucial test of this second and crucial year. If they do move through their second season here without swerving from their ideal policy to consider plays first, the audience last, and critics not at all, they will have wrought out of themselves one of the few miracles of dramatic history in America.

Z.

Photography

Photography, which is the first and only important contribution, thus far, of science to the arts, finds its *raison d'etre,* like all media, in a complete uniqueness of means. This is an absolute unqualified objectivity. Unlike the other arts which are really anti-photographic, this objectivity is of the very essence of photography, its contribution and at the same time its limitation. And just as the majority of workers in other media have completely misunderstood the inherent qualities of their respective means, so photographers, with the possible exception of two or three, have had no conception of the photographic means. The full potential power of every medium is dependent upon the purity of its use, and all attempts at mixture end in such dead things as the color etching, the photographic painting and, in photography, the gum print, oil print, etc., in which the introduction of hand work and manipulation is merely the expression of an impotent desire to paint. It is this very lack of understanding and respect for their material, on the part of the photographers themselves, which directly accounts for the consequent lack of respect on the part of the intelligent public and the notion that photography is but a poor excuse for an inability to do anything else.

The photographer's problem, therefore, is to see clearly the limitations and at the same time the potential qualities of his medium, for it is precisely here that honesty no less than intensity of vision is the prerequisite of a living expression. This means a real respect for the thing in front of him, expressed in terms of chiaroscuro (color and photography having nothing in common) through a range of almost infinite tonal values which lie beyond the skill of the human hand. The fullest realization of this is accomplished without tricks of process or manipulation, through the use of straight photographic methods. It is in the organization of this objectivity that the photographer's point of view

towards Life enters in, and where a formal conception born of the emotions, the intellect, or of both, is as inevitably necessary for him, before an exposure is made, as for the painter, before he puts brush to canvas. The objects may be organized to express the causes of which they are the effects, or they may be used as abstract forms, to create an emotion unrelated to the objectivity as such. This organization is evolved either by movement of the camera in relation to the objects themselves or through their actual arrangement, but here, as in everything, the expression is simply the measure of a vision, shallow or profound, as the case may be. Photography is only a new road from a different direction, but moving toward the common goal, which is Life.

Notwithstanding the fact that the whole development of photography has been given to the world through "Camera Work" in a form uniquely beautiful as well as perfect in conception and presentation, there is no real consciousness, even among photographers, of what has actually happened: namely, that America has really been expressed in terms of America without the outside influence of Paris art-schools or their dilute offspring here. This development extends over the comparatively short period of sixty years, and there was no real movement until the years between 1895 and 1910, at which time an intense rebirth of enthusiasm and energy manifested itself all over the world. Moreover, this renaissance found its highest æsthetic achievement in America, where a small group of men and women worked with honest and sincere purpose, some instinctively and few consciously, but without any background of photographic or graphic formulæ, much less any cut and dried ideas of what is Art and what isn't; this innocence was their real strength. Everything they wanted to say had to be worked out by their own experiments; it was born of actual living. In the same way the creators of our skyscrapers had to face the similar circumstance of no precedent, and it was through that very necessity of evolving a new form, both in architecture and photography that the resulting expression was vitalized. Where in any medium has the tremendous energy and potential power of New York been more fully realized than in the purely direct photographs of Stieglitz? Where a more subtle feeling which is the reverse of all this, the quiet simplicity of life in the American small town, so sensitively suggested in the early work of Clarence White? Where in painting, more originality and penetration of vision than in the portraits of Steichen, Kasebier and Frank Eugene? Others, too, have given beauty to the world, but these workers, together with the great Scotchman, David Octavius Hill, whose portraits made in 1860 have never been surpassed, are the important factors of a living photographic tradition. They will be the masters no less for Europe than for America because by an intense interest in the life of which they were really a part, they reached through a national, to a universal expression. In spite of indifference, contempt and the assurance of little or no remuneration they went on, as others will do, even though their work seems doomed to a temporary obscurity. The thing they do remains the same; it is a witness to the motive force that drives.

The existence of a medium, after all, is its absolute justification, if as so many seem to think, it needs one, and all comparison of potentialities is useless and irrelevant. Whether a watercolor is inferior to an oil, or whether

a drawing, an etching, or a photograph is not as important as either, is inconsequent. To have to despise something else is a sign of impotence. Let us rather accept joyously and with gratitude everything through which the spirit of man seeks to obtain ever fuller and more intense self-realization.

PAUL STRAND.

Music and Recruiting

It was at the concert of June 20th, the first of those planned for this season by the Civic Orchestral Society, that Mr. Otto H. Kahn addressed the audience.

The concert, as well as the entire series, had been advertised as "Patriotic." The adjective has of late lost something of its edge, its precision of meaning, and most of the people who attended the first concert doubtless speculated on the element that would distinguish this concert from others. To some, the word no doubt suggested that St. Nicholas Rink, where the concerts take place this year, would be festooned with the banners of the United States, of Britain and of France. To some, it foreshadowed the inclusion of certain patriotic airs in the exercises. To others, the word presented itself as the advertisement of the fact that the society had obtained the services of a Parisian conductor eager to include a good deal of French music on his programmes. To few, however, did it intimate the performance that was to take place.

The guesses were accurate to a certain extent. The rink was draped with the banners of the United States, of Britain and of France. M. Pierre Monteaux did conduct an overture of Lalo, the symphonic fragment from Franck's "Redemption," and the air from "Louise", conducted them incisively as he conducted the Third Leonore Overture badly. Two verses of the "Star-Spangled Banner" were sung by Miss Anna Case, becomingly draped in the folds of the American flag. It was only when, at the close of the intermission, there appeared in the conductor's stand not M. Monteaux, but Mr. Otto H. Kahn, that the audience realized with a shock that there were intentions in the word "patriotism" which it had not as yet encountered.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn made a speech. It was not a short speech. But it can be summed up in a few sentences.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn congratulated the audience on the fact that art was still neutral, and expressed his delight that the conductor of the concerts of the Civic Orchestral Society was a "son of France." He expressed also his delight that the realm of music had not as yet been contaminated by the war, and announced that it was the intention of the Society (of which he is Treasurer) to demonstrate the connection between music and patriotism by introducing speeches on Patriotism and Art and other allied subjects into the course of each concert. He concluded by presenting to the audience Colonel Chadwick, U. S. A., the first speaker.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn then descended from the stand, and Colonel Chadwick, U. S. A., neatly clad in khaki, ascended it, and made his speech on Art and Patriotism and other allied subjects. He reminded the audience that volunteering in New York City was lagging, that only a fraction of the quota had offered itself for

service. He was positive that everyone in the audience who was not himself fit for service knew some young man who was, and could bring pressure to bear on him. He could not recommend sufficiently the benefits of joining the army. It made, he said, all the good in you "come out." Because of the wages paid the soldiers the army today compared favorably with all other professions. In fact, simply because of the education and the training and the advantages it offered you, no other institution could rival it. And, best of all, those who joined the army Made the World Safe for Democracy, and enabled their Country to have at its disposal, after the war was over, a large body of trained men.

Thereupon Colonel Chadwick, U. S. A., stepped down, and M. Monteaux resumed his place.

The audience that heard those speeches was not Bought with German Gold. It was not even an assemblage of "slackers, traitors, and pacifists." It was quite a normal and representative gathering, as far as one could make out. Many of those who composed it, one can be sure, were convinced of the righteousness of this war, the justice of the draft, were ready to give their all to the prosecution of the business, no matter how terrible it seemed to them. And yet, there was little applause. There was applause neither for the speech of Otto H. Kahn, nor for Colonel Chadwick's little contribution to Art and Patriotism and other Allied subjects. American audiences do not hiss. One has often cause to regret that they do not. And yet, they have their own fashion of signifying disapproval. They remain silent, be it from dislike of publicity, be it from timidity. So it was that night at St. Nicholas Rink. But one had only to observe the manner in which the auditors listened to the speeches, with heads bent over their laps, with eyes fixed on the floor, one had only to observe the disdainful smiles on the faces of those who watched the speakers, to listen to the remarks whispered all about one, to know what they felt. For what they knew and what they felt, what they would have said if they had spoken, were the words with which the mother, in the story that we all know, scolds her disobedient little son: "What you did isn't bad, Willie. It's worse than bad. It's vulgar!"

And they were right. The act of introducing recruiting speeches into the programme of a symphony concert is a contemptibly vulgar one. It is contemptibly vulgar from all points of view, from the point of view of those who favor this war as well as from the point of view of those who oppose it. It would have been quite as vulgar if the "lecture" had been the most brilliant of orations, and not the stupidest of recruiting speeches. It would have been vulgar even if there had not been statutory a law conscribing ten millions of men for military service. For it was without any doubt an action motivated by, and indirectly revealing, a brutal ignorance of values, or a brutal disregard for them. It was an action that could be perpetrated only by persons devoid of reverence both for the marvelous human beings who gave themselves in music, and for such of their own fellows who come in need to those great souls. Certainly, only one who lacked all grasp of the actual content of music would dare thrust himself upon the art, would dare to seek to force it to carry his will rather than that of the men who created it. Only such a one would even dream of daring to use

it for ends other than its own, and press recruits by playing Bach and César Franck. And only one who was quite ignorant of the impulse that takes people to music would consider standing between them and their refreshment. And yet that is what Mr. Kahn and those associated with him are quite prepared to do. They are willing to permit Bach and Beethoven and Franck and the rest to speak, so long as their speaking abets recruiting, so long as their speaking furnishes an excuse for drumming recruits. They are willing to permit their fellows, at least those who are able to afford their dollar or half-dollar or quarter-dollar, to obtain their consolation and nourishment, on condition that they submit themselves for twenty minutes during each concert to those thoughts that have made them most needful of the ministration of music. Much irreverence for human monuments and human rights has been displayed during the course of this war. Much of it has been barbarously cruel. But one doubts whether irreverence, whether ignorance of values and disregard of them have, during the entire course of the war, assumed a form quite as contemptible as the one they are assuming at the concerts of the Civic Orchestral Society. For the sake of those who still attach some glamor to it, Mr. Kahn and his associates ought to remove the word "Patriotic" from the advertisements of their concerts.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Conspirators

"Woe unto them that stand in our way in this hour of high resolutions!" I have been attending the trial of three of those who tried to stand in our way. The Government could scarcely have had victims more unfortunate for its own purposes in its desire to root out disloyalty. My three students were arrested as symbols of a vast conspiracy which was to involve the seditious teachings of professors in a great University and to trail back to German moneybags. At the end of the trial, the prosecutor, unable to discover professors or pro-Germans, was reduced, "as a Columbia graduate," to thanking God that his University was not responsible for such doctrines as these. In the haste to uncover a conspiracy, the Government agents had not waited for the students to commit a pragmatic crime. The manifesto urging people not to register had been seized in the printing shop. So the charge was the metaphysical one of "conspiracy." To "conspire" you do not have to carry out your wicked purpose. You merely have to agree together to do something unlawful, and then have one of you make some gesture towards carrying it out. It is very subtle. Your wickedness seems to consist not so much in injuring the Government or causing anybody to disobey a law, but rather in obscurely hurting the feelings of Government by concertedly starting some such disobedient enterprise. The students actually never got their document into the hands of a single person who might be urged to violate the law. But the New York newspapers, the day after the seizure, printed the document, either in whole on in part, thus putting its seditious eloquence into the hands of thousands of young men of conscript age a week before registration day. In this gratuitous distribution, however, the newspapers were quite innocent of crime, for they were performing the

legal act of reporting a judicial proceeding. Pragmatically, they did the very crime—and with far more comprehensiveness and dispatch than the "conspirators" ever hoped for—which the latter faced two years in prison for merely hoping to do. Presumably, any one of the "conspirators" could have bought two thousand copies of the *New York Herald,* which printed the document in full,—could have cut out the manifesto and mailed it to two thousand men of registration age. He would then, with perfect legality, be personally accomplishing the very end which he was indicted for trying unsuccessfully to do.

Such law and such grotesqueries belong to the stage of "Alice in Wonderland" rather than a modern American civilization. Yet a well-bred and democratic Government was found seriously pressing this metaphysical charge of "conspiracy," and a patriotic jury was found solemnly convicting the two youths, Phillips and Cattell,—Eleanor Parker having been acquitted at the direction of the judge. No conceivable human purpose was served, except that the Government whose feelings had been covertly insulted, and an archaic principle of English law which had been outraged, might receive appeasement, and that the functionaries whose business it is to furnish that appeasement might earn the reward of good and faithful servants. I think that people indicted for mystical crimes like this are entitled to be freed if they are techically innocent of the mystical crime. And since one cannot conspire alone, the intention of either one of the defendants to bring the seditious document within the law made them both technically innocent of conspiracy. All this the judge emphasized, stressing the need of acquittal if the testimony of Cattell's parents and friends was to be believed. But the jury was of plain blunt men, brushing through the technicalities of the law, and deeming it no time, when we are all working to make the world safe for democracy, to countenance any such opinions or desires as these students held.

It is unfair to the students to say that the defence tried to take advantage of technicalities. There is nothing cowardly in trying to avoid a perfectly real pragmatic punishment of a prison sentence for a merely metaphysical crime which a Government is trying to fasten on you, "as a warning to others." Phillips was brave enough in refusing personally to register, and thus making himself inevitably subject to the punishment his document urged others to risk. There is no need of making heroes out of Phillips, Cattell and Eleanor Parker. They are winning and rather clear-eyed people. They were idealistic and ingenuous to a fault. They must have been surprised at their capture by the Government as dangerous conspirators. But strenuous objections should be made to their punishment on the charge made. It was a most unpleasant experience to sit in the courtroom and hear the young prosecutor ridiculing their opinions and trying to stigmatize them as cravens and cowards. The newspapers docilely backed him up with their usual unfairness towards all who do not bow before the war-spirit.

As this verdict stands, I think there is a stain on a Government which, in a reputedly democratic war, is willing to use legal mysticisms to punish idealistic young students who oppose its militaristic technique. Although the sentence was a minimum sentence, concession having been made to the upper-class status of the defendants, Government prosecutors and grand juries should not be encouraged to use the metaphysics of the law against

pacifists who cannot be charged with actual pragmatic crime. Juries should not be encouraged to convict on the basis of patriotic feelings when evidence beyond all reasonable doubt is absent. All these archaic concepts of political conspiracy and sedition that cluster around the idea of "lese-majeste" a democratic government can afford, even in war-time, to allow to become corroded through neglect. They do not in any way protect the safety of the people, and they become, in war-time, the easiest instruments of oppression and spite.

R. B.

Communication

In the June "Seven Arts Chronicle," Mr. Paul Rosenfeld wrote of the recent performances in New York of Liszt's "Eine Faust Sinfonie" and Berlioz's "Requiem." The performances in question were Dr. Muck's conducting of the former at a Boston Symphony concert and Edgar Varèse's of the latter.

Mr. Rosenfeld's critical writing is generally worthy; it has sanity and is unquestionably sincere. Occasionally we find him basing final judgments on insufficient acquaintance with works of art. And, in a sense, his remarks on these works of Liszt and Berlioz —which he feels were "recreated" by Dr. Muck and Mr. Varèse—smack of something of this kind. I am prompted to set these words down for but two reasons: first, to inform those who do not know them of the facts; second, because I am rendered "exceeding comfortless" by a critic of discrimination standing in awe before the Berlioz "Requiem."

Mr. Rosenfeld, in speaking of the Liszt "Faust," says: "We, who had heard the 'Faust' Symphony only under Stransky." That sentence, with its undeniable sneer, should have been contributed to the Daniel Gregory Mason-Arthur Whiting Anti-Philharmonic drive in the New York Sunday *Times* last winter. That is where it belonged. Mr. Stransky's reading of the "Faust" Symphony—I have heard him do it three times—is unforgettable. In my opinion, and I am not alone, it quite surpasses Dr. Muck's, the latter's lacking in passion, in emotional fullness. Especially the "Gretchen" movement was devoid of a plastic freedom as Dr. Muck did it and its changing moods not smoothly shifted. As for the revised score which the Boston conductor found at "Wahnfried," the cuts are not significant and the transference of some bassoon recitatives was effected by Mr. Stransky long ago, though he never saw Liszt's revised score. Realizing that Liszt thought of these passages in a tone-color foreign to the bassoon, though he set them down for it, Mr. Stransky gave them to the bass-clarinet. That is precisely what Liszt did when, years after he finished the symphony, he made a revision of the partitur!

"Perhaps as the most classic artist who ever composed music"—Mr. Rosenfeld believes that of Berlioz; I shudder! Berlioz the verbose,—the bombastic, corruscatingly brilliant Berlioz, poverty-stricken in ideas—the most classic! No one denies that Berlioz wrote well and sonorously, but with power? No! In conversation one evening this winter, M. Ernest Bloch expressed the regret that Berlioz had been a musician. What a

splendid mathematician, philosopher, or essayist he would have made! But a musician, from an inspirational standpoint—M. Bloch agreed with me that Berlioz had failed.

Invention — thematic material — ideas—call it what you will! He was barren—and nothing is more barren than the "Requiem." Be not deceived by its "furious clangor of trumpets," its big brassy climaxes—they are not vital, they are theatric. If you grant their authenticity, you must do the same for the hopelessly banal finale of Abbé Liszt's "Préludes." Liszt's music, even in this commonplace instance, is a good tune. And we have all our life been searching for a really good tune in Berlioz.

We did not hear the Varèse-Scranton Choral Society performance of the "Requiem"; we make it our business to be among those not present when this tiresome music is dragged out once a decade. But we know this music very well and it pains us to have Mr. Rosenfeld attempt to tell us—unquestionably in all sincerity—that the line of Berlioz's music can be compared only "with the lines of Egyptian sculpture." It makes us fear that one of these days he will write an essay on the delicate line of the 5/4 movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathètique!" At that, Tschaikowsky had more to say—though we personally are not especially keen to listen to it—than did Hector Berlioz!

A. Walter Kramer.

Author's Note.—It is regrettable, of course, that Berlioz must do without the regard of Messrs. Kramer and Bloch. But for those who hold him in esteem, it will be some consolation to remember that he counts among his fervent admirers a critic like Romain Rolland and a composer like Richard Strauss.

"The Masses" and American Rights

THE latest incident in a series of bureaucratic infringements on the liberty of the press in the United States, is the suppression of the August *Masses* and the threatened indictment of its editors. This last number of the magazine, which contains criticisms of the war policy of the Administration, was denied the use of the mails by the Solicitor of the Post Office, on the ground that it violates "in spirit" the recently passed Espionage Act.

The terms of the Espionage Act are sufficiently vague, affording an opportunity for illiberal bureaucratic construction under which any paper which ventures to oppose the war can be suppressed. But the practical difficulties of liberal journalism are made almost insuperable by the refusal of the Solicitor to specify the passages which are alleged to violate the law. The actions of the postal authorities are, by custom, not subject to review in any court of law; and it is thus possible for any periodical to be temporarily suppressed without legal determination of the facts of the case, and without the possibility of appeal in time to save the issue.

The Post Office censorship thus established definitely refuses to pass in advance upon the contents of periodicals; it denies to such issues as it chooses the use of the mails; and for having attempted to mail such periodicals, the editors are put in jeopardy of a fine of not more than $5,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both!

It remains to be seen if public opinion—and Congress—will tolerate this bureaucratic attempt to abrogate the right, constitutionally guaranteed to the American people, of a free press.

A War Diary

By Randolph Bourne

TIME brings a better adjustment to the war. There had been so many times when, to those who had energetically resisted its coming, it seemed the last intolerable outrage. In one's wilder moments one expected revolt against the impressment of unwilling men and the suppression of unorthodox opinion. One conceived the war as breaking down through a kind of intellectual sabotage diffused through the country. But as one talks to people outside the cities and away from ruling currents of opinion, one finds the prevailing apathy shot everywhere with acquiescence. The war is a bad business, which somehow got fastened on us. They don't want to go, but they've got to go. One decides that nothing generally obstructive is going to happen and that it would make little difference if it did. The kind of war which we are conducting is an enterprise which the American government does not have to carry on with the hearty co-operation of the American people but only with their acquiescence. And that acquiescence seems sufficient to float an indefinitely protracted war for vague or even largely uncomprehended and unaccepted purposes. Our resources in men and materials are vast enough to organize the war-technique without enlisting more than a fraction of the people's conscious energy. Many men will not like being sucked into the actual fighting organism, but as the war goes on they will be sucked in as individuals and they will yield. There is likely to be no element in the country with the effective will to help them resist. They are not likely to resist of themselves concertedly. They will be licked grudgingly into mili-

tary shape, and their lack of enthusiasm will in no way unfit them for use in the hecatombs necessary for the military decision upon which Allied political wisdom still apparently insists. It is unlikely that enough men will be taken from the potentially revolting classes seriously to embitter their spirit. Losses in the well-to-do classes will be sustained by a sense of duty and of reputable sacrifice. From the point of view of the worker, it will make little difference whether his work contributes to annihilation overseas or to construction at home. Temporarily, his condition is better if it contributes to the former. We of the middle classes will be progressively poorer than we should otherwise have been. Our lives will be slowly drained by clumsily levied taxes and the robberies of imperfectly controlled private enterprises. But this will not cause us to revolt. There are not likely to be enough hungry stomachs to make a revolution. The materials seem generally absent from the country, and as long as a government wants to use the war-technique in its realization of great ideas, it can count serenely on the human resources of the country, regardless of popular mandate or understanding.

II. If human resources are fairly malleable into the war-technique, our material resources will prove to be even more so, quite regardless of the individual patriotism of their owners or workers. It is almost purely a problem of diversion. Factories and mines and farms will continue to turn out the same products and at an intensified rate, but the government will be working to use their activity and concentrate it as contributory to the war. The process which the piping times of benevolent neutrality began will be pursued to its extreme end. All this will be successful, however, precisely as it is made a matter of centralized governmental organization and not of individual offerings of goodwill and enterprise. It will be coercion from above that will do the trick rather than patriotism from below. Democratic contentment may be shed over the land for a time

through the appeal to individual thoughtfulness in saving and in relinquishing profits. But all that is really needed is the co-operation with government of the men who direct the large financial and industrial enterprises. If their interest is enlisted in diverting the mechanism of production into war-channels, it makes not the least difference whether you or I want our activity to count in aid of the war. Whatever we do will contribute toward its successful organization, and toward the riveting of a semi-military State-socialism on the country. As long as the effective managers, the "big men" in the staple industries remained loyal, nobody need care what the millions of little human cogs who had to earn their living felt or thought. This is why the technical organization for this American war goes on so much more rapidly than any corresponding popular sentiment for its aims and purposes. Our war is teaching us that patriotism is really a superfluous quality in war. The government of a modern organized plutocracy does not have to ask whether the people want to fight or understand what they are fighting for, but only whether they will tolerate fighting. America does not co-operate with the President's designs. She rather feebly acquiesces. But that feeble acquiescence is the all-important factor. We are learning that war doesn't need enthusiasm, doesn't need conviction, doesn't need hope, to sustain it. Once manœuvred, it takes care of itself, provided only that our industrial rulers see that the end of the war will leave American capital in a strategic position for world-enterprise. The American people might be much more indifferent to the war even than they are and yet the results would not be materially different. A majority of them might even be feebly or at least unconcertedly hostile to the war, and yet it would go gaily on. That is why a popular referendum seems so supremely irrelevant to people who are willing to use war as an instrument in the working-out of national policy. And that is why this war, with apathy rampant, is probably going to act just as if every person in the country

were filled with patriotic ardor, and furnished with a completely assimilated map of the League to Enforce Peace. If it doesn't, the cause will not be the lack of popular ardor, but the clumsiness of the government officials in organizing the technique of the war. Our country in war, given efficiency at the top, can do very well without our patriotism. The non-patriotic man need feel no pangs of conscience about not helping the war. Patriotism fades into the merest trivial sentimentality when it becomes, as so obviously in a situation like this, so pragmatically impotent. As long as one has to earn one's living or buy tax-ridden goods, one is making one's contribution to war in a thousand indirect ways. The war, since it does not need it, cannot fairly demand also the sacrifice of one's spiritual integrity.

III. The "liberals" who claim a realistic and pragmatic attitude in politics have disappointed us in setting up and then clinging wistfully to the belief that our war could get itself justified for an idealistic flavor, or at least for a world-renovating social purpose, that they had more or less denied to the other belligerents. If these realists had had time in the hurry and scuffle of events to turn their philosophy on themselves, they might have seen how thinly disguised a rationalization this was of their emotional undertow. They wanted a League of Nations. They had an unanalyzable feeling that this was a war in which we had to be, and be in it we would. What more natural than to join the two ideas and conceive our war as the decisive factor in the attainment of the desired end! This gave them a good conscience for willing American participation, although as good men they must have loathed war and everything connected with it. The realist cannot deny facts. Moreover, he must not only acknowledge them but he must use them. Good or bad, they must be turned by his intelligence to some constructive end. Working along with the materials which events give him, he must get where and what he can,

and bring something brighter and better out of the chaos.

Now war is such an indefeasible and unescapable Real that the good realist must accept it rather comprehensively. To keep out of it is pure quietism, an acute moral failure to adjust. At the same time, there is an inexorability about war. It is a little unbridled for the realist's rather nice sense of purposive social control. And nothing is so disagreeable to the pragmatic mind as any kind of an absolute. The realistic pragmatist could not recognize war as inexorable—though to the common mind it would seem as near an absolute, coercive social situation as it is possible to fall into. For the inexorable abolishes choices, and it is the essence of the realist's creed to have, in every situation, alternatives before him. He gets out of his scrape in this way: Let the inexorable roll in upon me, since it must. But then, keeping firm my sense of control, I will somehow tame it and turn it to my own creative purposes. Thus realism is justified of her children, and the "liberal" is saved from the limbo of the wailing and irreconcilable pacifists who could not make so easy an adjustment.

Thus the "liberals" who made our war their own preserved their pragmatism. But events have shown how fearfully they imperilled their intuition and how untameable an inexorable really is. For those of us who knew a real inexorable when we saw one, and had learned from watching war what follows the loosing of a war-technique, foresaw how quickly aims and purposes would be forgotten, and how flimsy would be any liberal control of events. It is only we now who can appreciate "The New Republic"—the organ of applied pragmatic realism—when it complains that the League of Peace (which we entered the war to guarantee) is more remote than it was eight months ago; or that our State Department has no diplomatic policy (though it was to realize the high aims of the President's speeches that the intellectuals willed American participation); or that we are subordinating the political management of the war to real or supposed military advantages,

(though militarism in the liberal mind had no justification except as a tool for advanced social ends). If, after all the idealism and creative intelligence that were shed upon America's taking up of arms, our State Department has no policy, we are like brave passengers who have set out for the Isles of the Blest only to find that the first mate has gone insane and jumped overboard, the rudder has come loose and dropped to the bottom of the sea, and the captain and pilot are lying dead drunk under the wheel. The stokers and engineers, however, are still merrily forcing the speed up to twenty knots an hour and the passengers are presumably getting the pleasure of the ride.

IV. The penalty the realist pays for accepting war is to see disappear one by one the justifications for accepting it. He must either become a genuine Realpolitiker and brazen it through, or else he must feel sorry for his intuition and regretful that he willed the war. But so easy is forgetting and so slow the change of events that he is more likely to ignore the collapse of his case. If he finds that his government is relinquishing the crucial moves of that strategy for which he was willing to use the technique of war, he is likely to move easily to the ground that it will all come out in the end the same anyway. He soon becomes satisfied with tacitly ratifying whatever happens, or at least straining to find the grain of unplausible hope that may be latent in the situation.

But what then is there really to choose between the realist who accepts evil in order to manipulate it to a great end, but who somehow unaccountably finds events turn sour on him, and the Utopian pacifist who cannot stomach the evil and will have none of it? Both are helpless, both are coerced. The Utopian, however, knows that he is ineffective and that he is coerced, while the realist, evading disillusionment, moves in a twilight zone of half-hearted criticism, and hopings for the best, where he does not become a tacit fatalist. The latter would be the manlier position, but then where would be his

realistic philosophy of intelligence and choice? Professor Dewey has become impatient at the merely good and merely conscientious objectors to war who do not attach their conscience and intelligence to forces moving in another direction. But in wartime there are literally no valid forces moving in another direction. War determines its own end,—victory, and government crushes out automatically all forces that deflect, or threaten to deflect, energy from the path of organization to that end. All governments will act in this way, the most democratic as well as the most autocratic. It is only "liberal" naïveté that is shocked at arbitrary coercion and suppression. Willing war means willing all the evils that are organically bound up with it. A good many people still seem to believe in a peculiar kind of democratic and antiseptic war. The pacifists opposed the war because they knew this was an illusion, and because of the myriad hurts they knew war would do the promise of democracy at home. For once the babes and sucklings seem to have been wiser than the children of light.

V. If it is true that the war will go on anyway whether it is popular or not or whether its purposes are clear, and if it is true that in wartime constructive realism is an illusion, then the aloof man, the man who will not obstruct the war but who cannot spiritually accept it, has a clear case for himself. Our war presents no more extraordinary phenomenon than the number of the more creative minds of the younger generation who are still irreconcilable toward the great national enterprise which the government has undertaken. The country is still dotted with young men and women, in full possession of their minds, faculties and virtue, who feel themselves profoundly alien to the work which is going on around them. They must not be confused with the disloyal or the pro-German. They have no grudge against the country, but their patriotism has broken down in the emergency. They want to see the carnage stopped and Europe decently constructed again.

They want a democratic peace. If the swift crushing of Germany will bring that peace, they want to see Germany crushed. If the embargo on neutrals will prove the decisive coup, they are willing to see the neutrals taken ruthlessly by the throat. But they do not really believe that peace will come by any of these means, or by any use of our war-technique whatever. They are genuine pragmatists and they fear any kind of an absolute, even when bearing gifts. They know that the longer a war lasts the harder it is to make peace. They know that the peace of exhaustion is a dastardly peace, leaving enfeebled the morale of the defeated, and leaving invincible for years all the most greedy and soulless elements in the conquerors. They feel that the greatest obstacle to peace now is the lack of the powerful mediating neutral which we might have been. They see that war has lost for us both the mediation and the leadership, and is blackening us ever deeper with the responsibility for having prolonged the dreadful tangle. They are skeptical not only of the technique of war, but also of its professed aims. The President's idealism stops just short of the pitch that would arouse their own. There is a middle-aged and belated taint about the best ideals which publicist liberalism has been able to express. The appeals to propagate political democracy leave these people cold in a world which has become so disillusioned of democracy in the face of universal economic servitude. Their ideals outshoot the government's. To them the real arena lies in the international class-struggle, rather than in the competition of artificial national units. They are watching to see what the Russian socialists are going to do for the world, not what the timorous capitalistic American democracy may be planning. They can feel no enthusiasm for a League of Nations, which should solidify the old units and continue in disguise the old theories of international relations. Indispensable, perhaps? But not inspiring; not something to give one's spiritual allegiance to. And yet the best advice that American wisdom can offer to those who are out of sympathy

with the war is to turn one's influence toward securing that our war contribute toward this end. But why would not this League turn out to be little more than a well-oiled machine for the use of that enlightened imperialism toward which liberal American finance is already whetting its tongue? And what is enlightened imperialism as an international ideal as against the anarchistic communism of the nations which the new Russia suggests in renouncing imperialist intentions?

VI. Skeptical of the means and skeptical of the aims, this element of the younger generation stands outside the war, and looks upon the conscript army and all the other war-activities as troublesome interruptions on its thought and idealism, interruptions which do not touch anywhere a fibre of its soul. Some have been much more disturbed than others, because of the determined challenge of both patriots and realists to break in with the war-obsession which has filled for them their sky. Patriots and realists can both be answered. They must not be allowed to shake one's inflexible determination not to be spiritually implicated in the war. It is foolish to hope. Since the 30th of July, 1914, nothing has happened in the arena of war-policy and war-technique except for the complete and unmitigated worst. We are tired of continued disillusionment, and of the betrayal of generous anticipations. It is saner not to waste energy in hope within the system of war-enterprise. One may accept dispassionately whatever changes for good may happen from the war, but one will not allow one's imagination to connect them organically with war. It is better to resist cheap consolations, and remain skeptical about any of the good things so confidently promised us either through victory or the social reorganization demanded by the war-technique. One keeps healthy in wartime not by a series of religious and political consolations that something good is coming out of it all, but by a vigorous assertion of values in which war has no part. Our skepticism can be made a shelter behind which is

built up a wider consciousness of the personal and social and artistic ideals which American civilization needs to lead the good life. We can be skeptical constructively, if, thrown back on our inner resources from the world of war which is taken as the overmastering reality, we search much more actively to clarify our attitudes and express a richer significance in the American scene. We do not feel the war to be very real, and we sense a singular air of falsity about the emotions of the upper-classes toward everything connected with war. This ostentatious shame, this grovelling before illusory Allied heroisms and nobilities, has shocked us. Minor novelists and minor poets and minor publicists are still coming back from driving ambulances in France to write books that nag us into an appreciation of the "real meaning." No one can object to the generous emotions of service in a great cause or to the horror and pity at colossal devastation and agony. But too many of these prophets are men who have lived rather briskly among the cruelties and thinnesses of American civilization and have shown no obvious horror and pity at the exploitations and the arid quality of the life lived here around us. Their moral sense had been deeply stirred by what they saw in France and Belgium, but it was a moral sense relatively unpractised by deep concern and reflection over the inadequacies of American democracy. Few of them had used their vision to create literature impelling us toward a more radiant American future. And that is why, in spite of their vivid stirrings, they seem so unconvincing. Their idealism is too new and bright to affect us, for it comes from men who never cared very particularly about great creative American ideas. So these writers come to us less like ardent youth, pouring its energy into the great causes, than like youthful mouthpieces of their strident and belligerent elders. They did not convert us, but rather drove us farther back into the rightness of American isolation.

VII. There was something incredibly mean and plebeian

about that abasement into which the war-partisans tried to throw us all. When we were urged to squander our emotion on a bedevilled Europe, our intuition told us how much all rich and generous emotions were needed at home to leaven American civilization. If we refused to export them it was because we wanted to see them at work here. It is true that great reaches of American prosperous life were not using generous emotions for any purpose whatever. But the real antithesis was not between being concerned about luxurious automobiles and being concerned about the saving of France. America's "benevolent neutrality" had been saving the Allies for three years through the ordinary channels of industry and trade. We could afford to export material goods and credit far more than we could afford to export emotional capital. The real antithesis was between interest in expensively exploiting American material life and interest in creatively enhancing American personal and artistic life. The fat and earthy American could be blamed not for not palpitating more richly about France, but for not palpitating more richly about America and her spiritual drouths. The war will leave the country spiritually impoverished, because of the draining away of sentiment into the channels of war. Creative and constructive enterprises will suffer not only through the appalling waste of financial capital in the work of annihilation, but also in the loss of emotional capital in the conviction that war overshadows all other realities. This is the poison of war that disturbs even creative minds. Writers tell us that, after contact with the war, literature seems an idle pastime, if not an offense, in a world of great deeds. Perhaps literature that can be paled by war will not be missed. We may feel vastly relieved at our salvation from so many feeble novels and graceful verses that khaki-clad authors might have given us. But this nobly-sounding sense of the futility of art in a world of war may easily infect conscientious minds. And it is against this infection that we must fight.

VIII. The conservation of American promise is the present task for this generation of malcontents and aloof men and women. If America has lost its political isolation, it is all the more obligated to retain its spiritual integrity. This does not mean any smug retreat from the world, with a belief that the truth is in us and can only be contaminated by contact. It means that the promise of American life is not yet achieved, perhaps not even seen, and that, until it is, there is nothing for us but stern and intensive cultivation of our garden. Our insulation will not be against any great creative ideas or forms that Europe brings. It will be a turning within in order that we may have something to give without. The old American ideas which are still expected to bring life to the world seem stale and archaic. It is grotesque to try to carry democracy to Russia. It is absurd to try to contribute to the world's store of great moving ideas until we have a culture to give. It is absurd for us to think of ourselves as blessing the world with anything unless we hold it much more self-consciously and significantly than we hold anything now. Mere negative freedom will not do as a twentieth-century principle. American ideas must be dynamic or we are presumptuous in offering them to the world.

IX. The war—or American promise: one must choose. One cannot be interested in both. For the effect of the war will be to impoverish American promise. It cannot advance it, however liberals may choose to identify American promise with a league of nations to enforce peace. Americans who desire to cultivate the promises of American life need not lift a finger to obstruct the war, but they cannot conscientiously accept it. However intimately a part of their country they may feel in its creative enterprises toward a better life, they cannot feel themselves a part of it in its futile and self-mutilating enterprise of war. We can be apathetic with a good conscience, for we have other values and ideals for America. Our

country will not suffer for our lack of patriotism as long as it has that of our industrial masters. Meanwhile, those who have turned their thinking into war-channels have abdicated their leadership for this younger generation. They have put themselves in a limbo of interests that are not the concerns which worry us about American life and make us feverish and discontented.

Let us compel the war to break in on us, if it must, not go hospitably to meet it. Let us force it perceptibly to batter in our spiritual walls. This attitude need not be a fatuous hiding in the sand, denying realities. When we are broken in on, we can yield to the inexorable. Those who are conscripted will have been broken in on. If they do not want to be martyrs, they will have to be victims. They are entitled to whatever alleviations are possible in an inexorable world. But the others can certainly resist the attitude that blackens the whole conscious sky with war. They can resist the poison which makes art and all the desires for more impassioned living seem idle and even shameful. For many of us, resentment against the war has meant a vivider consciousness of what we are seeking in American life.

This search has been threatened by two classes who have wanted to deflect idealism to the war,—the patriots and the realists. The patriots have challenged us by identifying apathy with disloyalty. The reply is that war-technique in this situation is a matter of national mechanics rather than national ardor. The realists have challenged us by insisting that the war is an instrument in the working-out of beneficent national policy. Our skepticism points out to them how soon their "mastery" becomes "drift," tangled in the fatal drive toward victory as its own end, how soon they become mere agents and expositors of forces as they are. Patriots and realists disposed of, we can pursue creative skepticism with honesty, and at least a hope that in the recoil from war we may find the treasures we are looking for.

Following Freedom

By an American Immigrant

"Liberty means the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, opinion and custom."—Lord Acton.

IN each of the belligerent countries during the present war and, finally, in our own, wise observers have remarked at the outbreak of the struggle a widespread sense of liberation and even of peace. Men dropped the hardy energy of thought, the grim conflicts of private responsibility and action and flung themselves into the roaring sea of public passion. They found liberation from thinking; they found peace through merging their separate beings into the tribal self. This process is often held to be the chief glory of war. And, doubtless, the mood and the spectacle have a wild and barbaric splendor. But the splendor is brief, the glow turns sinister, and there is left tribal ferocity and tribal stubbornness. All the hard-won virtues of personality go down in disaster. The individual was merciful, the tribe is callous; the individual was reasonable, the tribe is in the grip of dark, irrational instincts. All saints are solitary—alone with God: has a solitary inquisitor been heard of? It takes a group of sane men to be cruel. Thus public passions, however noble in their origin, degenerate into unreason and brutality. A public passion of religion sees miracles, a public passion of indignation sees atrocities. Both are well attested in all countries and in all ages of a religious or a warlike mood. Immemorial and savage im-

pulses which the individual dare hardly express, he vents under the supposed righteousness of a tribal sanction and becomes a persecutor, a lyncher, a warrior. Such, from any civilized point of view, is the basic tragedy of war. Destruction is reparable: death is the noblest of human ills—it cannot corrupt the soul. But the merging of the individual in the tribe wipes out all the difficult gains of a humane civilization. It hurls us back into the red primordial mists of hate and cruelty and self-righteousness. The imaginative vision comes to see in the tense atmosphere of still peaceful cities symbolical scenes of a forgotten age—the flashing cymbals, the foaming devotees, the shrill cry of the human sacrifice in the storm-shaken grove. . . .

The highest virtue that a man can exercise at such a time is the austere preservation of his self-hood; the best gift he can make to his fellowmen is the gift of his unbending soul. At least in the quietude of his own mind he can live as though war were but a disastrous accident and the achievement of permanent and serene values our real goal. He can remember, for those who have forgotten it, that we shall have to live together again in a more human way and that, to do so at all, we must some day be saved from obliteration by the mass. He can point, even now, to some of those national problems which, more than ever after the war, we shall have to face and solve. And he must found his statement of them on individual experience—on that which alone has any ultimate significance: the contact of a lonely soul with reality.

In describing that contact and that struggle he will also be an asserter and a guardian of liberty. For that word is used in strange senses today. Yet it is only for the man who has arisen from the blind delusions of the mass, who has attained his true self, that liberty has a meaning. When the personal consciousness separates itself from the merely tribal consciousness—there is the birth of liberty. Hence in a deeper sense the

common phrase is true: liberty means progress—the liberty of personalities to be themselves, to rebel against the mass-life, to repudiate mass-thinking, to shatter the folk-ways, to be leaders, teachers, prophets. A society in which majority opinion and public law have not risen to the tolerance of free personalities is a society without liberty. It may build machinery and heap up wealth. It stagnates and breeds poisonous vapors. . . .

Such is the lower and more practical necessity for liberty —liberty to do as you like, liberty, above all, for others, whose ways are not your ways, to do as they like. But there is a deeper necessity. Search history and you will find not a single value that is permanent, that is valid, that has some chance of being in touch with the inner meaning of the universe but this—personality, free personality. Truth and beauty and justice are not the fruits of committee-meetings. The eternal things are the personal and lonely things. Where free personalities cannot develop, where all the expansive forces of life are throttled, there may be votes and wealth and ease and speed, there is no liberty and thus no truth, no beauty and no justice.

The right of free personalities to be utterly themselves is not only, however, the test of a society's liberty. It is, clearly, the supreme test of a society's right to be or to have been at all. Persia was a great empire. It is less than a little dust. Greece is eternal because Greek personalities were free and great. Why have men hoped for democracy and liberty? To vote for some rich man's man? To boast of some master's wealth? To be robbed of wine and art and speech? They have striven for liberty and in dark days gone down to death for it because they hoped that life might become more flexible, man more human. They hoped that the sullen and intolerant tribes with their incantations and ferocities might break up into societies of free men. And by a free society they did not mean one in which a turbulent majority

stamps out dissent, but one in which each man is free. Therefore they were the enemies not only of kings and priests, but of war and of persecution for conscience' sake. For these two are the weapons of the tribe against the bodies and the souls of men. . . . Democracy was to produce singers and sayers and thinkers, free personalities in numbers and loftiness beyond the past. Man was to be "free, uncircumscribed," he was to be

> "Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
> Over himself."

He was to be "free from guilt and pain,"

> "Which were for his will made or suffered them."

Such were once the implications of liberty, the hopes for democracy. Such they were once. . . .

The Song of the Uprising

By James Oppenheim

I—Joy.

Joy wings his way,
—(O bells of heaven!).
Joy wings his irresistible way,
—(O winds, O sun!)
Joy wings his irresistible, his radiant, his ineluctable way,
—(Morning! morning of the winds,
Morning strong with song!)
Joy wings, wings, *wings* his way
And now the wild great song of dawn
Mounts heaven on beams of light
Scattering the dew in the path of the veering bee,
And from the house the girl and boy bare-headed
Come fresh from sleep
And lift young voices toward blue skies . . .

Lift young voices toward blue skies
Meeting the young god, Joy.

Joy is the carrier of news . .
He laughs over the battlefields . . .
Joy is the sun . .
He shines on the democracies . . .
Joy is exultant with tidings . .
He flings on the Earth in the road of the hosts the luminous
flame of the future . . .

O the Earth, it is bled,
It is black, clawed with death,
But victory, but victory, but irrepressible victory
Shouts from the lips of Joy
Who shall raise up the dead.

I will make a prophecy
To your swelling heart,
That the heavens open
Presently with Peace . . .
I will make a prophecy of glory
To your dark-swelling heart . . .
The peoples shall be one,
The Earth shall be our home,
The children shall lead us forth with a scattering of roses,
And the heavens in all their splendor of stars shall sing: "One people, one planet."

O my heart!
How wonderful is the age we dwell in . . .
We are climbing up on the new tableland of man,
Beyond cedars of sorrow, beyond hemlocks of lamentation,
There where the grass blows wild,
There where the oak and the maple sway in the wind,
There where the festival is held, and the sun gleams on the steel of the workshops . . .
Gleams on the steel and on the miraculous flesh of men's faces . . .

(Hear, O softly, O faintly, sweetly,
Hear the cooing murmur of the mothers,
The lisp of laughing babes,
The bird-like love-notes, the lark-like mate-calls
Of passionate girls and boys,
And hear, hear,
Voices of men together in workshops where work is glory.)

Truly triumphant from the massive enginery of destruction and battle
Where great guns leveled Louvain and rifled Europe of grandeur,
Truly triumphant out of the thunder-roar, the tempest-shriek, the hurricane-blast,
Out of the horrible bleeding of boys,
Out of the torrents of blood,
Out of the anguish of countless hearts,
Truly triumphant the saved shall stand and march with a blowing of the trump
And march with a throbbing of the drum
Heroic and renewed to the lands of the new age . . .

They shall march!—
(O Joy, thou news-bringer!)
They shall march!—
(O Joy, thou sun in the windy heavens!)
They shall march!—
(O Joy, thou art approaching beamed with the glory of the free!)
They shall march, they shall sing, they shall swing with radiant ranks,
Down the fields, down the streets, down the continental roads,
They shall march, they shall ship, they shall fly on the planes of rejoicing,
They shall be one mass of triumph in the peace that crowneth all.

II—Darkness.

Death darkens, darkens . . .
—(O cry of breakers!)
Death darkens, darkens on the deeps . . .
—(O rocks, O sea!)
Death darkens, darkens on the moving, the interminable deeps . . .

—(Midnight! midnight of no stars!
Midnight bowed with cloud!)
Death darkens, darkens, *darkens,*
And the wild blown dirges of the sea
Break into lamentation,
Break into anguish on the rocks, on the sands, on the dunes,
Wail along the dunes, weep along the dunes,
And the sea cries,
And the wind skims the sea-tides with an empty moaning,
And the clouds crowd together dropping their tears upon the war-bled world . . .

O the black midnight!
Winds howl and sand blows,
The broom wails and snaps and the breakers burst writhing . . .
O the blackness of this midnight . . .

Must I walk these shores, lost in grief?
Must I walk these stormy shores at the salt fringes of the tragic sea
In a vision of the human Earth I tread,
In a vision of an Earth of men and women
Stripped and maimed,
Trapped and slain,—
Must I walk these naked shores, dreadfully, slowly, stricken in my heart?

Unbearable sorrow!
Fiendish anguish!
Among the old that line the streets, among the faded and the war-worn,
Radiant miles of youth glow by, laughing with the bugles,
Radiant rivers of youth flow by,
Flow into the trenches . . .

The Song of the Uprising

I see the Hell they have entered with its pitiless flame-fledged skies,
With its mud and stenchent carrion, with the murderer and the murdered . . .
I see the Hell they have entered and the radiance gone out . . .

O my heart . . .
How terrible is the age we dwell in . . .
None . . none . . none
Shall assuage great grief . . .
None . none . . none
Shall restore the lost to us . . .
Roll, muffled drums, you heart-beats of despair,
Boom, O you brass, for the burial of our boys.

I have mounted midnight
To gaze in the abyss,
In the midst of heaven
Hangs a red, red heart . . .
I have mounted mournful midnight
To gaze in the abyss,
And I have seen that red heart
Dripping drops of blood . . .
That heart is the Earth,
In the darkness it hangs red,
In the darkness it bleeds red with human grief and anguish . . .

But is not the Earth as a husk of beauties and glories and powers
Which stripped, reveals the kernel, the naked body of man?
Is not man her consummate miracle?
Is he not strong with engines and strong with song?
Can he be this beast of the jungle?

Can he be this darkness-maker?
Has his great past opened only in this?

Sea of the interminable tides,
Sea, of dirges and of moving deeps, and of darkened song,
I will turn from you, I will call the beloved of my heart . . .
Turn and call her, that in her face
I may read of youth's betrayal,
And the treason of the strong . . .

They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you false seas!)
They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you lying dirge-singing seas!)
They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you seas awash with ignoble anguish!)
They have betrayed us, they have sold us, they have carried off our youth
To the slaughter, to the murder, to the deepest pits of Hell,
They have betrayed us, they are traitors, we shall rise against their power,
We shall shake the Earth with tumult and the thunders of Revolt.

III—The Call.

Whither goest thou, beautiful and beloved, O Earth,
Whither goest thou?

Dawn is not yet:
We sit in a cranny of the eastward rocks of the mountain-top;
Among shapes of the wind, shadows of the stars, and the Earth darker than the skies.

The Song of the Uprising

O my beloved,
Your hands are warm in my own, your hair blows against my cheek:
You are glimmering beside me, your eyes bright with the wild animal:
We are of the darkness of Earth dipped in the eddying gleam of the heavens:
We taste the freshness of wind-blown pines.

Vastness . . . ten stars are gone . . .
Grayness . . . the Earth sighs . . .
Twilight . . . the East twinkles . . .

O rise, my beloved, rise, for the runners of the sun
Appear with their bugles upon the mountains and blow long blasts of light
Swelling and shattering Night . . .
Rise, we must meet the miracle . . . Dawn's joy swells:
Stirring, Earth tosses her covers of the dark aside,
Laughing, leaps from her bed: naked, bathes in the dew . . .
Look, where the peeping chimney smokes, look, the grey lake,
Listen . . . the waking!
Birds are fluttering, brooks are babbling, leaves are dancing, woodfolk scurry . . .
The color of the dawn
Scattered, drowns in blue . . .

We are blown on the topmost rock,
We cannot be still . . .
Your hair, my beloved, is a golden gale,
Your lips are cold . . .
Look to the East, behold . . .
Look—*gold* . . .
Pure gold, flame gold, growing, emboldening gold!
Mark!

The sons of light—
The sons of light charge heaven on golden gallopers,
And struck out of fire, with song,
The morning star is born—
The morning star is born—the sun, the sun—*Day!*

Ecstasy! splendor!
Wild are white waters!
Songs from the birds burst, shouts from our lips rise . . .
In abandon, unburdened, we dance, dance . . .
We are beams of the morning sun,
We are blowing pines of the peak,
And *sunrise*
Bursts through these human bodies,
Sunrise
Leaps through these singing bodies,
Sunrise
Dances along the blood, and opens in our hearts
The secret of Man's glory: the thrill of what Life is.

(A shadow crosses the sun . . .
The Earth grows grey below us . . .
We are hushed of a sudden, and chilled . . .
Doubt . . . dread.)

Whither goest thou, darkened and solemn, O Earth,
Whither goest thou?

Is there then, beloved, no forgetting of sorrow?
Must there be pausing for lamentation?
Is there an hour for cedars?
Shall the drums roll for the lost and the bugles blow for the dead?

I heard a voice say: None,

The Song of the Uprising

None shall heal empty arms.
I heard a voice say: None,
None shall assuage great grief . . .
For he is dead, whose young lips
She kissed in the intervals of song . . .
—In the intervals of song . . .

Death darkens, darkens,
(O cry of breakers!)
Death darkens, darkens on the deeps,
(O rocks, O sea!)
Death steals into the ecstasy of life,
Steals in, snatches the loved ones, and leaves bereaved hearts . . .

It is *Man* who darkens,
It is Man himself who darkens his own world,
Who has misused his gift,
Who has turned the upward vision downward,
Whose greed devours, whose passion sinks back to the beast beneath his humanness,
Whose treasure becomes engines of death, and his song a shriek . . .

O Man, what hast thou wrought?
How hast thou scarred the beautiful slopes of thy planet with gun-pocked havoc,
And how excoriated thy divine body with blasting anguish?
How from thy glories hast thou turned to maim and slay thine own?
O enemy of thyself! O mad beast! O stupid fiend!

Thou hast made thy living valleys, thy mass-pent cities, thy human plains
Red with unneeded agony and black with burnt ruins . . .

In mill and trench thy peoples moan,
The cry rises of betrayed multitudes,
Thou hast made Earth sick and a stench and a place of cinders . . .
Thou hast wrought a glory and put it to the torch . . .

Beloved, beloved,
How can we abide on the mountain of our joy
Where even touched with sunrise we quiver through invisible nerves to the ends of Earth,
And the agony of man darkens our dawn . . .
We must descend into the pit of a thousand million outstretched imploring hands,
The pit of bloody faces, and wailing lips . . .
Down to the sorrow of Earth,
The anguish of Man.

For Earth, like a staring maniac, bearing a firebrand,
Goes shrieking down the skies,
Shrieking "Famine", shrieking "Pestilence", shrieking "War" . . .
That orb of destruction burns balefully in the august magnificence of night . . .
The mad world runs amuck . . .
Is Man ending himself?
Is the miracle of that mind and passion which dreamed and built Asia and Europe
Stopped in suicidal madness?
Beloved, were we born to see this, and to live this?
Are we among the doomed?

The doomed! the doomed!
Where shall we flee? Where shall we hide our heads?
There is no corner of the storm that is still . . .
The wind blows us into the whirlpool.

The Song of the Uprising

O cities crashing about us, O ships gone down,
O the wounded and the dying,
O the bereaved, the bereaved!
Deluge of death! Day of the last judgment!
The heavens open, the dazzling Judge calls the multitudes of peoples before him,
The thunder rolls, the lightning bares those livid faces, the doom is given . . .
The Earth cracks asunder:
Darkness . . .
Death . . .

(Yet—what song is in my heart?
O has the mother heard the stir of life in her side?
Is there the faint, the tremulous stir of the unborn?)

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye uplift, you everlasting doors . . .
The glory of the Lord is risen upon us . . .
We shall not bend before the storm: we shall not bow before great death:
We put the darkness from us with a loud shout:
We put the temptation of despair away with resolution:
We arise: we arise clothed in courage:
We arise: we are that which has refused darkness: we are MAN . . .
MAN, the fire-bringer,
MAN, the Creator.

We call mountain to mountain . . .
We raise a torch of Revolution . . .
We bring forth the peoples out of their darkness
And the nations out of their wrath . . .
We behold the Earth in parturition . . .
We see the Mother in birth-throes . . .

We greet the child with calls of welcome and the sound of cities of joy . . .

O, blow, you bugles, with triumph,
O, shout, you peoples, with victory . . .
Hurl down the mighty from their seats,
And raise yourselves to freedom . . .
Raise up yourselves, ye slaves and chained ones,
Raise up yourselves, ye toiling peoples . . .
Be upraised, ye sorrowers and ye spent ones,
Get up on the peaks of the morning and proclaim the triumph of Man,
The victory of Man,
Get up on the peaks of the morning and greet the child, the New Age,
On tablelands of democracy,
On heights of man, the creator,
Get ye up, get ye up, get ye up, ye triumphing peoples . . .
New Man is born from the Old: Joy shall leap laughing from Sorrow.

Black Magic

By Margaret Widdemer

OF course nothing in this world is absolutely one person's fault. Any amount of people and things and environments, most of them well-meaning, are to blame every time something breaks. Yet it does seem to me that if Catherine's own people had been just a little more fantastic in their point of view nothing need have happened. If they had not tried to make a conventional young lady out of a woman who could have been the leader of a great movement or the prophetess of a faith——

But there it is again. They saw things as most fathers and mothers in the world would have seen them, from the sensible, walled-in cell of middle age: as Catherine herself might have seen them if she had married and had daughters of her own.

No more could Mira help being what she was, I suppose. She always reminded me of some destructive natural force. She mayn't have been normal, but she was certainly amazingly dynamic, and people say now that the way your brain is built is responsible for whether you are kind-hearted or not. She was always a little afraid, herself, of going mad, I know. No, I suppose in a way it was nobody's fault. But I always wanted to have Mira punished for it. Such as she usually get poisoned in the end by some anonymous person, in their proper habitat, the Renaissance. Those good days are over, alas!

Catherine James was the stuff from which are made saints and martyrs and perfect mothers. She was strong and single-hearted and—there are very few people to whom the word

really applies—noble-minded. I have never known her to believe even the most obvious evil of anyone. Yet—strong? I scarcely know. Perhaps I should have said strong to endure. It was never a strength of aggression.

She grew up clipped into conventional shape by a mother and governess who were even more afraid of "queerness" than they were of undesirable friends. If you have fine enough material you can twist it into almost any shape, and Catherine at twenty must have been as good a semblance of your sensible, narrow-interested, pleasure-loving girl as heart could wish—or break over. All the wild white dreams had been laughed down and scolded under and hushed out of sight. Catherine was the kind of girl your own people held up to you as an example.

If she had been the ordinary romantic, sentimental dreamer it would have made no difference. She would have enjoyed not being understood, and married somebody on the strength of it, and everything would have been all right. But she was great-minded, which means humble-minded, and when they told her that to be unusual was to be wrong she believed it. The little people around her said she was silly. They were older than she, so of course they knew, she thought; and she crowded under all the wild, innocent, noble wishes and desires and struggles and beliefs that go to the making of heroines, and hid her Shelley and Kant away, and dutifully read young-girl books that bored her piteously. One will do almost anything at twenty not to be different. Of course all the realities in her were burning hard, ready to break through at a touch.

Well, the touch came—through a perfectly proper, meritorious church-work errand. The Girls' Friendly, or some such thing, sent Catherine to visit among others a girl named Mira Doremus. Mira was sixteen then, and she and her aunt had just come to the city. She is a great actress now, Mira, married to a foreigner with a title, her second husband,

I think: but then she was merely a thin, wistful-looking child with hungry black eyes and a mop of incongruous light-brown hair. Nine years afterward Catherine told me about their first meeting, dwelling on the little details as a mother dwells on the things a dead child has done.

"She was sitting quite alone in a high green chair in the very middle of the room, like a little princess," she said. "She rose and took both my hands, and said in that wonderful voice of hers, 'So you are the Catherine they said I would love! I think they were right.'"

I do not know what Catherine answered. I don't believe she knows. But Catherine had met Romance.

Of all Mira's gifts the most subtle and wonderful is her capability of making you feel that to you, and you alone, she is most attuned. And you know that Catherine had never found anyone like herself in all of her life before. Can you imagine the stifling loneliness of it? And can you think what Mira seemed to Catherine? All the things they had told her were foolish, the things that were everything to her, Mira divined and echoed and made great. All the questionings and breakings of conventional idea and belief that Catherine had dreamed and wondered over secretly, Mira played with unafraid. And Mira, wrapped in that subtle quality, magnetism, charm, personality—call it what you will—exerted every scrap of power in her to hold Catherine. She loved her genuinely for awhile. She is still fond of her in a way, I think. Catherine is a very lovable person. She was even more lovable then, according to Mira. "A Gabriel Max Madonna with a touch of Brunhild," is Mira's description of what Catherine was at twenty. Mira always speaks in hyperbole—she sees things that way. Life is all Turner sunsets and Ibsen dramas to her. But Catherine at twenty must have been very lovely, for she is sweet-faced now. She had the coloring of apple-blossoms, Mira told me, and her fair hair was so heavy that it massed naturally around her face, like a halo.

The "touch of Brunhild," the height and straightness, and boyish, austere impatience of shams and sentimentalisms and pettinesses—she has them still.

Some people cannot give all of themselves to anyone, even if they want to. Catherine has never been able to give except entirely. Such people as she always do throw down everything at once. They would be glad if their love were returned, but if it isn't—why, that doesn't stop them from giving. Mira, with her wonderful gift of seeming likeness of soul, drew out of Catherine, or was freely given, everything. Then she began to hurt Catherine as much as she could, to see how much power she had, and just how far Catherine would bear. I suppose power was a new plaything for her in those days, and she wanted to see what she could make it do.

She did everything to Catherine's soul that an ingenious mind, interested in proving its own power, could suggest. You know how people can hurt you when they know everything about you, and your least, most noble (which can be made most ridiculous) inward feelings. They have what Holmes calls the "back-door key" to your soul, and they can enter at will. The better you are, the larger-minded, the more forgiving, the happier hunting-ground there is for people with a fondness for soul-vivisection. Mira knew that whatever she did to Catherine's feelings, for very loyalty's sake Catherine would pretend not to be hurt.

It may have been good for Catherine, in a way. I know that she thinks it was. Mira boasted to me once that she had "developed and strengthened the range of Catherine's emotions." Doubtless she told the truth. She did make out of her a most wonderful instrument for the registering of fine shades of feeling. Like her predecessors in the molding of Catherine, she had fine material to work in. She had Catherine's nerves trained at one time to the thrilling, fine responsiveness of violin-strings, and—Mira played the violin. No one took what went on with any particular amount of

seriousness. They were both so young, you see. By the time anyone noticed, and it took some years, it was too late to do anything.

By the time I knew the girls Catherine was beyond the most acute suffering-point, or was trained to a very wonderful stoicism. I think myself that the vibrations were deadened, spoiled by over-use. You can't suffer, even at the hands you love best, beyond a certain point.

It was at Mira's I met Catherine. I scarcely noticed her at first, under the spell as I was of Mira's slow, thrilling voice and passionate personality. Gradually she became a real figure to me, the smiling blonde girl who was always in the background, smoothing down the sharp things Mira said and showing off the flattering ones. Something, finally, in her attitude, a certain determined lightness of manner at variance with a natural placidity and dignity, attracted my attention sharply. Anywhere else I would have seen nothing incongruous, but at Mira's one was in a state of heightened mental tension which took note of morbidly small things—a sort of clairvoyance. Mira's atmosphere—well, someone described her once as a "mental cocktail," and it wasn't bad. You would spend a tense evening talking to her, and go home with mind and body keyed to the height of their powers, as if you'd been taking a drug. Indeed, next day you would be quite as exhausted as if the drug had been a physical reality.

The first time I saw anything real of Catherine was a night when Mira kept me too long to be able to get a train home. Catherine volunteered to put me up for the night. All the way back to her house, and for hours afterwards, we talked of Mira, how wonderful she was, what a living force——

"But she's—cruel, isn't she?" I asked timidly. I was very young, and not quite sure, as yet, how much one might speak of emotions. But I had to—emotions were what Mira exhaled. She played on your nerves, and deliberately woke for her own interest all those elemental feelings you had sup-

posed were only in book-people—not you.

"Cruel?" said Catherine with her little laugh. "Yes, I suppose so, but don't you think she's worth it? She can give you—thrills. Thrills are all that's worth having—don't you think so?"

That was what Mira had done to her in four years.

We went on talking—talked late into the night. Both our tongues were loosened by the strong stimulant of Mira's personality. Catherine showed me, little by little, all the soul of her: the amazing loyalty, the honesty and innocence of purpose, the thwarted instincts of protection and motherhood —and the cruel havoc, too, that Mira had wrought. Mira had made Catherine so that her chief desire was for emotional excitement—"thrills." She had taught her to analyze herself as she analyzed others, and to find her greatest interest in people's feelings. It sounds over-strained, I know, but it reminded me of the superstition that if a vampire sucks your blood something of the vampire-nature is left in you. Mira had laid Catherine's soul out and dissected it till the girl herself learned to take an interest in the process. Mira could not kill the gentleness, nor the instinct of motherhood, the guardianship of anything weak or hurt, but she had taught Catherine, nevertheless, something which was a passionate, selfless sympathy, but which still watched your soul hungrily for signs of its workings—even while she helped it through some black place.

She was trained, too, to a curious scorn of men. Mira had the Brunhild-austerity of her to work on in the beginning, of course. The love and protectiveness that goes with the type Mira diverted to herself; the mating instinct, of no use to her, she tried to crush out. Mira's own attitude to men, at that stage of her development, was inevitable. She did not attract them, then; she alarmed them by oddness; so she hated them, and trained her devotees to hate them too. It was a self-defensive, automatic thing. You couldn't like a man and

Mira at the same time. So Catherine crystallized Mira's mood of the time, and despised men with her whole innocent, serious mind.

The more you knew of Catherine the lovelier she was. Long after I had seen all that was necessary to conviction of Mira's temperamentalisms, Catherine and I were very close to each other. Mira's schooling had made her the ideal friend; I suppose she knew what not to do to the last iota. But she never spoke of herself, only of yourself—and Mira—things you were interested in—and Mira—music and books and pictures—and Mira. She talked wonderfully, wisely, with a tolerant sympathy and interest for everything, but Mira was the continuous overtone of it all. I don't mean that she spoke of her so much. It was, as well as I can describe it, that Mira was in the air when you were with Catherine, affecting your senses as vividly as the faint wood-violet scent Catherine always had on. She was a part of Catherine's life in the literal sense of the word.

Once Catherine tried to break the spell. It was after a very cruel scene with Mira, who was angry at someone else. She wasn't sufficiently sure of the other girl to act to her as she felt. So she summoned Catherine, late at night, and spent four solid hours wilfully wounding and insulting and humiliating her by every means in her knowledge, all in that wonderful, cello-like voice that Catherine loved so dearly. Catherine sat under it all silently. In the end she rose, dazed, and—if you can believe it—not resentful in the least; only hurt, hurt, hurt so badly that it was worse, she told me, than any physical pain she had ever known.

"I don't think we had better see each other any more," she managed to say in a low voice, rising to go away. Mira darted after her and caught her wrist hard.

"You'll be the first to crawl back," she said. "I may take you if you are very abject! Now, go!"

Catherine went home physically ill. It was a week before

she ate or slept normally. After that she held no communication with Mira for a month. She sent back all her letters, and her maid answered the telephone and refused her to Mira about once a day. Catherine used to lie on her couch, she said, gripping its sides with both hands to keep from rising and taking the receiver herself and replying. But finally she fought herself to a point where she could think of Mira quietly, and with no desire to see her. If her mother had been willing to have her go away for awhile just then I think she could have got free enough to hold firm, for Mira's spell is a personal one to a great degree, weaker the farther away she is. But for some reason it was not convenient, and Catherine's mother would not let her go. Fascination and the power of personality were as ridiculous to the mother as a belief in ghosts. If Catherine's loyalty had permitted her to tell her mother some of the things Mira had said to her Mira would never have been allowed in the house again, I know. Unfortunately, those were just what Catherine would not tell.

The end of it was that Mira slipped into the house unchallenged one day, gained Catherine's sitting-room, and fled across the room into her arms.

"Oh, comfort me, comfort me!" she sobbed. "I've been so wicked and cruel to you that I can never be happy any more!"

Catherine, worn and blanched as she was with the struggle Mira had caused, sat up and closed both weak, protecting arms around Mira and—comforted her. The fetters were locked on again.

All this was a long time before Catherine met her lover. She was thirty when he came, and I was married. Mira was away. It was at my house they met—he was my cousin Hugh Allan.

Catherine is not the kind that has many lovers. Even if she wanted them, she demands a very great deal, and stoops to none of the little alluringnesses men desire. Any lover of

Catherine's would have to go all the way alone without help from her. But Hugh was ready and glad to go every inch of the way. He loved her as soon as he saw her. He did not, or I think not, see all the high, brave soul of her, under the sweetness and straightforwardness that were her most visible charm. But what man ever does love a woman for the things in her that are most loveworthy? Hugh cared for her so entirely that whatever she did or was or said was perfect because she did it, and would have been—will be—to the end of time. He was a man any girl would have been glad to marry, aside from the worldly part of it, for his sheer sweetness and straightforward, unself-conscious strength and charm. Any girl, that is, not blinded and drowned in Mira's ruthless fascination.

Hugh laid siege to Catherine as steadily and swiftly as if he had been one of the knights she used to dream about. Soon it seemed that he had won. I was very, very glad, but a little frightened. It seemed too good to be true—too happy an ending for anyone as strong to bear suffering as Catherine. They were so youthfully, carelessly happy—I never remembered being as light-hearted as they were. It was the most beautiful thing to see them going about together, Catherine flushed and serious and girlish, and Hugh watching her in the unmistakable lover-fashion. It was so new to Catherine to be petted, and have her feelings considered and her wishes watched for, that she must have felt bewildered. She bought pretty, fluffy clothes and did her hair to please Hugh, and for one little month she was a real, normal woman with a lover, and all the little vanities and foolishnesses and merriments that go to lover-time. She had been living so long on heights of strained emotion that this descent into the valleys must have been very wonderful to her. If any two people ever were brave and kind and merry, and absolutely fitted to make each other's happiness for a lifetime, those two were.

We met them one night in the lobby of a theater, after a

musical comedy, talking nonsense to each other like a couple of children.

"She looks like a Christmas-card angel, doesn't she?" Hugh said fondly, looking down at her mischievously. I looked too, and smiled. She did indeed, tall and straight, and pink-cheeked with excitement, with her pretty yellow hair all curled, and her blue eyes laughing and childlike above the swansdown of her long white cape.

"I'm not an angel at *all!*" she protested, laughing and glancing up at him challenge-fashion. He bent and whispered something that made her flush and drop her eyes.

It was all such a poignant contrast to my first memory of Catherine, smiling and enduring behind Mira's chair in that little room full of tense emotion, that something came over me—a wave of second-sight, I've thought since.

"Oh, Hugh dear!" I said, "I do wish you'd marry her soon—tonight—this week! Marry each other quick, before anything happens to stop either of you from being happy!"

"It would be an adventure, at least!" laughed Hugh. "What do you say, Kitty—shall we take her and Ralph for witnesses, and go off and do as she says?"

He loved her as much as a man can, but I don't think he knew what he had achieved in winning her through the crystallized distaste for men that Mira had taught her. He was just as sure of her, naturally, as he was of sunrise.

"Oh, no, no!" said Catherine gaily. "What would happen to our lovely wedding and all the blue bridesmaids? We have all the rest of our lives to stay happy in."

"If Mira lets you," I said involuntarily.

The girl-look faded for a moment, and the old expression of devoted endurance crossed her face, followed by her little old Mira-laugh—not the childish mirth of girls with lovers.

"You always think Mira is so dreadful," she said. "She'll like Hugh almost as much as I do."

But it was only three days afterwards that Mira came back

and the thing I had feared happened. I never knew much more than the brutal fact that Catherine broke off short with Hugh. Mira needed her to sit behind her chair, with the old look of pleasant, patient watchfulness on her face, I suppose. At any rate, there were two evenings alone with Mira—and Catherine was back under the spell. Cocaine or opium would have been as easy a thing to fight.

It was a long while since I had been near Mira, but I went straight to her then.

"How could you *dare* do what you did to Catherine? Do you know that you've spoiled her life and maybe Hugh's?" I cried out as she ran into the room, childish and vibrant and seductive as ever.

"Dare?" laughed Mira, lighting on a corner of the table like a butterfly. She always seemed poised for the moment, rather than seated like other people. "Don't be melodramatic, you foolish child! I haven't done anything to Catherine—the thing's ridiculous. Catherine doesn't really care for the man at all. She doesn't like men any more than I do. She was just amusing herself with him, I suppose. He's ridiculous, too—forgive me, dearest! And Catherine's a free agent—you know that perfectly well. You always talk as if I had her in my power, like a melodrama!"

It does seem impossible and melodramatic, one woman's complete power over another by sheer personal influence, and Mira knew it and acted on it in all her dealings with her satellites. She laughed at me, and then grew angry, and denied and mocked and laughed again—went through her series of moods artistically, and enjoyed herself very much. She knew there was nothing I could do, and I knew it, too.

Hugh fought hard, of course, but what could any man do against Mira's powers of darkness? Mira had mocked a little and appealed a little and cajoled a little—and the thing was done. Moreover, Catherine denied in all sincerity that Mira had any connection with what she had done. She was

mistaken, she said—it was not right for her to marry—there were other things to do in the world—that was all. It would have been the same, she said and believed, if Mira had never existed.

Hugh went away, at last, out of the country. He made me promise before he went that I would send him word if ever Catherine expressed the least desire to see him. He is away still. I wish it hadn't been Hugh, of all people. Most men would not have kept on caring.

Catherine sat behind Mira's chair for two years more, smiling and comforting the girls when Mira hurt them too much. Then suddenly the natural, inevitable thing—the thing that none of us had ever thought of—happened. Catherine called me hurriedly over the telephone one morning.

"Mira's going to be married," she said breathlessly without preface. *"Married.* And . . . She always said marriage was dreadful and degrading . . . I thought she didn't like men . . . Isn't it—queer?"

Mira had taken Catherine from her lover. She had taken her from most of her friends. She had taken her youth, and deadened her capacity for the enjoyment of normal people and normal things. She had even taken her away from her God—that kind, concrete God, half Keats, half clergyman, whom Catherine used to go to for comfort when Mira hurt her first. She had put herself, Queen Mira, instead of all these. And now she was taking herself away.

Catherine's voice was steady, and she told the story almost brightly. Oh, she had learned stoicism well! "Isn't it—queer?" That was all.

"But she doesn't love him at all," she went on. I could see that there was a happiness to her in that last, forlorn comfort. "She is only marrying him because he is rich and can put her on the stage—you know Mira will make a wonderful actress. He is mad about her—you should see him!"

She was always so proud when anyone was mad about Mira.

There isn't very much more to it. Catherine was maid of honor at the wedding. It was a very beautiful wedding, and the man was undoubtedly mad about Mira, and she, in spite of her assurances to Catherine, was undoubtedly mad about him for the time. When they went away there was on his face, it seemed to me, Catherine's very set, bright smile, the mark Mira lays on her chief worshipper.

Nobody wanted Catherine any more, but it was too late for her to swing to normal again. The last breath of her girlhood had died when she gave up Hugh. She is—what is it they say of steel that has been permanently warped by electricity? "Depolarised" is the word, I think. Anyway, it describes what has happened to Catherine. There is the same set brightness about her that there was in Mira's day. She devotes a great deal of time to her mother, who likes waiting on. For interests, she amuses herself with little passing adorations of first one woman and then another. She laughs at anything you say about loving men or children. But then she laughs a little at everything. So did Hugo's Gwynplaine, you remember.

I don't mind what women do to *men*. It's a fair game, as old as Eve, and the balance has always been on men's side. But to take a great white soul like Catherine's and set it to playing pitiful little games in the dust with little souls not worth tuppence——

If it was Catherine's mind she'd hurt—but that's a clear, strong, straightforward thing, as it always was, and I've always understood that in any life hereafter your mind doesn't count much. It was the straight-standing, sweet soul of her, that might have been so great, that is crippled.

She has one pitiful comfort left, I know. I don't often see her now, but one afternoon we met by accident, and fell to talking what Catherine calls "insanities" in the old way. The talk swung round to reincarnation, and she said breathlessly and strongly, "Oh, but it's so—it must be so!"

I smiled.

"One likes to play with the idea," I said, "but, dear, you don't mean that you really hold to the belief, as your mother does to predestination?"

"I have to," she said. Then she caught herself up, and laughed a little in the old way, to make her words seem light. "Mira and I have an appointment under the walls of Babylon in a thousand years, you know—just we two!"

She laughed again, but I didn't dare to. I was afraid I would cry.

Farmhands

By Mabel Dodge

THE first thing that Jerry was conscious of in the raw early morning was the wind howling past the house. It had howled so for a week past—day and night—day and night. It had hustled him up the long road to the house, late the night before on his way from the saloon. He shuddered at the sound and turned to the cement wall without opening his eyes. He had stumbled into the cellar in the dark, and fumbled his way to the old sofa in the washroom. He never trusted himself to climb all the stairs to the third story when he came home drunk in the night.

His clothes were gathered into hard lumps on his body and pressed against his shaking nervous flesh.

He wished he need not open his eyes and see all around him the terrible same things.

He had been ten years on the farm—ten years—winter and summer.

For ten years he had opened his eyes every day on the same things; the white farmhouse turning grey from the smoke of the passing trains below at the river edge, the barnyard with its cowhouse, the stalls for the horses, the pig pen, the chicken houses . . . always the same—always backed by the ruin of the great cement haybarn, gaunt and empty, with its walls roofless to the sky, since it had been burned out fifty years ago.

Each year, though, it had seeemd to Jerry to be different, each winter more dreary, each summer more heavy to carry. And this made him go oftener to the village for drink to change his view of it. Oftener and oftener he had to get the

drink now, to change his view of the Farm—to make him forget the plots.

Everyone, he thought, was plotting. He did what he could, and he never bothered anyone. Why couldn't they, then, leave him alone? Last night when he had come in, he had stumbled against a cardboard box in the passage in front of the door, and as he fell he had heard the bottles in it crash together and break. Who had put it there to catch his stumbling feet and throw him? He wouldn't have done a mean trick like that to nobody. . . .

The wind came around the corner with a roar and he felt it reach his disgusted body—chilling him.

With a terrible sinking in his spirit he opened his eyes and faced the Farm, and with the remnant of his sickened courage he got off the sofa and went out into the early chill morning.

Already the animals were moving—claiming him—calling him. They always claimed him—the animals—morning and night. Morning and night he felt their heavy call on him——their incessant, cold clamor.

Long successions of animals had passed and gone, over the last ten years. They were always the same. All cows were the same—all pigs—all fowls. They never let him be. He hated their heavy, cold, impatient eyes, and he felt sick as he answered their look. Their eyes were distant and cold and yet urgent upon him. He was indispensable to the animals, and yet he was nothing to them, nor they to him. So soon as he portioned out their food to them they turned their gaze away, and he was forgotten by them. He hated them still more when he was utterly forgotten by them.

He moved over the uneven cobble-stones of the barnyard and passed into the hollow, roofless haybarn. It was more aloof than the village church in its empty bareness. It would never have a roof on it again. It stood there so empty. It made Jerry know his own empty feeling. He felt the wind race around in it and shake his clothes on him. He felt the

wind was at him.

He went out again and stood chewing on a wisp of hay as he looked over the fields in front of the farmhouse.

He felt his old dizziness come over him as he looked out over the plowed-up land. Plowed for corn—plowed for potatoes—plowed for vegetables—days of plowing more acres than had ever been plowed up in all the ten years he had been on the place. Why?

"I can't never cover it all," he mumbled. "I just can't get over that land." He felt weak and faint as he looked. Then the thought came to him that it had been done to him on purpose. It was just their meanness. He knew, now, what McCarty had meant when he had told him about plowing up more land.

McCarty came over from his own place and ran the Farm for the Boss. He came over often. He gave the orders. Then he went away.

When he had told Jerry to plow up that land he had come straight from a talk with the Boss.

"*She* says," said McCarty, jerking his thumb in the direction of the farmhouse, "we got to get out'a this land all there is in it, and from the look of her she means to get *more* out of it than there is in it," and he spat on the ground between his high boots.

He seemed to transfer to Jerry some of the hard, unrelenting purpose of the Boss. Jerry had felt her drive ever since she had come on to the place two years back, when she rented it from the Carsons. She had worked him harder than they had—she had driven him at a faster pace through his rounds on the farm. He had felt her hand heavy on him through the repeated visits from McCarty, who brought him her orders, and saw them carried out. He had seldom seen her in the barnyard—most often he saw her as she rode down the road in her motor. He had rarely had any talk with her, but always he felt her eyes on him through the windows of

the farmhouse. He felt her driving him faster on his everlasting circle. And this plowing for more corn—more potatoes—it was just meant to get more out of him, too, than there was in him.

He wondered why he was marked out for all this, and why everyone plotted against him.

While Jerry wondered, his eyes fell on the new brooder standing near the barn. He saw that its cover lay half on the ground—one end wrenched off its hinge.

He went up to it and stood looking. Someone had done that on purpose.

He had left the cover of the brooder open and someone had turned it back and half wrenched it off to show him he had forgotten to close it.

He felt again a wave of sickness and dizziness and a sinking hatred of everything.

He picked up the new water feeder of the ducklings, and hurled it with the slam of the weak man, against the cement barn.

McCarty suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Here you blamed ass! What's that you're doing? What's wrong with you? Drink again, hey? You want to lose your job, I guess. You want to look out. *She's* getting sick of your drinking. Now look at that brooder cover! Did you leave it open for the wind to wrench it off?"

The wind. All right, then—the wind was against him like everything else was.

He seemed to have lost his identity and his sense of being human. He was worked like the land was worked, for more than was in him . . . and the wind worked wrong to him as it worked wrong to the young saplings.

If he made a move to get out of this deep, dreary fatality of nature, he would lose his job.

His "job."

What was his job? Was it something good for anything

that he should be threatened with losing it?

What if he did lose it?

His slow eyes moved across the plowed fields to the village.

The village meant the saloon for him.

Without his job he couldn't go to the saloon. Without the saloon he couldn't keep his job, for he couldn't go on seeing things as they were and do his work, yet if he drank to forget how things were he would lose the job.

He saw no way out of this. He knew he couldn't work without drinking or drink without working.

McCarty went on talking. "Now what I want to know is what's the meaning of that pile of manure being out there by the chicken roost with that old dead cat under it? The dog just unearthed it. What kind of work is it for you to be leaving that kind of thing around the barnyard? Haven't you any *pride* in your work? Don't you *care*—man?"

Jerry didn't answer him, but he dragged himself over to where the cat lay in the manure half protruding its ugliness, and he took it up on a shovel and carried it out to the field and buried it in the field.

The field was the new plowed field where the corn was to go. Then Jerry went to the kitchen for his breakfast.

He avoided the eye of the cook, for he suspected her of leaving empty bottles in the passage for him to trip over. It made him feel ashamed for her that she had done this.

He drank some coffee and ate a hunk of bread and his thoughts wandered over the fields to the village—the saloon.

What if he did let go and lose the "job"? What lay beyond? The world. What was the world? More barnyards full of cold watching animals? More plots? More heaps of forgotten refuse covering over dead cats? And the wind? And fields to plow? Or if not this, then thirst again—thirst —and hunger?

In the front part of the house the Boss was reading the morning paper.

There seemed to be a deep strong glowing in her. A strong energy was filling her.

She read out loud to the others in the room the phrases that moved her:

"For it shall come to be our privilege as well as our duty to arrogate to ourselves at this crisis in the struggle for democracy, the task of feeding the world."

The Thinker

By Sherwood Anderson

THE house in which Seth Richmond of Winesburg, Ohio, lived with his mother had been at one time the show place of the town, but when young Seth lived there its glory had become somewhat dimmed. The huge brick house Banker White had built on Buckeye Street had overshadowed it. The Richmond place was in a little valley far out at the end of Main Street. Farmers coming into town by a dusty road from the south passed by a grove of walnut trees, skirted the fair ground with its high board fence covered with advertisements, and trotted their horses down through the valley past the Richmond place into town. As all of the country north and south of Winesburg was devoted to fruit and berry raising, Seth saw wagonloads of berry pickers, boys, girls and women, going to the fields in the morning and returning covered with dust in the evening. The chattering crowd and the rude jokes cried out from wagon to wagon sometimes irritated him sharply. He regretted that he also could not laugh boisterously, shout meaningless jokes and make of himself a figure in the endless stream of moving giggling activity that went up and down the road.

The Richmond house was built of limestone and, although it was said in the village to have become run down, had in reality grown more beautiful with every passing year. Already time had begun a little to color the stone, lending a golden richness to its surface and in the evening or on dark days touching the shaded places beneath the eaves with wavering patches of browns and blacks.

The house had been built by Seth's grandfather, a stone quarryman, and it together with the stone-quarries on Lake Erie, eighteen miles to the north, had been left to his son Clarence Richmond, Seth's father. Clarence Richmond, a quiet passionate man extraordinarily admired by his neighbors, had been killed in a street fight with the editor of a newspaper in Toledo, Ohio. The fight concerned the publication of Clarence Richmond's name coupled with that of a woman school teacher, and as the dead man had begun the row by firing upon the editor the effort to punish the slayer was unsuccessful. After the quarryman's death it was discovered that much of the money left to him had been squandered in speculation and in insecure investments made through the influence of friends.

Left with but a small income, Virginia Richmond had settled down to a retired life in the village and to the raising of her son. Although she had been deeply moved by the death of her husband she did not at all believe the stories concerning him that ran about after his death. In her mind the sensitive boyish man whom all had instinctively loved was but an unfortunate, a being too fine for every-day life. "You'll be hearing all sorts of stories but you are not to believe what you hear," she said to her son. "He was a good man, full of tenderness for everyone and should not have tried to become a man of affairs. No matter how much I were to plan and dream of your future I could not imagine anything better for you than that you turn out as good a man as your father."

Several years after the death of her husband Virginia Richmond had become alarmed at the growing demands upon her income and had set herself to the task of increasing it. She learned stenography and through the influence of her husband's friends got the position of court stenographer at the county seat. There she went by train each morning during the sessions of the court and when no court sat spent her days

working among the rosebushes in her garden. She was a tall straight figure of a woman with a plain face and a great mass of brown hair.

In the relationship between Seth Richmond and his mother there was a quality that, even at eighteen, had begun to color all of his traffic with men. An almost unhealthy respect for the boy kept the mother silent in his presence. When she did speak sharply to him he had only to look steadily into her eyes to see dawning there the puzzled look he had noticed in the eyes of others.

The truth was that the son thought with remarkable clearness and the mother did not. She expected from all people certain conventional reactions to life. A boy was your son, you scolded him and he trembled and looked at the floor. When you had scolded enough he wept and all was forgiven. After the weeping and when he had gone to bed you crept into his room and kissed him.

Virginia Richmond could not understand why her son did not do these things. After the severest reprimand he did not tremble and look at the floor but instead looked steadily at her, causing uneasy doubts to invade her mind. As for creeping into his room and bestowing a kiss—after Seth had passed his fifteenth year she would have been half afraid to do anything of the kind.

Once when he was a boy of sixteen Seth, in company with two other boys, ran away from home. The three boys climbed into the open door of an empty freight car and rode some forty miles to a town where a fair was being held. One of the boys had a bottle filled with a combination of whiskey and blackberry wine and the three sat with legs dangling out of the car door drinking from the bottle. Seth's two companions sang and waved their hands to idlers about the stations of the towns through which the train passed. They planned raids on the baskets of farmers who had come with their families to the fair. "We will live like kings and won't have to spend a

penny to see the fair and horse races," they declared boastfully.

After the disappearance of Seth, Virginia Richmond walked up and down the floor of her room filled with vague alarms. Although on the next day she discovered, through an inquiry made by the town marshal, on what adventure the boys had gone, she could not quiet herself. All through the night she lay awake hearing the clock tick and telling herself that Seth like his father would come to some sudden and violent end. So determined was she that the boy should this time feel the weight of her wrath that, although she would not allow the marshal to interfere with his adventure, she got out pencil and paper and wrote down a series of sharp stinging reproofs she intended to pour out upon him. The reproofs she committed to memory, going about the garden and saying them aloud like an actor memorizing his part.

And when at the end of the week Seth returned, a little weary and with coal soot in his ears and about his eyes, she again found herself unable to reprove him. Walking into the house he hung his cap on a nail by the kitchen door and stood looking at her. "I wanted to turn back within an hour after we had started," he explained. "I did not know what to do. I knew you would be bothered but I knew also that if I did not go on I would be ashamed of myself. I went through with the thing for my own good. It was uncomfortable, sleeping on wet straw, and two drunken negroes came in and slept with us. When I stole a lunch basket out of a farmer's wagon I could not help thinking of his children going all day without food. I was sick of the whole affair but I was determined to stick it out until the other boys were ready to come back."

"I am glad you did stick it out," replied the mother, half resentfully and kissing him upon the forehead, she pretended to busy herself with the work about the house.

On a summer evening Seth Richmond went to the New Willard House to visit his friend George Willard, reporter

on the Winesburg Eagle. It had rained during the afternoon but as he walked through Main Street the sky had partially cleared and a golden glow lit up the west. He went around a corner and turning in at the door of the hotel began to climb the stairway leading up to his friend's room. In the hotel office the proprietor and two traveling men were engaged in a discussion of politics.

On the stairway Seth stopped and listened to the voices of the men below. They were excited and talked rapidly. Tom Willard was berating the traveling men. "I am a democrat but your talk makes me sick," he said. "You don't understand McKinley. McKinley and Mark Hanna are friends. It is impossible perhaps for your mind to grasp that. If anyone tells you that a friendship can be deeper and bigger and more worth while than dollars and cents or even more worth while than state politics you snicker and laugh."

The landlord was interrupted by one of his guests, a tall grey-moustached man who worked for a wholesale grocery house. "Do you think that I have lived in Cleveland all these years without knowing Mark Hanna?" he demanded. "Your talk is piffle. Hanna is after money and nothing else. This McKinley is his tool. He has McKinley bluffed and don't you forget it."

The young man on the stairs did not linger to hear the rest of the discussion but went on up the stairway and into a little dark hall. Something in the voices of the men who talked in the hotel office started a chain of thoughts in his mind. He was lonely and had begun to think that loneliness was a part of his character, something that would always stay with him. Stepping into a side hall he stood by a window that looked into an alleyway.

At the back of his shop stood Abner Groff the town baker. His tiny bloodshot eyes looked up and down the alleyway. In his shop someone called the baker, who pretended not to hear. The baker had an empty milk bottle in his hand and

an angry sullen look in his eyes.

In Winesburg, Ohio, Seth Richmond was called the "deep one." "He is not like his father," men said as he went through the streets, "but like his father he'll break out some of these days. You wait and see."

The talk of the town and the respect with which men and boys instinctively greeted him, as all men greet silent people, had affected Seth Richmond's outlook on life and on himself. He, like most boys, was deeper than he was given credit for being but he was not what the men of the town and his mother thought him to be. No great underlying purpose lay back of his habitual silence and he had no definite plan for his life. When the boys with whom he associated were noisy and quarrelsome he stood quietly to one side. With calm eyes he watched the gesticulating lively figures of his companions. He wasn't particularly interested in what was going on and sometimes wondered if he would ever be particularly interested in anything. Now as he stood in the half-darkness by the window and watched the angry baker he wished that he himself might become thoroughly stirred by something, even by the fits of sullen anger for which Baker Groff was noted. "It would be better for me if I could become excited and wrangle about politics like windy old Tom Willard," he thought as he left the window and went again along the hallway to the room occupied by his friend George Willard.

George Willard was older than Seth Richmond, but in the rather odd friendship between the two it was he who was forever courting and the younger boy who was being courted. The paper on which George Willard worked had one policy. It strove to mention by name in each issue as many as possible of the inhabitants of the village. Like an excited dog George Willard ran here and there, noting on his pad of paper who had gone on business to the county seat or had returned from a visit to a neighboring village. All day he wrote little facts upon the pad. "A. P. Wringlet has received a shipment of

straw hats. Ed Byerbaum and Tom Marshall were in Cleveland Friday. Uncle Tom Sinnings is building a new barn on his place on the Valley Road."

The idea that George Willard would some day become a writer had given him a place of distinction in Winesburg and to Seth Richmond he talked continually of the matter. "It is the easiest of all lives to live," he declared, becoming excited and boastful. "Here and there you go and there is no one to boss you. Though you are in India or in the South Seas in a boat you have but to write and there you are. Wait till I get my name up and you shall see what fun I shall have."

In George Willard's room, which had a window looking down into the alleyway and one that looked across railroad tracks to Bill Carter's lunch room, facing the railroad station, Seth Richmond sat down in a chair and looked at the floor. George Willard, who had been sitting for an hour idly playing with a lead pencil, greeted him effusively. "I have been trying to write a love story," he explained and laughed nervously. Lighting a pipe he began walking up and down the room. "I know what I'm going to do. I am going to fall in love. I've been sitting here and thinking it over and I'm going to do it."

As though embarrassed by his declaration George Willard went to a window and turning his back on his friend leaned out. "I know who I'm going to fall in love with," he said sharply. "It's Helen White. She's the only girl in town with any 'get-up' to her."

Struck with a new idea George Willard turned and walked toward his visitor. "Look here," he said. "You know Helen White better than I do. I want you to tell her what I said. You just get to talking to her and say that I'm in love with her. See what she says to that. See how she takes it, and then you come and tell me."

Seth Richmond arose and went toward the door. The words of his comrade irritated him unbearably. "Well, goodbye," he said briefly.

George Willard was amazed. Running forward he stood in the darkness and tried to look into Seth's face. "What's the matter? What you going to do? You stay here and let's talk," he urged.

A wave of resentment, directed against his friend, the men of the town who were, he thought, perpetually talking of nothing, and most of all against his own habit of silence, made him half-desperate. "Ah, speak to her yourself," he burst forth and then going quickly through the door slammed it sharply in his friend's face. "I'm going to find Helen White and talk to her but not about him," he muttered.

Seth went down the stairway and out at the front door of the hotel muttering with wrath. Crossing a little dusty street and climbing a low iron railing he went to sit upon the grass in the railroad yard. George Willard he thought a profound fool and he wished that he had said so more vigorously. Although his acquaintanceship with Helen White, the banker's daughter, was outwardly but casual she was often the subject of his thoughts and he felt that she was something private and personal to himself. "The busy fool with his love stories," he muttered, staring back over his shoulder at George Willard's room. "Why does he never tire of his eternal talking?"

It was berry harvest time in Winesburg and upon the depot platform men and boys loaded the boxes of red fragrant berries into two express cars that stood upon the siding. A June moon was in the sky, although in the west a storm threatened, and no street lamps were lighted. In the dim light the figures of the men who stood on the express truck and pitched the boxes in at the doors of the cars were but dimly discernible. Upon an iron railing that protected the station lawn sat other men. Pipes were lighted. Village jokes went back and forth. Away in the distance a train whistled and the men who loaded the boxes into the cars worked with renewed activity.

Seth arose from his place on the grass and went silently past

the men perched upon the railing and into Main Street. He had come to a resolution. "I will get out of here," he told himself. "What good am I here? I'm going to some city and go to work. I shall tell mother about it tomorrow."

Seth Richmond went slowly along Main Street, past Whacker's Cigar Store and the Town Hall and into Buckeye Street. He was depressed by the thought that he was not a part of the life in his own town but the depression did not cut deeply as he did not think of himself as at fault. In the heavy shadows of a big tree before Dr. Welling's house he stopped and watched half-witted old Turk Smollet who was wheeling a wheel-barrow in the road. The old man, who had an absurdly boyish mind, had a dozen long boards on the wheel-barrow and as he hurried along the road he balanced the load with extreme nicety. "Easy there, Turk! Steady now, old boy!" he shouted to himself and laughed so that the load of boards rocked dangerously.

Seth knew Turk Smollet, the half-dangerous old wood chopper whose peculiarities added so much of color to the life of the village. He knew that when Turk got into Main Street he would become the center of a whirlwind of cries and comments, that in truth the old man was going far out of his way in order to pass through Main Street and exhibit his skill in wheeling the boards. "If George Willard were here he would have something to say," thought Seth. "George Willard belongs to this town. He would shout at Turk and Turk would shout at him. They would both be secretly pleased by what they had said. It is different with me. I don't belong. I'll not make a fuss about it but I'm going to get out of here."

Seth stumbled forward through the half-darkness feeling himself an outcast in his town. He began to pity himself but a sense of the absurdity of his thoughts made him smile. In the end he decided that he was simply old beyond his years and not at all a subject for self-pity. "I am made to go to

work. I may be able to make a place for myself by steady working and I might as well be at it," he decided.

Seth went to the house of Banker White and stood in the darkness by the front door. On the door hung a heavy brass knocker, an innovation introduced into the village by Helen White's mother, who had also organized a local woman's club for the study of poetry. Seth raised the knocker and let it fall. Its heavy clatter sounded like a report from distant guns. "How awkward and foolish I am," he thought. "If Mrs. White comes to the door I won't know what to say."

It was Helen White who came to the door and found Seth standing at the edge of the porch. Blushing with pleasure she stepped forward and closed the door softly. "I'm going to get out of town. I don't know what I'll do but I'm going to get out of here and go to work. I think I'll go to Columbus," he said. "Perhaps I'll get into the State University down there. Anyway I am going. I'll tell mother tonight." He hesitated and looked doubtfully about. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to walk with me?"

Seth and Helen walked through the streets beneath the trees. Heavy clouds had drifted across the face of the moon and before them in the deep twilight went a man with a short ladder upon his shoulder. Hurrying forward the man stopped at the street crossing and putting the ladder against the wooden lamp post lighted the village lights so that their way was half-lighted, half-darkened by the lamps and by the deepening shadows cast by the low-branched trees. In the tops of the trees the wind began to play, disturbing the sleeping birds so that they flew about calling plaintively. In the lighted space before one of the lamps two bats wheeled and circled as they pursued the gathering swarm of night flies.

Since Seth had been a boy in knee trousers there had been a half-expressed intimacy between him and the maiden who now for the first time walked beside him. For a time she had

been beset with a madness for writing notes which she addressed to Seth. He had found them concealed in his books at school and one had been given him by a child met in the street while several had been delivered through the village post office.

The notes had been written in a round boyish hand and had reflected a mind inflamed by novel reading. Seth had not answered them although he had been moved and flattered by some of the sentences scrawled in pencil upon the stationery of the banker's wife. Putting them into the pocket of his coat he went through the street or stood by the fence in the schoolhouse yard with something burning at his side. He thought it fine that he should be thus selected as the favorite of the richest and most attractive girl in town.

Helen and Seth stopped by a fence near where a low dark building faced the street. The building had once been a factory for the making of barrel staves but was now vacant. Across the street upon the porch of a house a man and woman talked of their childhood, their voices coming clearly across to the half-embarrassed youth and maiden. There was the sound of scraping chairs and the man and woman came down a gravel path to a wooden gate. Standing outside the gate the man leaned over and kissed the woman. "For old times' sake," he said, and walked rapidly away along the sidewalk.

"That's Bell Turner," whispered Helen and put her hand boldly into Seth's hand. "I didn't know she had a fellow. I thought she was too old for that." Seth laughed uneasily. The hand of the girl was warm, and a strange dizzy feeling crept over him. Into his mind came a desire to tell her something he had been determined not to tell. "George Willard's in love with you," he said, and in spite of his agitation his voice was low and quiet. "He is writing a story and he wants to be in love. He wants to know how it feels. He wanted me to tell you and see what you said."

Again Helen and Seth walked in silence. They came to

the garden surrounding the old Richmond place and going through a gap in the hedge sat on a wooden bench beneath a bush.

On the street as he walked beside the girl new and daring thoughts had come into Seth Richmond's mind. He began to regret his decision to get out of town. "It would be something new and altogether delightful to remain and walk often through the streets with Helen White," he thought. In imagination he saw himself putting his arm about her waist and feeling her arm clasped tightly about his neck. One of those odd combinations of events and places made him connect the idea of love-making with this girl and a spot he had visited some days before. He had gone on an errand to the house of a farmer who lived on a hillside beyond the fair ground and had returned by a path through a field. At the foot of the hill below the farmer's house Seth had stopped beneath a sycamore tree and looked about him. A soft humming noise had greeted his ears. For a moment he had thought the trees must be the home of a swarm of bees.

And then looking down Seth had seen the bees everywhere all about him in the long grass. He stood in a mass of weeds that grew waist-high in the field that ran away from the hillside. The weeds were abloom with tiny purple blossoms and gave forth an overpowering fragrance. Upon the weeds the bees were gathered in armies, singing as they worked.

Seth imagined himself lying on a summer evening buried deep among the weeds beneath the tree. Beside him lay Helen White, her hand lying in his hand. A peculiar reluctance kept him from kissing her lips but he felt he might have done that if he wished. Instead he lay perfectly still looking at her and listening to the army of bees that sang the sustained masterful song of labor above his head.

On the bench in the garden Seth stirred uneasily. Releasing the hand of the girl he thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. A desire to impress the mind of his companion with

the importance of the resolution he had made came over him and he nodded his head toward the house. "Mother will make a fuss, I suppose," he whispered. "She hasn't thought at all about what I'm going to do in life. She thinks that I'm going to stay on here forever just being a boy."

Seth's voice became charged with boyish earnestness. "You see I've got to strike out. I've got to get to work. It's what I'm good for."

Helen White was impressed. She nodded her head and a feeling of admiration swept over her. "This is as it should be," she thought. "This boy is not a boy at all but a strong purposeful man." Certain vague desires that had been invading her body were swept away and she sat up very straight on the bench. The thunder continued to rumble and flashes of heat lightning lit up the eastern sky. The garden that had been so mysterious and vast, a place that with Seth beside her might have become the background for strange and wonderful adventures, now seemed no more than an ordinary Winesburg back yard quite definite and limited in its outlines.

"What will you do up there?" she whispered.

Seth turned half around on the bench and tried to see her face in the darkness. He thought her infinitely more sensible and straightforward than George Willard and was glad he had come away from his friend. A feeling of impatience with the town that has been in his mind returned and he tried to tell her of it. "Everyone talks and talks," he began. "I'm sick of it. I'll do something, get into some kind of work where talk doesn't count. Maybe I'll just be a mechanic in a shop. I don't know. I guess I don't much care. I just want to work and keep quiet. That's all I've got in mind."

Seth arose from the bench and put out his hand. He did not want to bring the meeting to an end but could not think of anything more to say. "This is the last time we'll see each other," he whispered.

A wave of sentiment swept over the girl. Putting her hand

upon Seth's shoulder she started to draw his face down to her own upturned face. The act was one of pure affection and cutting regret that some vague adventure that had been present in the spirit of the night would now never be realized. "I think I had better go along," she said, letting her hand fall heavily to her side. A thought came to her. "Don't go with me, I want to be alone," she said. "You go and talk with your mother. You'd better do that now."

Seth hesitated and as he stood waiting the girl turned and ran away through the hedge. A desire to run after her came to him but he only stood staring perplexed and puzzled by her action as he had been perplexed and puzzled by all of the life of the town out of which she had come. Walking slowly toward the house he stopped in the shadow of a large tree and looked at his mother sitting by a lighted window busily sewing. The feeling of loneliness that had visited him earlier in the evening returned and colored his thoughts of the adventure through which he had just passed. "Huh!" he exclaimed as he turned and started in the direction taken by Helen White. "That's how things will turn out. She'll be like the rest. I suppose now she will begin to look at me in a funny way." He looked at the ground and tried to think his way through this new difficulty. "She'll be afraid," he whispered to himself. "That's how it will be. That's how everything will turn out. When it comes to loving someone it won't be me. It will be someone else—some fool—someone who talks a lot—someone like that George Willard."

Echoes of Childhood

A Folk-Medley

By Alice Corbin

Uncle Jim

Old Uncle Jim was as blind as a mole
But he could fiddle Virginia Reels
Till you felt the sap run out of your heels,
Till you knew the devil had got your soul—

Down the middle and swing yo' partners,
Up ag'in and salute her low,
Shake yo' foot an' keep a-goin',
Down the middle an' do-se-do!

Mind yo' manners an' doan git keerless,
Swing yo' lady and bow full low,
S'lute yo' partner an' turn yo' neighbor,
Gran'-right-an'-left, and aroun' you go!

Delphy

Delphy's breast was wide and deep,
A shelf to lay a child asleep,
Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low,
Rocking like a lifted boat
On lazy tropic seas afloat,
Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low.

Delphy, when my mother died,
Taught me wisdom, curbed my pride,
    Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low,
And when she laid her body down,
It shone, a jewel, in His crown,
    Swing low, sweet chariot, swing low.

(Underneath the southern moon
I was cradled to the tune
Of the banjo and the fiddle
And the plaintive negro croon.)

Cross-Eyed Peter's Valentine

Liza Jane, O Liza Jane,
O my pore heart, Mis' Liza Jane,
Ef it hadn't a been fur Liza Jane,
O my pore heart wouldn't had this pain!

Mandy's Religion

I'se got religion an' I doan care
Who knows that God an' I are square,
I wuz carryin' home my mistis' wash
When God came an' spoke to me out'n de hush.

An' I th'ew de wash up inter de air,
An' I climbed a tree to the golden stair.
Ef it hadn't a been fur Mistah Wright
I'd had ter stayed there all the night!

(Underneath the southern moon
I was cradled to the tune

Of the banjo and the fiddle
And the plaintive negro croon.)

Betsy's Boy

Betsy's boy could shuffle and clog,
Though you couldn't get him to saw a log,
Laziest boy about the place
Till he started to dance—and you saw his face.
It was all lit up like a mask of bronze
Set in a niche between temple gongs—
For he would dance and never stop
Till he fell on the floor like a spun-out top.
His feet hung loose from his supple waist,
He danced without stopping, he danced without haste.
Like Shiva, the Hindu, his feet were bound
In the rhythm of stars and of streams underground:

Banjo playin' and the sanded floor,
Fiddle cryin', always callin' more,
Can't help dancin' though de preacher says
Can't git to heaven doin' no sich ways,
Can't help dancin' though de devil stan's
With a pitch-fork waitin' in his brimstone han's,
Got—ter—keep—dancin',—can't stop—now,
Got—ter—keep—dancin'—, I—doan—know—how!

Banjo playin', and the sanded floor,
Fiddle cryin', always callin' more,
People's faces lookin' scared an' white,
Hands a clappin' an' eyes starin' bright,
Can't help dancin' though de candle's dyin',
Can't help dancin' while de fiddle's cryin',
Got—ter—keep—dancin', can't stop—now,
Got—ter—keep—dancin',—I—doan—know—how!

Alice Corbin

The Old Negro Alone

Who dat droppin' froo de crumblin' roof?—
Mah soul am ole, I don' sinned mah sin;
I'se waitin' fo' de Lawd to let me in:
Doan you dah show no debbil's hoof
Drappin' on down froo de hole in de roof!

Who dat croakin' on de winder-sill?
I'll tek dis poker in mah han'
An' mek you join de joyles' ban'
Ob dem dat's crossed de holy will
Ef yo' doan stop croakin' on de winder-sill!

O Lawd, hab mussy! Mah soul am ole,
I'se heahed de cock crowin' an de bayin' houn';
H'it's still an' da'k in de undergroun',
I doan wan' ter lie in de rain an' de cole:
Lawd, hab mussy, an' save mah soul!

Two Poems

By Jean de Bosschère

(Translated by Ezra Pound)

Electrician

NERVOUS system, woven into the flesh of houses. Sensible epidermis of dwelling. House lives in all its corners, wires climb into its angles. If you poke the wall it shrieks, shakes, yells: elevated hysteria.

Electrician elongator of will. Elongates it with wire. In cellar and garret at once. Both in garden and porte-cochère. Prospero had no swifter Ariel. Wing'd servant squirms through small wire.

Chair-Maker

Chair-maker = democratizer of thrones.
chairs = thrones for all.
king = throne.
chairs = thrones, all men on thrones.

EH, the bear sits sagaciously on his rump, on the thick moss, *still* he has never concocted a chair. Lack of invention! Leech, pig, both eat. So does mankind, BUT it has had the decency to make chairs, and since then it eats with distinction, it consumes its food with éclat, it is lifted above all the beasts.

The maker of chairs and tables has unglued us, he has unstuck us from the crust of the earth. It is, as he says, unfitting that we should eat on a surface beneath which the worms await us. No! the table lifts the food half way to our faces. The table is the entresol of the earth . . . and heaven the garret. How admirable is that artificer, the maker of chairs and tables, who has lifted us above all the beasts.

Greece has done no more for sublimity.

The Wanderer

By Maxwell Bodenheim

THE WANDERER
GRIEF-MAIDEN
JOY-MAIDEN
THREE OLD MEN

The fronts of two village shops, with large gaudy awnings. The awnings make a canopy over the flat grey walk before the shops and throw cool shade over the scene. The shops have narrow dim white windows, and tall black entrances barely wide enough for passage. The front wall of the shops is a cool brown. Three old, silver-bearded men, smoking long black pipes, sit on low black stools in front of the shops. There is silence. The Wanderer appears, slowly walking from the right—a tall man in a long crimson cloak, black boots and a large soft dark blue cap. He stops a pace away from the nearest old man.

THE WANDERER

You sit, like happy priests burning, in their gentle prayer-pipes, thoughts that are too fluttering for words.

FIRST OLD MAN

Fluttering?—ah, no, they fluttered when we were young, and then we smoked huge silver pipes—the gifts of our slowly laughing hearts.

SECOND OLD MAN

(*In the manner of one groping for recollection.*) The huge silver pipes had little silver cherubs whose smiles were like warm, white wine—little silver cherubs each making a different gesture.

THIRD OLD MAN (*eagerly*)

Yes, the cherubs were symbols of our loves, and the little silver gestures held prisoned the whole of each love.

FIRST OLD MAN

Each silver cherub meant the death of a love—they were on our pipes to be touched by smoke-strands of remembrance.

WANDERER

I thought I saw old silver-beards—but you are children.

FIRST OLD MAN

Old men are children who see themselves for the first time, and spend the rest of their lives whispering to their unveiled hearts.

WANDERER

No, old men become finally mad and see a glimpse of the childhood they might have had.

THIRD OLD MAN (*after a pause*)

You are like a statue that has gone parading and stolen robes along the way. Did some mist maiden plunging over the faded blue carpet of the sky, wrench you from your pedestal by dropping feathery mist-kisses down upon you?

WANDERER

The cold breath of two maidens has made stone of my skin. They are Grief and Joy-Maidens and their hearts are red and white goblets filled with little forgotten words. My Grief and Joy-Maidens follow me always—come to me standing straight on the pale swinging feet of morning, or springing from the quivering caverns between the long curls of night's air, or walking, like slow memories, through the limpid sleep of noon. Whenever I stop to rest, my Grief and Joy-Maidens dance before me, for my heart.

FIRST OLD MAN

Give them your heart—they will dance with it, like

mothers dressed for a festival, and throwing their naked babes up and down, in soft glee.

WANDERER

I cannot give them both my heart. Each wants it for herself and strikes the other to whom I give it. That is why I take it back again, and walk on. And the jest of it is that my heart is only a worn pale red cap flung aside by some drunken emotion. I tell that to my Grief and Joy-Maidens, but they say that their fingers would change it.

SECOND OLD MAN

Why not give it to one of your maidens, and see?

WANDERER

Sometimes I do, but the other maiden tries to snatch it away, and I stand softly dizzy, watching them fight each other. I do not like this because then they seem weeping children, so I take it away from them, and go on.

SECOND OLD MAN

In the end they will tear your heart apart and each go waltzing off with a piece of it.

WANDERER

And I, with an empty breast, will use the rest of my life, wildly running after them? Perhaps.

THIRD OLD MAN

Then when you are old, they will limp back to you, gently offering you the pieces, and will sit down and look at them.

WANDERER

Perhaps by that time I shall have made a make-believe heart, and I will not know them when they come.

(*The Grief and Joy-Maidens dance suddenly upon the scene, from the right. They are both slender, and pale brown with long black hair hanging loose. The Grief-Maiden wears a simple one-piece robe which falls a little below her knees. It is dark purple and has a huge pink lily embroi-*

dered over the breast. Its sleeves are long and trail over the ground. Long-stemmed, grey flowers hang from her ears, and a long-stemmed black flower drops from the hair just over her forehead and rests upon her face. Her feet and lower legs are bare.

The Joy-Maiden wears a simple one-piece robe of the same cut, but pale green with a pale red lily embroidered over the breast. Pale blue flowers hang from her ears and over her face. The maidens bow in unison to the Wanderer who stands surveying them.)

JOY-MAIDEN

You are wrong when you say your heart is a worn pale red cap flung aside by some softly mad emotion. I must tell you what your heart is. It is a great golden bird that lies dead. I would raise it again and follow it through the skies.

GRIEF-MAIDEN

I killed it but only to give it stronger life. It must follow me into an old dark palace where I will give it old wine, and make it sing.

THE WANDERER (*with a hopeless gesture*)

I would give it to you for it does not matter what it is since to you it would always be different. But I am afraid that neither of you is stronger than the other, and I should spend the rest of my life watching you struggle. (*All three stand silently for a while. Then The Wanderer suddenly stretches out an arm.*)

THE WANDERER

Come to me and let me touch you.

(*The Joy-Maiden rushes forward first. The Wanderer gently stabs her with a thin black dagger and she falls limply. The Grief-Maiden rushes unheeding, over her body. The Wanderer stabs her and she falls. He turns at once to the old men.*)

THE WANDERER (*joyfully*)

They are dead, before me, like friends gone to sleep awhile. The simplest way always comes to you like a sudden, radiant child. I will buy pale, red stretchers from you old men, and you must take them slowly away.

(*The old men rise, enter their shops, and appear a moment later with the stretchers. They bear the maidens away. The Wanderer stoops, picks up a grey flower loosened from one of the maidens and stands looking down upon it. Then he fastens it to his dark blue cap, with a quick smile. He gathers his cloak about him and takes a step onward, but stops at the appearance of the three old men, striding in haste.*)

FIRST OLD MAN

As we carried them on they suddenly sprang up, like bewildered birds, and rushed away. And we eyed our stretchers with quaint relief.

(*There is a long pause during which The Wanderer stands motionless facing the old men. Finally he speaks.*)

THE WANDERER (*slowly*)

I knew I had not killed them. My dagger was only tipped with a little sleep.

(*There is a pause. He goes on.*)

No, why should I lie to you, old drooping-beards? I thought them dead and tasted happiness as though it were my first cup of wine. But I shall kill them some other time—perhaps.

(*He smiles, gathers his cloak about him, and strolls away. The old men stand, watching him.*)

Youngest Ireland

By Padraic Colum

I HAVE been asked, as an Irish writer and an Irish nationalist, to give you my view of Ireland—to state, in short, what Ireland stands for in relation to the humane civilization that every civilized country is ambitious to add something to. Well, here is my view—or rather, since one's view is varying, here is the approach to it.

Ireland is one of the European countries that have a real geographical importance. Look at the map and you will perceive it. She is the link between Europe and America and between the Scandinavian and the Iberian peninsulas. She has a grand coast-line and magnificent harbors. The recognition by one power of her geographical importance has gone to make Ireland a dependent—nay, an isolated, a hermit state. The consideration of it by a league of powers may go to make Ireland a free state. If such a league should agree to keep the Atlantic an open ocean where could the seat of their authority be better established than in Ireland? That island may yet be governed by an Atlantic Commission—a new Atlantis.

And in terms of her people's genius Ireland is important too. Here, in an accessible western island, is a youthful people—youthful in the only sense in which the word can be applied to a people—in the sense that they are still native to the soil and that their minds and their imaginations are yet fresh. Of course Ireland is industrialized to some extent and the drawing-rooms of Dublin are intellectually more sophisticated than the drawing-rooms of New York. But the bulk of the people, although they keep an old tradition and have

a religion that makes them European rather than British, have minds and imaginations that are yet untried.

Within the past twenty years this people has produced a new literature in English—drama, poetry and narrative, with the beginning of a critical literature. They have had an intellectual movement that gave remarkable and devoted leaders. Have they the possibility of making an effort toward a new social construction? Many outside observers think they have. Indeed, because there seems such a possibility many beyond her frontiers are today looking toward Ireland with friendly and hopeful eyes.

It seems to me that European and American civilization will become more and more apart. Central Europe, no matter what wedges are driven between Germany and Austria and between Germany and the East, exists, and will become more and more socialized—that because of dense population and bounded territory. England too will modify her individualism and become socialized for production. America, on the other hand, with her unoccupied territory and her boundless resources, can persist in her individualistic production. But may there not be a link between the two systems? The genius of the Irish people seems to incline them toward co-operation—toward the establishment of a Co-operative Commonwealth. And, as a Co-operative Commonwealth between socialistic and individualistic states and super-states, Ireland may have a distinctive and notable function to fulfil in the civilization of tomorrow.*

Thirty years ago Arthur James Balfour was Chief Secretary—shall I stay Satrap—of Ireland. Charles Stuart Parnell was tribune of the people. A smothered civil war ex-

* This point would have been developed, I think, in a work on which Francis Sheehy-Skeffington was engaged, "An Irish Commonwealth in Relation to an International Polity." The militarists who murdered him destroyed all Skeffington's papers—this particular work amongst them.

isted and every day casualties on one side or the other were spoken of. The conflict had to do with the land—whether the peasant should or should not have to pay to the landlord a big proportion of what the land earned. The peasants in fighting for better land tenure were actually attacking a whole social system which in Ireland was based on the ownership of land—they were attacking it by combinations that prevented a peasant from getting possession of a farm off which another tenant had been evicted; they were attacking it by terrorism—even by assassination.

This wide-spread, organized attack was remarkable. Peasant Ireland had been in the mood of a retreating army. Here and there there had been rallies; now and again a leader had appeared who was able to make a demonstration. But in their hearts the people felt that any stand they made was temporary. It was hardly worth while to build the house or dig the well; certainly it was not worth while to plant the flower-garden. There were the disorders, the betrayals, the demoralizations that might be in an army pressed, cowed and continuously falling back. The retreat was an actual as well as a moral one, for the ships sailing for America were crowded with emigrants.

It was the famine of 1846-47 that had made the retreat. For an agonizing year people had watched food fail and fevers flourish. The potatoes rotted. Ireland had grain and live stock but the people might not touch such supplies for they were impounded for rents—for the tribute, as one might call it, that was drawn from Ireland to England—the owners of Irish land being largely residents on the other side.

Famine, famine-diseases and the exodus to America that followed swept away half of Ireland's eight million population. Families that survived surrendered to the landowners their farms for the mere passage to America and walked to the fever-riddled hulks that were the emigrant ships of that day. And, in the hour of his calamity, nothing was forgiven

the Irish Celt. Those who had authority over him made vaunt of his disappearance. "The Celt is gone," wrote the London *Times*. "The Celt is gone with a vengeance. Soon the Celt will be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as the Red Indian on the banks of the Hudson." The Celts who read that great journal were made to feel it was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The kindly intangible ties that knit people to their locality and their community were breaking. The peasant's door that before was never bolted was bolted now, for want made people dangerous. The gatherings for labor and amusement—the *meitheal* and the *celidh*—were left over. The tragic silence of the fields became noticeable. Before, wherever people labored there was song. Petrie, who made a great collection of Irish folk-music, noted the sudden silence of the fields and he lamented that he did not begin his collection until after the famine years. A great part of the national inheritance in song and music was now lost.

And, like a tree the bark of which has been stripped off, the Irish language began to wither to all but its death. Still, it must be said that this language spoken by five million people had received injury before. The Catholic middle class had committed treason against it, first when they allowed a Catholic seminary to be established that gave no recognition to the Irish language—and this for the training of the people's priests—and secondly, when O'Connell, an Irish speaker, addressed his audiences made up of hundreds of thousands of Irish-speakers in the English language exclusively. But after the famine the people turned from Irish as from the language of a God-forsaken race. A whole culture, rich, distinctive and original, perished. Poetry, romance and history that had long been handed down for oral recitation were lost: the old people who were naturally the custodians of such lore, were swept away. In the times that followed there were few who cared to preserve or glean.

Through the fifties, the sixties, the seventies, the mood of retreat persisted. The people submitted to "clearances" that swept them from farm and homestead. They produced no writer. The Banims, Gerald Griffin and Carleton—writers whose work had prophesied an Anglo-Irish literature—had appeared with the rise of O'Connell, but their activities did not go beyond the famine, and they left no successors. Nothing seemed stable—no stand was being made, and nothing was being created. Then, thirty years ago, a word was spoken that the people harkened to and in harkening showed that the retreat was being halted. It was Parnell's "Keep a firm grip on your homesteads."

Let me speak of a time fourteen or fifteen years afterwards. A man I know, elderly and retired from business, shows me some little books he has been studying. They are first lessons in the Irish language. A branch of the Gaelic League has been founded in this outlying Dublin suburb and my friend has joined it. I, too, become a member.

Classes are held two evenings in the week. I find myself with about thirty people, men and women, most of them in the twenties, but with several middle-aged and a few elderly persons. The saloon-keeper's wife who is on the committee is elderly. How eagerly she applies herself! She thinks that if she can spell her way through these first books she will touch on some shore of romance. The political extremist who is being kept off the Committee is middle-aged. He has spent his years battling with every political organization in the locality—a Fenian in the days of the constitutional movement and a Parnellite when anti-Parnellite influences were at their strongest. But most of the students are young men and women—assistants in shops, clerks, students, civil-servants. All are serious-minded. They have come together not merely to learn a grammar and a vocabulary but to propagate an idea. The idea to them is uplifting. Each one knows that he or she

thinks differently about the country from the person next in the shop or the office. This young man can never play tennis again—tennis is a West British, not a Gaelic game. And the girl who works in a bitterly anti-Irish and Freemason shop has pledged herself to create a little demand for goods of Irish manufacture—she has to set about doing it with the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove.

When the class is over there is dancing—dancing is looked upon as part recreation, part reconstruction. The dance is a Gaelic one and is taught seriously by a young man from the West.

How many of these students, ill-equipped by training for the learning of a language and with ill-equipped instructors, will make sufficient progress to be able some day to converse with that remote being, "a native speaker"? How many will make themselves able to read the Irish text of "The Love Songs of Connacht" or "Seadhna"? Perhaps one or two—perhaps not one. But whatever effort they make is not wasted.

We are members of the Gaelic League—members of a brotherhood—of a secret community. We address each other, Gaelic fashion, by Christian name. Our letters to each other begin "A Chara," "My Friend." Every event that the League inaugurates is exciting. There is the Oirechtas, a literary and musical festival that is being made an annual affair in Dublin. How exciting it is to watch the plays written in Irish by people who do not know the difference between narrative and dramatic writing and acted by peasants who have never been on a stage before! We try to understand the words spoken and are thrilled to learn that such a young man or such a young woman in the cast did not know any Irish a year ago. We listen to long folk-songs sung in the traditional Gaelic style and encore them. In the crowd of native speakers and learners we pick up and use words and sentences. The meeting is sacramental, one might say—here in Dublin (Bla'a'cliah as we must call it) the capital of foreign ascen-

dency—we receive some element from the idealized Gaelic Ireland.

"Whatever be thought of the literary and philological claims of the Irish language, it cannot be denied that the 'Language Movement' brings into prominence an aspect of Irish nationality of which a good many Irishmen have hitherto been content to ignore the existence. Dragged from obscurity in the hovels of the West, like a forgotten representative of some old dynasty restored by a sudden revolution, the ancient language of this country hears itself saluted as 'Our Own Tongue,' 'The *Irish* Language,' even in the presence of that rival who has supplanted it, and who is now so securely established as the language of the country that it can afford to wink at these pretensions and even to extend municipal hospitalities to Gaelic in the decayed but still haughty capital of the Ascendency. 'Irish' Language is indeed only a title of courtesy: the ancient language of the Celt is no longer the language of Irish nationality. And in fact it never was."

So wrote the aloof Anglo-Irish essayist, John Eglinton.* But to us the movement was a revival not merely of a language but of a mood—the proud and militant mood of a resurgent people. The sentences we spoke were occult—they were symbols of our race. We were Celts—not Anglo-Irish—we were of the breed of those "who shook all empires although they founded none," of those whose heroic type Cuchullain was more human than Seigfried, more noble than Achilles. This pride and this mood of militancy was carried from the classroom and the lecture-room into last year's barricades. Thomas MacDonagh spoke out of that mood in the lectures which he gave before taking up arms:

The Gaelic revival has given to some of us a new arrogance. I am a Gael and I know no cause but of pride in that—*Gaedheal mé agus ní h-eol dom gur náir dom é.* My race has survived the wiles of the foreigner here. It has re-

* Preface to "Bards and Saints."

fused to yield even to defeat, and emerges strong today, full of hope and love, with new strength in its arms to work out its new destiny, with a new song on its lips and the word of the new language, which is the ancient language, still calling from age to age. The adorable delicacy, the shrinking sensibility, the paralysing diffidence which has its root in charity, the qualities which make for temporary defeat and yet, being of their nature joined with the unwavering conviction of truth and right, for ultimate victory—these live on. Now with them, in the same breasts with them, lives this too: its day is come. This arrogance is a sign of energy, of vitality, and so here is good.*

The same militancy, the same pride, is shown in the writings of other leaders whose inspiration came to them through the Gaelic Revival. It is in Plunkett's poem that begins—

> This heritage to the race of Kings—
> Their children and their children's seed
> Have wrought their prophecies in deed
> Of terrible and splendid things.†

It is in Pearse's bitter reaction to the acquiescence—the slavishness he would have called it—of unaroused Ireland—

> Keating (whom I take to be the greatest of Irish Nationalist poets) used a terrific phrase of the Ireland of his day: he called her "the harlot of England." Yet Keating's Ireland was the magnificent Ireland in which Rory O'Moore planned and Owen Roe battled. What would he say of this Ireland? His phrase if used today would no longer be a terrible metaphor, but would be a more terrible truth, a truth literal and exact. For is not Ireland's body given up to the pleasure of another, and is not Ireland's honor for sale in the market-place?‡

There was a growing interest in literary expression—in the expression, first of all, of ideas and opinions. In every branch of the Gaelic League there was someone who wanted to present a play or write a ballad that would be an appeal to pa-

* "Literature in Ireland." These lectures were delivered to the students of the university established since the formation of the Gaelic League—the National University.

† Joseph Plunkett: Collected Poems.

‡ From a Hermitage (pamphlet). The Keating whom he refers to is better known as a historian than as a poet. He was a Gaelic writer of the seventeenth century.

triotism. Such eagerness for expression assured an alert audience to the writers that the country already had. And it so happened that Ireland was fortunate enough to have at the time three remarkable writers—W. B. Yeats, George Russell (A. E.) and Standish O'Grady. They had been remote from the Irish public. But now they began to make statements in the propagandist journals and their statements met with response. Students, clerks, mechanics began to read Yeats' "Wind Amongst the Reeds," A. E.'s "Homeward," Standish O'Grady's "History of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical." And they were made to feel that a new literary movement was present when such a propagandist journal as *The United Irishman* announced that W. B. Yeats was a greater poet and one more essentially Irish than Moore or Mangan or Davis.

It was a patriotic society searching for forms of propaganda that, in collaboration with Mr. Yeats created the Irish Theater. The vice-presidents of the new theater group were John O'Leary, who had been imprisoned and exiled for his political activities, and Miss Maude Gonne, whose visits to Dublin always woke up the secret police. An audience conscious of a resurgent nationality made the theater vital. I remember the initial production of the Irish National Theater Society—I was on the stage for I had been drafted into the company. The plays were by A. E. and W. B. Yeats—they were "Deirdre" and "Kathleen ni Holohan." Both authors addressed their audience in speeches that, as I remember them, were really lofty. Yeats praised them for their response to a line in A. E.'s play—"And there was another there, a boy named Cuchullain . . . there were some who said he was a god in exile." At the mention of the heroic name, Yeats told them, he felt a thrill go through the house.

The audience that were drawn to the plays of the Irish theater had a dangerous acuteness. I remember, a year before, at the production by the Bensons of Moore's and Yeats' "Dermot and Grania" in one of the regular theaters one of the

characters was made to say at a tragical moment "I have heard the laughter of the gods." Instantly the sixpenny gallery—"the gods," became vociferous, "ha, ha, ha." It was an extraordinarily responsive audience. Yeats knew that it would be attentive to the words of his verse-plays and would have ears keen enough to follow their rhythm. Synge knew that the characters he put into his plays would be taken with enthusiasm or else with fury. The audience might be enraptured or hostile but it could be reckoned upon to send a thrill to the players on the stage and to the authors in the front row.

I was the first of the young authors produced—in a double sense—by the Irish Theater. I had become a member of the group when it was still indistinguishable from the political society that had helped to form it by specialization—the society that was the nucleus of the Sinn Fein organization. My "Broken Soil" and Synge's "In the Shadow of the Glen" were produced within a month of each other. These two plays inaugurated the drama of peasant life. W. B. Yeats' "Kathleen ni Holohan," in which the characters are peasants, was produced first, but "Kathleen ni Holohan" is symbolic and not a play of actual peasant life.

It was then, fourteen years ago or so, that Ireland began to have a dramatic literature. She had produced dramatists before—Goldsmith and Sheridan, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw—but these had always to de-nationalize themselves before they could appeal from the stage they had chosen; they could not put into plays intended for London managers, London actors and London audiences the sum of instincts, traditions, sympathies that make the Irish mind distinctive. Now when plays authentic in idiom and character were put upon a stage for an audience that responded to them a revolution was accomplished.

The Irish instinct for character and language was given a means of expression. This method of expression reacted upon all who were beginning to write. In the plays the peasant

characters were expressing themselves in a vivid language. If one gave the characters moments more intense and used the language in a more intense way one reached a poetry that was as actual as the plays.

At least, so it was with one writer. I began to write poems of peasant life after my feeling for situation and for speech had been quickened by my work in the drama. The popular Irish poetry that was then current had aimed at influencing rather than at expressing the people. But the poetry that strove to be as actual as the plays would express rather than influence them. So a new Irish poetry grew up. It took the form of the dramatic lyric, a form until then fairly rare in English. If you look through the poems of the younger writers you will find that the dramatic lyric predominates—it does in the poems of Joseph Campbell and James Stephens—it does in my own verse, and there are significant poems in that form in the work of Thomas MacDonagh and Seumas O'Sullivan.

This new Irish poetry is the most democratic that is being written—it is democratic, not only because it deals with the folk of the country and the town, but because it attempts to give everyone a voice and because it is written out of recognition of the fact that in every life there are moments of intensity and beauty. It may be that this feeling for spiritual democracy manifested and propagated by the poets and dramatists is preparing Ireland for a new crystallization of ideas—a crystallization that will have an effect on her social and economic life.

If there had been no conception of a new social order for Ireland the activities of the Gaelic League would have been merely an exhibition of national vanity. But every word spoken denoted thought of a new order. Of course there were people for whom the new order meant picture postcard views of striking figures in Gaelic costume beside some ancient rath.

But the leaders of the movement were constantly directing the enthusiasm toward social and economic ends. But as yet no social idea had been projected that would gather to itself this enthusiasm.

It was significant that the first piece of Irish economic history written was pro-Gaelic in its thesis. James Connolly, writing for the workers in the towns and the country, showed in his book "Labor in Irish History" that all conquest and all confiscation in Ireland was for the purpose of substituting the feudal for the Celtic land-system. Under the Celtic system the land was held freely by the clansmen and their chief was not a landowner but the military leader and the president of the clan-assembly. A labor-leader then was advising the proletariat to get back to Gaelic origins for the basis of their economic life. On the other hand the enthusiasts who had picturesque dreams were being taught something about the appalling social realities in Dublin by long drawn out strikes.

It was at this stage that the English Conservatives and Sir Edward Carson gave the signal for the arming of a section of the Irish people. A year afterwards the Dublin workingmen began to arm and drill as "The Irish Citizen Army." Military ardor was aroused in the country. The Nationalist farmers and middle-classes formed the National Volunteers, a body that came under the control of the Professor of Early Irish History in the National University, Eoin MacNeill. In the second year of the war the Citizen Army with the National Volunteers of Dublin struck a blow for an Irish Republic: the outstanding figures in the insurrection were Padraic Pearse the Gaelic poet and educationalist and James Connolly the protagonist of social revolution in Ireland.

Had the insurrectionary leaders succeeded they would have begun the organization of a Co-operative Commonwealth. From what source would they have taken their ideas and their plans? They would have taken them from an organization already in existence and from a programme which had been

considered and commended by the labor leaders.

A mystic and a poet, George W. Russell (A. E.) had, twenty years before, taken up as his every day business the organization of co-operative societies amongst the farmers. Horace Plunkett was the founder of the movement. From lecturing and the work of organization, A. E. went to the work of shaping a policy for the societies through his conduct of the weekly journal *The Irish Homestead.* Brooding upon the co-operative organization that was being built up as Hegel brooded over the Prussian state he reached to a great social idea which he was able to embody in a practical programme. His editorials in *The Irish Homestead,* his book "Co-operation and Nationality" and his conferences with the labor leaders made his policy familiar to those who were working for social and economic reconstruction. His most important statement has been published since the insurrection.*

A. E. thinks, not of a national culture, but of a national being. Nations are not arbitrary collections of individuals—they exist to make potent an idea. That idea may be of beauty, or of order, or of justice, or of power, or of righteousness. (In A. E's personal philosophy these ideas belong to the divine order—they incarnate first in the higher minds of the nation and are by them reflected down through the masses.) All the forces within the nation have to be brought into harmony with the typical idea. The more that unison is attained to the more powerful becomes the national solidarity—the national being.

It seems as if it were impossible to bring about this unison within the modern state. There is a conformity of religious belief and a conformity of political effort, but every state is torn by divergent economic interests. It is necessary, first of all, to create an economic harmony within the state. But the

* The National Being, published in this country by Macmillan. Its noble vision and its practical thought make this book the most heartening plea for social reconstruction that has been made in our time.

method of competitive production is now so deeply entrenched that no thinker would propose a frontal attack upon it. What A. E. proposes is a turning movement against it—a turning movement of humanity along the lines of co-operative organizations.

In Ireland the idea which seems most native is that of an aristocratic democracy—a democracy for economic production with an aristocratic leadership. The typical Celtic organization was such, and the Celtic clan in Ireland was the last organization in Western Europe to hold out against the feudalist-capitalist economy.*

Typically Irish characters show a combination of the aristocratic and the democratic elements; Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, O'Grady, Shaw, Wilde, Parnell, Davitt, "however they differed from one another, in so far as they betrayed a political character, were intensely democratic in economic theory, adding to that an aristocratic freedom of thought."

The problem then, as A. E. sees it, is to bring all the forces in the country into unison with this special idea so that the national being in Ireland may manifest itself with power. Economic interests must first be brought into harmony. Beginning with the parish that already has its co-operative centers—a creamery, perhaps, or a rural bank—these centers would be developed until the whole production, distribution and purchasing for the district is done through them. In this way the divergent economic interests of a particular locality would be brought into unison and a communal spirit would be formed. The directorates of the co-operative societies—the members being the whole community—would at-

* Tammany Hall, in a degenerate way, reproduced this typical organization in America. The chiefs were selected for their capacity and their audacity and in that sense they formed an aristocratic leadership. The relation between them and their people was always personal—"Spend me and defend me" (i.e., "Use me, but protect my interests") the salutation of the Clansman to his Chief on the Chief's inauguration, might have been the motto of Tammany Hall. The Celtic characteristics of Tammany are spoken of in the past tense. It is ceasing to be an Irish organization.

tract to themselves the best intelligence and the best character, and in this way the economic democracy would be given an aristocratic leadership. This process is actually going on.

Federation of the co-operative communities is the next movement. As the federations become nation-wide an economic state would come into existence in which there was an approach to a harmony of interests. A. E. would have the cities form co-operative communities to meet the movement coming from the rural districts. But he would not have the societies in the cities begin with co-operative production; he would have them begin with co-operative distribution. Their first effort should be toward the establishment of co-operative stores. The control of agencies for distribution would enable the workers to start productive enterprises more safely and with less expense for publicity than the capitalists can start them. Moreover, through these co-operative agencies the workers of the towns could enter into alliance with the workers of the country. As the city stores increase in number an analysis of their trade would reveal in what direction the co-operative production of single articles might be attempted. The workers of the towns too would have to attract to their directorates men of capacity who would make themselves leaders in fresh enterprises. When one gets so far one begins already to live in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Ireland is, perhaps, the one country in Europe in which such a commonwealth has a notable chance of being realized. Few great industrial interests have been established there. The bulk of the people are small farmers whose economic status makes co-operative combinations more and more a necessity. The people have always worked well in combinations from the time of the Celtic clans who so ably and for so long resisted a great military aggression to our own time when their combinations for boycott destroyed a feudal system that had the might of an empire behind it.

Such a commonwealth, democratic for production, aristo-

cratic in leadership, would move more and more toward a brotherhood. . The literary movement of today may be a prophecy of or perhaps a preparation for that brotherhood. The theme of the new Irish poetry, as I have said, is a spiritual democracy.

The ideal of the Co-operative Commonwealth is apt to gain the allegiance of every vital force in the country. To those who would have Ireland an independent state it shows the way to economic independence; to those who would have Ireland a resurgent Gaelic nationality it shows the way of return to a Gaelic form of social organization; to those who react from the dreadful economic conditions in many parts of the country it shows the way to economic betterment. And A. E. appeals powerfully to those detached people—poets, artists, scientists and thinkers—who find they can give little service to the modern state. He calls upon them to make great the subjective life of the people—to fill up the waste places in the nation's imagination and thought.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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Editorial

Remember this:
Today we are separated, drift before the storm, toys of the whirlwind—
Tomorrow we shall come together and rule the world.
Our task today is to hold against panic and loneliness,
To put from us the temptation of the drums and the bayonets,

To shut the gates of the heart against the seducing myth of Slaughter,
To be, each one of us, a rallying-point, a call and a summons to the War beyond War,
To the fighting civilization we shall create.
Not to be led to the war that kills and destroys,
But to lead forth in the war that creates,
Not to be a recruit in the armies of death,
But to enlist in the battalions of birth. . . .
To leave as our epitaph, not, "They died that we might live,"
But, "They *lived* that we might live."
It is our task to be the vanguards of Great Change,
Couriers of Revolution,
It is ours to be outriders of the Future. . . .
To be seed-sowers and harbingers, to be pioneers.
We must be the hard enemies of Magic. . . .
Rebels against Divine Rights, Kings, Priests, Heroes and Traditions
Blasting with the cannon of uproarious laughter the hocus-pocus of patriotism and battle,
Discrediting by our lonely endurance the lies of victory and conquest,
The foul lie of the glory of war,
The lie that dying in a war of traders is worthy of a man.

If we must die, let us die for ourselves:
Ourselves, the broadcast race of man,
Ourselves against the power-greedy, the overweening Kings and Presidents, Financiers and Intellectuals,
Ourselves against the self-seekers.
If we must have a sacred land to die for,
It shall be no acre in France or in Indiana,
But the Earth—only the Earth itself is sacred to us.
If we must have a religion,

Our God shall not be a Chosen People in the shape of a
Thunderer,
Our God shall be Man, in every land, of every people.

J. O.

With Walt Whitman in Camden*

By Horace Traubel

Humor in Great Men.—W. talked abount Garland. "He's greatly interested in the George movement: is strongly impulsive: is maybe a little one-idea'd —though as to that I don't feel quite sure: is wonderfully human: gets at the simple truths—the everyday truths: is not professional." I said: "You speak of one-idea'd men as though you rather discredited them." "Do I? I don't mean to: they certainly have a place—a vast big vital place: they can't be skipped—escaped." I said again: "You may think you're not, but you're a little one-idea'd yourself—and every man is." He nodded. "No doubt: I never heard it put quite in that way: Jesus was one-idea'd, I admit, for instance." I asked him: "Well—have you some objections to Jesus?" "Yes: why not? Emerson had, too: the dear Emerson: he felt that Jesus lacked humor, for one thing: a man who lacks humor is likely to concentrate on one idea." I parried him again. "Why, that's a familiar charge against you, Walt: didn't even Ruskin say that? and I hear it every now and then from somebody or other." He retorted a little hotly: "Well —you've rather got me: I'm not much good in an argument. But on that Jesus matter: take that: I've heard it discussed often: some of the bright fellows have been saying it for a long time: not Emerson alone: others: radical fellows—the strong men: thinkers. Yet I confess I'm not altogether clear in the matter." He used the phrase at one point: "Whether genius needs to be funny"—but caught himself short over it: "I should not say that: that is unjust to Emerson: to all of them:

*Excerpts from "With Walt Whitman in Camden," volume four, to be published shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co. The conversations are all of the year 1889.

when they say humor they don't mean fun in the narrow sense of that word—they don't mean what we call joking, badinage —anything like that." Spoke of Emerson himself as "not what you would call a funny man: he was something better than that: he would not cut up—make a great noise: but for cheer, quiet, sweet cheer—good humor, a habit of pouring oil on waters—I have never known his equal. Emerson was in no sense priggified—solemnfied: he was not even stately, if that means to be stiff." The word "humor," he said, always "mystified" him. "I think Shakespeare had it—had it to the full: but there have been others—great men, too—who had little or none of it. The question is, was Shakespeare's humor good natured? Good nature is the important equation in humor. Look at Heine, for example: I'm not sure of his place: but look at him—consider him: ask yourself whether he was not a mocker as well as a humorist. They do charge me, as you say, with lacking humor: it never seemed to me it could be true: but I don't dispute it: I only see myself from the inside—with the ordinary prejudice a fellow has in favor of himself: but O'Connor—oh! how he used to boil when he heard me accused of that defect: he'd boil, he'd boil—he'd boil over! The idea that anybody imagines I can't appreciate a joke or even make jokes seems preposterous. Do you find me as infernally impossible as that, Horace? Bryant said to me in one of our chats: 'The most humorous men I have met have been the lightest laughers.' You can't always tell by a man's guffaws whether he is a real humorist or not."

The Future Menace Against Free Speech.—We talked of Bradley's conviction in the Camden courts yesterday. "Yes, I have read the story: Bradley was monstrous—monstrous: but would you not think him abnormal? I see no other way to account for it: certainly he can't be explained by the ordinary process of reasoning. In the present condition of our criminal laws—of crime—as in affairs like this—these extra sex developments—abnormality is the only word that will cover the

case. Then we must remember that such individual abnormality comes from the abnormality of society at large. I think any judge would admit that—perhaps express it almost in my words: it seems to me to arise—so much of it, who knows but all of it?—in an absence of simplicity—in a lack of what I may call natural morality. Perhaps that's not the exact word for it, but as I said, any judge would correctly diagnose the case, I have no doubt." "Speaking of judges," said W. the minute after, "would you not like to take the paper along?—Sidney's paper?" Handed me the mail from the table. Had he read it? "O yes: every word of it: with great care: with as much interest as care: I say amen to it all, too: amen, amen: if I find it possible I shall tell him about this feeling in me. If you write to Sidney—to any of the fellows out there—say this —say it for me: in my name if you choose. I feel like thanking the man for myself, for America, for Americans." It had appeared to him "rare among rare decisions." "I know that in regard to these Anarchists there are contending impulses drawing us two ways: but for liberty, abstract, concrete—the broad question of liberty—there is no doubt at all. I look ahead seeing for America a bad day—a dark if not stormy day— in which this policy, this restriction, this attempt to draw a line against free speech, free printing, free assembly, will become a weapon of menace to our future."

Paine.—After continued general talk of Poe W. said: "I have seen Poe—met him: he impressed me very favorably: was dark, quiet, handsome—Southern from top to toe: languid, tired out, it is true, but altogether ingratiating." Was that in New York? "Oh, yes: there: we had only a brief visit: he was frankly conciliatory: I left him with no doubts left, if I ever had any." Poe was "curiously a victim of history —like Paine. The disposition to parade, to magnify, his defects has grown into a habit: every literary, every moralistic jackanapes who comes along has to give him an additional

kick. His weaknesses were obvious enough to anybody: but what do they amount to, after all? Paine is defamed in the same way: poor Paine: rich Paine: they spare him nothing." I said: "You should write about Paine." He nodded. "So I should: I don't think there's anybody living—anybody at all—(I don't think there ever was anybody, living or dead)—more able than I am to depict, to picture, Paine, in the right way. I have told you of my old friend Colonel Fellows: he was an uncommon man both in what he looked like and in what he was: nobly formed, with thick white hair—white as milk: beard: striking characteristics everyhow." W. asked: "Does this interest you?" I said: "You bet: don't stop." He proceeded: "We had many talks together in the back room of the City Hall. The instant he saw I was interested in Paine he became communicative—frankly unbosomed himself. His Paine story amounted to a resurrection of Paine out of the horrible calumnies, infamies, under which orthodox hatred had buried him. Paine was old, alone, poor: it's that, it's what accrues from that, that his slanderers have made the most of: anything lower, meaner, more contemptible, I cannot imagine: to take an aged man—a man tired to death after a complicated life of toil, struggle, anxiety—weak, dragged down, at death's door: poor: with perhaps habits that may come with such distress: then to pull him into the mud, distort everything he does and says: oh! it's infamous. There seems to be this hyena disposition, some exceptional (thank God, rare) venom, in some men which is never satisfied except it is engaged in some work of vandalism. I can forgive anything but that."

Shakespeare's Feudalism.—Harned said: "Walt, you're hitting a lot of nails on the head today: you almost weaken my faith in Shakespeare." W. said: "Shakespeare stood for the glory of feudalism: Shakespeare, whoever he was, whoever they were: he had his place: I have never doubted

his vastness, space: in fact, Homer and Shakespeare are good enough for me—if I can by saying that be understood as not closing out any others. Look at Emerson: he was not only possibly the greatest of our land, our time, but great with the greatness of any land, any time, all worlds: so I could name galaxy after galaxy." Harned asked: "You have decided feelings about the defects of Shakespeare?" "Yes: it is not well for us to forget what Shakespeare stands for: we are overawed, overfed: it may seem extreme, ungracious, to say so, but Shakespeare appears to me to do much toward effeminacy: toward taking the fiber, the blood, out of our civilization: his gospel was of the medieval—the gospel of the grand, the luxurious: great lords, ladies: plate, hangings, glitter, ostentation, hypocritical chivalry, dress, trimmings"—going on with the strange long catalogue "of social and caste humbuggery" pronounced with the highest contempt. "I can say I am one of the few—unfortunately, of the few—who care nothing for all that, who spit all that out, who reject all that miserable paraphernalia of arrogance, unrighteousness, oppression: who care nothing for your carpets, curtains, uniformed lackeys. I am an animal: I require to eat, to drink, to live: but to put any emphasis whatever on the trapperies, luxuries, that were the stock in trade of the thought of our great grandfathers—oh! that I could never, never, never do!" Then suddenly he fired out with more heat than ever: "And now that I think of it I can say this fact more than any other fact lends weight to the Baconian authorship: I have never written, never said, indeed I have never thought of it as forcibly as at just this moment sitting here with you two fellows: but the emphasis that the author of the Plays places upon these fripperies points an unmistakable finger toward Bacon. Bacon himself loved all this show, this fustian: dressed handsomely: tunic: fine high boots: brooches: liked a purse well filled with gold money: the feel of it in his pocket: would tinsel his clothes: oh! was fond of rich, gay apparel: affected the com-

pany of ladies, gents, lords, courts: favored noble hallways, laces, cuffs, gorgeous service—even the hauteur of feudalism." W. then added: "Feudalism has had its day: it has no message for us: it's an empty vessel: all its contents have been spilled: it's foolish for us to look back to some anterior period for leadership: feudalism is gone—well gone: peace to its dung: may my nostrils never know its stink again. One mustn't forget, Tom, and you, Horace, that thankful as we have a right to be and should be to the past our business is ahead with what is to come: the dead must be left in their graves."

Were the Shakespeare plays the best acting plays? W. said: "That's a superstition—an exaggeration." Harned said something which induced W. to add: "If O'Connor was here and heard you say that he'd quarrel with you." As to Shakespeare as actor W. said: "Even if he never got beyond the ghost, as has been said, we must acknowledge that to do the ghost right is a man's, not a ghost's job: few actors ever realized the possibilities of the ghost." W. said: "William speaks of Winter as Littlebillwinter—all one word: I often think of Ben Jonson as Littlebenjonson—all one word: I remember what Emerson said of Jonson: 'He thought himself a good deal greater man than Shakespeare.'" The "Shakespeare personality" was "very mystifying, baffling. . . . Yet there are some things we can say of it. . . . Whoever Shakespeare was not he was equal in refinement to the wits of his age: he was a gentleman: he was not a man of the streets—rather of the courts, of the study: he was not vulgar. As for the Plays, they do not seem to me spontaneous: they seem laboredly built up: I have always felt their feudal bias: they are rich to satiety: overdone with words." I never saw W. more vigorous. He finally said: "I am so sure the orthodox notion of Shakespeare is not correct that I enter fully into the discussion of those who are trying to get at the truth."

On Being Misunderstood.—"It has always been a puzzle to me why people think that because I wrote 'Children of Adam,' 'Leaves of Grass,' I must perforce be interested in all the literature of rape, all the pornography of vile minds. I have not only been made a target by those who despised me but a victim of violent interpretation by those who condoned me. You know the sort of stuff that's sent to me here."

Art for Art's Sake.—"The trouble is that writers are too literary—too damned literary. There has grown up—Swinburne I think an apostle of it—the doctrine (you have heard of it? it is dinned everywhere), art for art's sake: think of it—art for art's sake. Let a man really accept that—let that really be his ruling—and he is lost." I suggested: "If we say politics for politics' sake they get mad." W.: "So they do: that is very good: it's true: politics for politics' sake, church for church's sake, talk for talk's sake, government for government's sake: state it any way you choose it becomes offensive: it's all out of the same pit. Instead of regarding literature as only a weapon, an instrument, in the service of something larger than itself, it looks upon itself as an end—as a fact to be finally worshipped, adored. To me that's all a horrible blasphemy—a bad smelling apostasy."

Kaiser Wilhelm.—Talked of young Emperor William. "I find I can't think of him patiently: he rubs my fur the wrong way: I had great hopes of his father: they may have been based on nothing, but I had them: but this boy only excites my distrust. I never cease wondering how a people so enlightened as the Germans can tolerate the king, emperor, business anyway. The Hohenzollerns are a diseased mess, taking them all in all: there seems to be a corrupt physical strain in the family: what does it come from? Can it be syphilis?" He was silent for a while. Resumed: "I am

aware that that is often said of Frederick: it is the pet theory of doctors—their staple explanation: but the question is, is it true? How much of it can be true? I am not easily convinced in such matters: I call for absolute testimony—and that no one outside has got in this case. Doctors put all the iniquities of courts, palaces, high society, down at this one door—but do they belong there? I listen to the stories—yet am not convinced: I am not willing to contradict them or ready to acquiesce."

The Oriental Strain.—"I do not worry: I determine not to worry—let come what may come. Resignation, I may call it: peace in spite of fate." I broke in: "Peace at any price?" Laughed. "Almost that: what the religious people call resignation: the feeling that whatever comes is just the thing that ought to come—ought to be welcomed." But this element in him "is not explained" by his "Occidental origins." His vision drew him into the past. "Somewhere, back, back, thousands of years ago, in my fathers, mothers, there must have been an Oriental strain, element, introduced—a dreamy languor, calm, content: the germ, seed of it, somehow—of this quality which now turns up in me, to my benefit, salvation." Had this anything to do with fatalism? The Mohammedan temperament? "No: it antedates all that: we find it in Hindustan, Palestine, all over the East: rich, suffused with the glow of peace: in nations of men: before what we call civilization."

Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and Brander Matthews.—W.: "As a general thing I don't enjoy dialect literature: it's rather troublesome stuff to handle: yet Jim [Bludso] took a powerful hold on me: but though I don't care much for the dialect writers myself I acknowledge their validity, value, pertinence: that some of them are remarkably gifted: they indicate, stand for, exemplify, an important phase in our literary development." He had "particularly in mind"

one of Bret Harte's "lesser quoted" poems. "It is mighty fine. I have regarded it as his most eminently splendid bit of work: what the locomotive from the Pacific says to the locomotive from the Atlantic when they meet: have you read that? Oh! it's capital: it's a perfect creation." Had he any objections to The Outcasts of Poker Flat? "Not a single objection: I like it—more than like it: all of it." Where did he rank Bret Harte? "I hardly know what to say to that." Above Mark Twain? "The English have taken to Harte: they seem to understand him." What was his idea of Mark Twain. "I think he mainly misses fire: I think his life misses fire: he might have been something: he comes near to being something: but he never arrives." I quoted Brander Matthews. W. asked at once: "Who is he? Where is he from? I have neither met nor read him."

Government by Millionaires.—"Horace, we are all under the thumb of millionaires: ours is a millionaire government, without a doubt." "Ain't all modern governments millionaire governments?" "I suppose they are or getting to be." Then he added: "And I do not know that I complain: the millionaires must have their innings, too: that is a phase we are going through—can't skip." I asked: "Then you don't think we'll always have millionaire governments?" He answered quickly: "You don't need to ask me such a question: the people, who are now asleep, will yet wake up." I said: "Sometimes you quarrel with the people who try to wake them up: you call them doctrinaries and partisans." "Do I?" "You certainly do: yet you are a fierce doctrinaire and partisan in your own way." He said he wasn't "inclined to dispute" me. But how did I make that out? "No one is more stubborn for what he considers the truth than you are. That's all the other fellows are: stubborn for the truth as they see it."

Naturalists and Materialism.—W. turned to me and said

with great energy: "But, Horace, have you never noticed the tendency in naturalists—men who live out of doors, in the woods, the supposedly freest life: the tendency toward depression, if not actually depression itself? the taint of it?" Could it be that a withdrawal from human comradeship had something to do with this? He answered very deliberately: "Something of that sort might be said in discussing Thoreau: it could not be urged in John's case: John has never wanted for companions: the world is always wide open to him: he likes people." "Then you have no explanation?" "I have notions but no conclusion. One of the remarkable facts is that naturalists are made materialists often by the very experiences that would make me the opposite."

The Tyranny of Miracles.—B. spoke of something as "a miracle." W. said: "Miracles are dangerous affairs, Maurice." B: "You may not be a believer in miracles, Walt, but you are a worker of miracles." W. said: "You are a liberal interpreter, Maurice: you construe me far beyond what I am or could be—far beyond what I want to be." Yet he also said: "What greater miracles than the telegraph, telephone—all the wonderful new mechanism of our day!" At the same time he said he always "wanted to be 'quoted against the theological miracles.'" Bucke's insistence that there was a background for it all, W. said, did "not explain the case." W. added: "The whole miracle dogma business has been swung as a club over the head of the world: it has been a weapon flourished by the tyrannical dynasties of the old world—dynasties murderous, reeking, unscrupulous, barbarous: they have always tried to justify their crimes by an assumed divine grant of some sort. I have often wondered about the Greeks—how much of their mythology they really believed: it looks to me as if their gods like other gods were mostly used not for liberation but oppression: the gods intervened, but often in mean, despicable, poisonous, dastardly

ways, to blind, to paralyze, to afflict, rather than to bless. Think of Mercury sent forth by Jupiter. It was oftener as a bad unscrupulous angel than a curer of souls—the inflicter rather than the healer of wounds. The people have always suffered: they have always been the victims of their gods."

Our Universities.—I asked W.: "What would you say of the university and modern life?" "I wouldn't say anything: I'd rather be excused." "But suppose you couldn't dodge it—had to say something?" He took my quizzing genially this time. "You know: I have said everything to you before: I have nothing new to announce." "But suppose you had to talk?" "Had to? I never have to: but you know my feeling about the colleges: I do not object to anything they do that will enrich the popular life—emphasize the forces of democracy: the trouble is that so much they do is bent the other way—seems to me simply hopeless scholarism or encourages reaction: is bookishness rather than revelation: is not vital brutal instant instinct but the distillation of distillations God knows how many removes from origins." I said: "Well—I got you to say something, anyhow!" He added: "Yes, you did: I don't take it back: so much of the work we might be warranted in expecting the university to do has to be done outside universities to-day: the university is only contemporary at the best: it is never prophetic: it goes, but not in advance: often, indeed, as dear Sidney used to say here, has its eyes set in the back of its head." I asked: "Isn't this all inevitable as long as the university is an aristocratic rather than a democratic institution?" W.: "I do not deny it: in fact, that may be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Scriabine

By Paul Rosenfeld

THERE are gorgeous pages in the symphonic poems of Scriàbine. And yet, despite their manifold splendors, despite the fulgent "Prometheus," these works are not his most significant. Though Scriàbine handled the orchestra with rare sympathy, it was not his proper medium. His medium was primarily the piano.

There have been few composers better acquainted with the instrument. There have been few who plumbed its resources more fully, few who held it in greater reverence, few who listened as solicitously for its proper voice, so dissimilar from that of other instruments. Of all piano music, only that of Ravel and Debussy seems as thoroughly steeped in the essential color of the medium, seems to lie as much in the black and white keys, part of them, not imposed upon them. As one plays Scriàbine, the hands become possessed of a curious intelligence, make significant gestures, move with a new and delightful life. Indeed, beside these works, those of Liszt appear curiously unpianistic, like orchestral music transcribed for the instrument. Beside them, those of Chopin and Schumann, even, appear a little hesitating and unventuresome. It is as if this man employed the definitive pianistic style.

It is as if the currents of Scriàbine's life had set with mysterious strength toward the instrument, till it became an eternally fresh and marvellous experience for him, till between him and the thing there came to be an interchange of life. There was something more than science in his playing, especially during the latter years of his life, when his own indi-

vidual being broke so wonderfully into flower. He played the piano as one of two persons who had shared life together might address the other, knowing what complexity and depth of intention a phrase, a smile, a brief gesture, conveyed. And so, because of his great devotion, the piano lured out of Scriàbine his creative genius. As he gave more and more to the instrument, the instrument gradually discovered him to himself, and through himself, to all the world.

His piano music is the record of the unfolding. It is the history of the gradual divestment of the influence of Chopin and Liszt, the uncovering of a personal manner of sensation. The process was a lengthy one. In fact, it is only in the compositions subsequent to Opus 50 that Scriàbine emerges completely liberated. The preceding works, for all their sumptuousness and style, are but a minor manifestation. The influence of his masters, though waning continually, is still evident. For Scriàbine's art, more than that of any modern master, more than that of Schoenberg, is rooted in the romantic tradition as it comes to us through Chopin, Wagner, Liszt and Strauss. In a sense, it develops logically out of it. The "Poème Satanique" rests directly on Liszt. The influence of Chopin is ubiquitous throughout the earlier works. Scriàbine wrote mazurkas, preludes, etudes, nocturnes and valses, modelled on his master's. And yet, "Bits filched from Chopin's trousseau," César Cui's caustic summary of the pieces, is unjust. Elegant and Chopinesque the music is, without a doubt. But it has obvious and attractive original elements. The treatment of the instrument is bold and inventive. The coloring, the harmonic feeling, are gorgeous, richer even than Chopin's. The emotional quality, though held in fastidious check, is more disquieting. There is Russian depth and vehemence and largeness in this now languid, now mystical, now leonine music. Examine, for instance, the Piano Concerto, or, better yet, the Third Sonata, perhaps the most successful of the longer works written during the transition

period. The latter is one of the best romantic pieces of this genre. Without doubt, it is the composition of one who loves his Chopin and has studied his Liszt. But it is more than that. It is unmistakably the output of one conscious of his own life, eloquent of his own experience. The feeling for color that it manifests, especially in the lambent andante movement, is almost new in piano literature. More delicate than that of a Borodin or a Rimsky-Korsakow, one has the sense of having encountered it in sumptuous Eastern stuffs, in silken carpets and golden mosaics, rather than in European music. But the voluptuousness and vehemence are held in aristocratic restraint. Throughout, there is evidence of the control of an intelligence intolerant, for all the splendor of its speech, of any excess, of any exaggeration, of any breach of taste. The craftsmanship is impeccable, quite worthy of Taneiew's aptest pupil. And throughout the work, there is evidence of the bourgeoning of another quality. We are already in the presence of an exquisite sensibility. The unfolding of the man's proper personality is well in progress.

How strange, how infinitely curious a matter they are, after all, those following later sonatas and poems of Scriàbine, works born of that sensibility, works in which his genius realized itself! For some, to be sure, this music is but a design, ingratiating or unpleasant, of tones of various resonance, set apart from one another at arbitrary distances. They are aware of certain technical qualities developed in it, of the abandonment of the major-minor system, the substitution of another originally constructed on the "mystic chord" that persisted in Scriàbine's imagination, a chord built up in fourths from the tones c, d, e, f$^{\#}$, a, and b$^{\flat}$. They are aware that the form of Scriàbine's later sonatas, for all the innovations, is really the classical, the binary form, the combat between two contradictory themes. They are aware that Scriàbine's later preludes are in reality strictly classical preludes. But, for others, there is little music less ostentatious of its means, little that manifests

more clearly and precisely its content. For such, there is little music that throws into sharper relief the miracle of communication through material form. For such, to hear these priceless last pages is to experience the eternal miracle of art. A few sounds, broken and elusive, are struck out of an instrument, and die away again. And yet, through those vibrations, life for an instant becomes incandescent. It is as if the auditors themselves are transformed into more sensitive instruments. It is as if their apprehensions are refined, and prepare them for less ungracious participation in the common experience. It is as if much that has hitherto been shy and lonely experience undergoes a sudden change into something clarified and significant and universal. It is as if the ability to feel beauty quickens, like that in one who has never before seen the spring come over the land, and glances upward, and beholds a flowering apple bough against the blue.

For it was the power to experience life with rare sensibility that elemented this music. The music is the work of one who had the gift of fixing with classic precision the most delicate and evanescent of emotions. As one listens to ths subtle, poignant, intensely colored music,it comes to us that there have been scarcely any composers endowed with perceptions more exquisite than Scriàbine's. Certainly, there have been few without the East. Sometimes, the music is like clustering flowers breaking suddenly from the cool and shadowy earth. Sometimes, it is like the beating of luminous wings. Sometimes, it is of another poignancy, like the weariest of self-realizations, the saddest of confessions of helplessness. And then, at times, it is like the whispers, the sighs, of one sinking from the world in some mortal illness. It is the work of a man who must have experienced with the intensity of the child what the child does not feel, the complicated, quivering life of men. It is the work of one who must have suffered an almost ecstatic subjugation to the manifestations of beauty, must have been consumed with a sort of passion of communicating his brief,

sharp, sensuous impressions. Indeed, the sensation is oftentimes so intensely, so uncompromisingly, communicated, that it excites commingled pleasure and pain. One shrinks from such a music as from some too poignant revelation. Certain of the works of Scriàbine one might hesitate to perform, as one might hesitate to illuminate the intimate and passionate manifestation of the love of a well-loved being. Small wonder that Scriàbine fled all his life into shining dreams! To one possessed of such a sensibility, there was no other means of existence.

His music is full of the gesture of flight. It is full of flutterings, of brief sharp ascents that sink back broken. All these pieces are "Poëmes ailés," flights toward some island of the blessed, aspirations "Vers la flamme," the flame of joy, momentary transports into a paradise of divine pleasure and divine activity. All through the music of Scriàbine one hears the beating of wings. White gleaming pinions wheel and hover in the godlike voluptuous close of the "Poème divine." Impotent caged wings poise themselves for flight, in the mystic Seventh Sonata, flutter for an instant, and are still. Is it irresolution? One cannot tell. And in all those last bleeding, agonizing preludes, one hears another motion. But this time, it is

> "The groundswirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
> The wind of Death's imperishable wing."

And as in his music, so in his thought. The gesture of flight, too, informed his curious, very personal, very modern religion. That bizarre mixture of theosophy and neoplatonism and Bergsonian philosophy was but the rationalization of the impulse of withdrawal. The man longed passionately for some azure unoppressed world without the limits of this. Here was a faith that promised flight, even though it was flight in another direction. It was the flight of transport. And so Scriàbine came to formulate all life as the effort to attain certain planes of ecstasy, and through ecstasy, godhead. Few, no doubt, will agree with the admiring lady who found Scrià-

bine's thought "a philosophy of life that would satisfy the most advanced thinker." And yet, it is fortunate that it satisfied the man. Whatever its quality, it fulfilled its function admirably. For a while, at any rate, it made life supportable for a rare genius. It ordered a world in which one constituted as Scriàbine was could thrive and create. Unlike the intellectual systems of many other musicians, it did no violence to his genius. It was no compulsion to reform and redirect his sensation. On the contrary, it proved itself most serviceable to his art, and supplied his symphonic poems, for instance, with programmes flexible enough to permit unhampered musical expression. Indeed, not a little of the originality and beauty of the "Poème divine," the "Poème d'extase," and of "Prometheus" are due to the ideals that governed Scriàbine. The atmosphere of the religious ceremony, the slow hieratic gesture with which the music is unfolded, the half mystical, half sensual coloration, were introduced by them. For Scriàbine conceived these poems as ceremonies of elevation and deification by ecstasy, rites in which performers and auditors engaged as active and passive celebrants. Together, enkindling one another, they were to ascend from plane to plane of ecstasy, experiencing divine struggle and bliss and creativity, till their common emotion became God. With Jules Romains, Scriàbine would have cried to his audience—

> "Tu vas mourir tantôt, sous le poids de tes heures;
> Les hommes, déliés, glisseront par les portes,
> Les ongles de la nuit t'arracheront la chair.
> Qu'importe!
> . . . . Tu es mienne avant que tu sois morte;
> Les corps qui sont ici, la ville peut les prendre:
> Ils garderont au front comme une croix de cendre
> Le vestige du dieu que tu es maintenant!"

And it is only when, in development of his theory of sensation, he begins to plan, like Wagner and d'Annunzio before him, a conjunction of arts to produce a super-art, introduces a

clavier à lumière into a symphonic poem, projects, in the unfinished "Mysteria" the supplementation of the music by dance, perfume and light, that one begins to regret the theosophic leanings. However, no actual harm was done. The light-keyboard will doubtless be omitted definitely from all future performances of "Prometheus," for it precludes the full enjoyment of the music. The "Mysteria" exists in sketches only. And it is doubtful whether Scriàbine, had he lived, would long have attempted to subject his music to arbitrary alliances with mechanical effects. He was too much, too sensitive, an artist.

To many, it will appear highly doubtful that the music of Scriàbine, product as it is of an inordinate, a flowerlike, sensibility, could be acceptable to any but an over-refined and over-exquisite few. And yet, in Russia, it has been accepted by the musical public. Returning travellers tell us that it is Scriàbine, Scriàbine, and Scriàbine only, who is performed in Russian concert halls. But it is not only Russia that can find herself in this music. To-morrow, such may be the experience of the cultivated world. For Scriàbine was one of those in whom the age that is slowly expiring about us became conscious and articulate. Russia bore him, it is true, elemented him, gave him her childlike tenderness and barbaric richness and mystic light. But he is more than a purely racial expression. He is of the line of Russian artists who have been most at home in Switzerland and France and Belgium, who are more an international than a national product. Indeed, he is one of those into whom an age entered, who seems to have felt the life of an age in its intensest form, and to have become symbolic of it. The time that created Scriàbine in its proper likeness was a time when motive power in human beings was inhibited, when side by side with the sense of impotence there waxed an inordinate power of feeling. In Scriàbine, those qualities attained something like heroic, supernatural stature. And so, he is one of those artists who come

to us like the discovery of ourselves. What was beautiful and sick in the age had entered into his art. Through it, we learn afresh not a little of how and what we feel, not a little of what those about us and eternally separate from ourselves feel and live. Through it, a ray of understanding falls into the chaos within.

That music is not the contribution of a dilettante, the contribution of one who stood apart and noted daintily what he observed. It is a thing created in the flesh of a man, out of his own agony. "Eine Entwicklung ist ein Schicksal," Thomas Mann once wrote. For Scriàbine, the development of his personality, the awakening of that aerial, palpitant sensibility, was such. It devoured him like a brand. One can only shudder before the tragic destiny of one who came to feel life as it is felt in those last quivering poems, "Guirlandes," "Flammes sombres" he entitles them, or in the mysterious Tenth Sonata, that glows with the feverish light of the dream, or in those last haunted preludes. Existence for the man who could write such music, in which unearthly rapture contrasts with unearthly suffering, must have been a sort of exquisite martyrdom. And, like a fragile thing suddenly ignited, he flared up, fiercely, magnificently, and then died out. Through that conflagration, an age, not yet superseded, has attained some manner of permanence.

Hours with a Revivalist

By Theodore Schroeder

ON the outside of the church, a revival was advertised. That tempted me, as it was designed to do. Recently I had attended a negro church, there witnessing the only revival I had seen since my boyhood. Except for a few meetings of the colored folk, many years had passed since I had been inside of a church. Perhaps I could get a new sensation. It occurred to me also that it would be interesting to compare the black man's and the white man's "spirituality." I had read several accounts of that "great awakening," the New England revival which is credited to Jonathan Edwards, and I had seen those extravagant performances duplicated under the stimulation of one of the tribe known as "the colored Billy Sunday." Now, I thought, I might see at a white man's Methodist church a repetition of this extraordinary exhibition. The meetings and the subsequent events, however, were so different from my anticipations that I am impelled to record the facts.

The church had a seating capacity approaching six hundred and the seats were mostly occupied. In the pulpit was a young man of perhaps 35 years of age, well built and over six feet tall. He had a large square face, rather characterless, I thought, set upon a large neck supported upon large, broad, square shoulders. He must have weighed nearly two hundred and fifty pounds. Reared in Podunk he would have become the ideal village blacksmith. In Milwaukee his build would have qualified him for the job of Rausschmeiser. A mother's sentimentalism and an education had probably com-

bined to make him a Methodist parson. Education, without the mother, might have made him a country lawyer or a village doctor. By unconscious processes the subjection to the maternal dreams, or something similar, had impelled him to stay on the pulpiteering job, though with an evident conflict between intellectual attainment and emotional compulsion.

When pleading with the audience to come to the mourners' bench, it almost seemed to me at times as if he expected us to express an emotional appreciation of divine love just because he considered this a perfectly logical thing to do. Then again it was as though we should come forward merely as a personal favor to God, or as a matter of living up to somebody's conception of good manners. Nothing was said or done to induce the conviction, or stimulate the feeling, that it was of any great consequence *to us* either that we or he should accept God. It was as if it were all for God's sake. Doubtless he was quite unconscious of all this, probably because his impulses were neither strongly religious nor coördinated with the needs of his audience. Of course, the thought came to me that his religion had never acquired real meaning to him in the sense in which religion had meaning to Jonathan Edwards or to "the colored Billy Sunday."

In sermon and prayer he told us what fine fellows were God and Jesus. In fact he recommended them both very highly. Yet, while he bestowed much rhetorical flattery on God, there was never a fervent appeal for his help to sinners. It was as if the parson didn't need help, or perhaps, never having received any from God, had no confidence in the efficacy of prayer. This was all so contrary to what I had heard in boyhood, or had recently seen at negro revivals, that I marveled and became interested in observing more closely its effect upon others.

One might have gathered the impression that the parson really desired others to identify him with God's work so that, as an added means to greater self-exaltation, it was expedient

for him to extol the master. In trying desperately to persuade himself that the Methodists' God is really omniscient and omnipotent, he succeeded only in assuring his audience that God was "worth while."

There was none of the confident assumption of one who knows that he has God on his side, and that therefore he can point the way for others, compelling their assent to the need of salvation, and belief in his authority to offer it. It would not have been different if confessedly the exhibition had been that of a man defending himself against his own doubts, not claiming to be a confidence-inspiring leader of other doubters.

He told us that "we *really* ought to do" this, and that "we hope" that, and that "we cannot afford to take the position" of some persons. He told us how faith in the son of God was "reported" to have saved others but gave no assurance that he considered himself saved. He told us how the Bible "reports" what Christ is said to have done for the sinning woman 2,000 years ago, but expressed no confidence in any such service rendered in more recent times. He had many sorrows over the demons of lust, of drink, of covetousness, cards and dancing, but not a word of rebuke for the sin of unbelief, blasphemy, or hypocrisy.

In short, he spake not as one with authority, but rather as a hired man, too modest or too indifferent to use the personal pronoun, or to claim the authority of a true believer who has felt the "inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Once he half closed his eyes as he spoke in slow measure. I felt that he was more concerned to have us believe in *his* earnestness and his nearness to God than that we ourselves should become earnest, as seekers after God. Although occasionally he pulled the tremulo stop to his voice, and once or twice evinced great lung power on the basso profundo, yet it all seemed dead. The exhortation was drawing to a close and none had come to the mourners' bench.

On the first evening of my attendance he had especially

requested the parents and teachers to see that the Sunday School pupils should come. For once he warmed up in good form. Manifestly he really and truly felt that religion was of great importance to children. Yet no children came to the mourners' bench. The revival season of a month was about to close, and out of the large audience in regular attendance during the whole month, only about a score had consecrated themselves to God. With pitiful humility he begged us to come forward, but no one moved. In deepest pleading tones he concluded with: "I need your prayers. Don't forget *me*." He mopped his massive brow, and the choir began its solemn function. This was Friday, the last night of the revival season. The next Sunday morning service would be the last of the present series of invitations to accept salvation. Then would come baptisms and receptions into the church.

I waited at the door for the pastor to emerge. Many detained him, as if to show their friendliness or even silently to express their apologies for disappointing him. At last he came out, seeming pleased that I wished to walk and talk with him. Evidently he had derived some comfort from what others had said to him on his way out. Wondering if I would prove a painful antidote, I proceeded directly to my object.

In reply to my first question he admitted his disappointment as to the fruits of his revival effort. When I asked him how he accounted for his failure, he spoke hesitatingly and half absent-mindedly of the power of evil and Satan, the stiffneckedness and pride of the people, and other such religious commonplaces. I expressed doubt as to this being the explanation of his failure, and then he turned my question back upon me. It was up to me, and I delivered myself about as follows:

It seemed to me that his audience was a fair average of religious audiences, just such an audience as Jonathan Edwards or the Rev. Charles G. Finney or Moody and Sankey

would have got great results from. More than half were women over 45 years of age with sad and troubled faces. Roughly estimated, fifteen per cent were young women under 23 years of age; there were a few old men and some young men. Aside from the choir members and the ushers, there were scarcely ten vigorous, contented, healthy-appearing persons of middle age in the entire crowd. Manifestly these troubled souls were humble and distressed, and came there for help and consolation. They did not receive the spiritual uplift which they needed and desired. Manifestly also their craving for the "true spirit" and their conscious need of salvation, were as great as in any average gathering of Methodists. A few nights back, when all were waiting for some "hungry spirit" to go to the mourners' bench, an old man had arisen near the right front and in a few vehement sentences had appealed to sinners to repent and accept Jesus. Twenty-five *amens* had responded to his appealing voice. I said to the pastor: "Great possibilities were manifested in this little outburst of enthusiasm, which you never once elicited. Had your entire sermon been shaped and delivered with the fervid spirit of that old man, I believe you would have had abundant results for your effort. When you think upon this, don't you see that after all this was an average audience 'ripe for the harvest' "?

The parson hesitated a moment and then slowly said: "Well, I don't know but that you are right."

I persisted in my quest: "If the cause of failure in this revival is not in the special character of your audiences, then where are we to look for an explanation?" After a pause he said: "I don't know, I wish you would tell me what you think about it."

I reminded him that I was a stranger and therefore might not be pardoned for saying what an intimate friend might take a chance upon. He assured me, however, that he was much concerned and really would like some light upon the

situation, and he thought he could stand anything I might be inclined to say. I accepted the invitation.

"The first evenings of my attendance I studied the audience and your effect upon them." So I began. "When I saw that the effects were negligible, I proceeded to study you. I began by listening to what you did not say. During my attendance upon your meetings you never made one statement about salvation on the faith of your own religious experiences. You quoted St. Paul or Jesus, just as one might quote Wilson or Roosevelt. You added nothing of your personal religious experience by way of reinforcement or to impress us with the value of your authorities. So impersonal was your discourse, even in form, that a mere agnostic could have delivered your sermon without doing much violence to his convictions. He too, could say 'the apostle Paul informs us' or, 'Jesus is reported to have said' and under his breath he might have added: 'What of it?' "

Then I commented upon his want of zeal and enthusiasm. I pointed out that his hymns were all like dirges, when they should have been of the rousing, thumping, rhythmic, "Onward Christian Soldier" sort, if they were meant to aid the revival spirit. The parson evidently was not selecting his music, any more than his sermon, with a conscious view to the emotional craving of his audience. All was too manifestly the unconscious choice of a morose temperament, probably made so by emotional conflicts within. If this conflict concerned doubt as to his efficiency or fitness for the preacher's task it might explain much of his conduct. Thus the character of his sermons might be determined by the unconscious urge to find rationalistic justification by a special plea for his presence in the pulpit. This same relative obsession with the internal conflict may have compelled him to ignore the emotional needs and "spiritual hunger" of his audience. I expatiated on these psychological aspects of his character and advised him to study his half-conscious and unexpressed

moods, to discover if he might not be much happier outside the pulpit and church. He protested mildly against my conclusion and thanked me for my frankness. We had reached his home and now said "good night."

On Sunday morning, I went to the church to see if my talk had had any effect. After the service I again waited at the door and asked the parson if he would allow me to walk home with him.

He really seemed pleased that I had been there. Perhaps he thought that he had redeemed himself in my estimation. As soon as we had extricated ourselves from the crowd, he asked me with an air of confidence what I thought of the sermon. I told him that I concluded that I had irritated and stimulated him. He admitted that I had done him some good in making him more conscious of his privileges and duty.

"Yes," I said. "In the substance of your sermon you were nearer right with God. Also you put a little more ginger into it than formerly. But"—I continued—"there were no newcomers to the mourners' bench, so evidently you were no nearer right with your audience than before. Perhaps you were preaching at me and again forgetting the needs of the great crowd. Perhaps you were making a new kind of defense for your own doubt, instead of focusing your attention upon the process of entrancing others. Where formerly you were defending yourself to yourself, today you seemed to be defending yourself to me. Intellectually and emotionally I am very unlike your audience and so once more your effort was inefficient in answering to *their* spiritual needs."

He demurred but could give no better explanation of his failure to induce anyone to "hit the trail." (This phrase of the Rev. Billy Sunday reminds me that my parson was one of a committee to invite the Rev. Billy to come to his city to revive the unregenerate. Incidentally the parson had expressed to me some disapproval of the Rev. Billy's methods, but thought that on the whole his large results were an ample

justification.) I returned to my diagnosis of his troubles. I reminded him that in this sermon he had made two emphatic statements on his own responsibility. After the first he had paused a moment and then earnestly and deliberately said to the congregation: "And—this—is—not—mere—cant—but—is—said—out—of—the—fullness—of—my—own—heart." I asked him to focus his attention for a moment upon the probable effect of this statement upon his congregation, to estimate how many of them might have experienced a mild shock which, if it had become conscious and articulate, might have found expression in the question: "I wonder why the parson thought it necessary to defend his sincerity!"

He silently nodded his assent, showing me that he saw the point. Furthermore, he seemed more interested than offended, and this gave me courage to proceed with my efforts to help the man to a better understanding of his own psychology and the possible solving of a conflict which after all was largely far below the surface of consciousness. Had the parson been a conscious hypocrite he could not possibly have maintained a calm interest through the criticisms which I am reporting in condensed form. He was honestly interested in the self-revelation, just as he was honestly unconscious of the mental and emotional processes involved in his religious conflict. I believe he was quite unaware that he possessed a minimum of what I might call the differential essence of religion, which is a subjective experience. My parson had only an objectively derived conviction about certain theological formulas.

I proceeded thus: "When making the second statement on your own responsibility, your eyes unconsciously wandered over toward me, and when your gaze met mine you stuttered. I have been taught to believe that this signifies that upon seeing me your subconscious doubt about the statement you were then making was crowding toward the surface, for recognition and expression. In other words at that precise moment

you were desperately near to a consciousness of your internal conflict. The stuttering was the product of an unconscious automatic effort to get time in which to solve your conflict, to dispel your doubt, and decide what was really true for you. In other words, that stutter, in the light of our prior conversation, convinced me that you are not fully at peace with yourself in the matter of your preaching."

I ignored another mild protest and continued my analysis by reminding him that in his opening prayer he had uttered a fervent appeal for the skeptics, telling God that perhaps during the past week some in that very congregation had been grieved and perplexed by their doubts and fears. I suggested that it seemed to me as though he had in mind his own doubts, perplexities and fears, and that he was really uttering that prayer for himself and not for the congregation.

Here came another protest, with the explanation that a minister always has poured into his ears the troubles of those who are sad and depressed, that he thought such experiences adequately accounted for the prayer, and that therefore my inference was unjust. I ignored the fact that even now he did not claim to have had any specific tale of doubt poured into his ears during the past week and that probably he was only attempting an intellectualized mode of suggesting to me an objective fact, the existence of which his conscience would not allow him to assert positively.

Instead I proceeded as follows: "Allow me to tell you another reason why your explanation does not explain. In your opening prayer you knelt on your left knee. Your right knee supported your right elbow, while your right hand covered your face from the eyes down. Your left forearm rested on the pulpit. Your left hand hung unsupported over the front of the Bible. In your prayer you implored the Almighty to restore peace in Europe. Here your voice was calm and your brow placid and the disengaged hand hung lifelessly. When you reached that part of your prayer where

you implored God to aid doubters your brow was wrinkled, your voice grew more tense, and the left hand was raised almost to a straight line with your forearm and opened and closed several times, convulsively clutching at the atmosphere. These changes in face, voice, and hand evidenced an excitement within which did not exist when you prayed for peace in Europe, where perhaps more than a hundred thousand men had been killed or maimed during the week. If the inner excitement had been objectively conditioned, then it seems inevitable that it should have been more conspicuous over the war-slaughter of many who had not yet accepted salvation, than over two or three doubting Thomases who had told you of their troubles during the week. Only your personal afflictions are likely to outweigh the sorrows of the war. Therefore it seems to me that the excitement, unconsciously manifested, did not originate in other people's troubles but was occasioned by your own half-conscious conflicts and doubts."

I saw that this struck home. Then I tried to show him how to deal with such a conflict by allowing himself to become more conscious of its submerged elements and then to resolve the conflict by working toward a decision of it on the basis of its objective factors.

By this time we had reached the parson's residence. I had never been censorious in my manner, had never thought, felt, or implied any reproach. I had never discussed the truth or falsity of any tenet of his religion. I contented myself with trying to illuminate his understanding as to his own psychology, the behavior of the forces within himself. I was really trying to help the man, and he seemed equally willing to look squarely in the face his subconscious impulses and his conflicts. Hence there was never a moment of friction, never a particle of resentment on his part. Had he been a conscious hypocrite he would scarcely have been able to listen calmly. His conscious desires were really functioning on a pretty

high evolutionary level and his desire to know the truth, even about his own emotions, was strong enough to eliminate the aversion which is often felt by less highly evolved persons. Quite in consonance with this estimate of him, he invited me to have Sunday dinner with him. I accepted.

After dinner the psychological study was resumed in his library. We covered a wide range but finally got back to his failure as a revivalist when he asked me what he could do to increase his efficiency in that part of his work. He insisted that he wanted to know the truth and that I might feel secure in speaking frankly. So I went on as follows:

"Those elderly women of your congregation showed in their sad faces the disappointments of a misspent life, disappointments produced by and in turn accentuating emotional conflicts. According to that school of psychologists whose theories are most convincing to me I quite believe that practically all of these emotional conflicts have their origin in disturbed sexual emotions. In short, we all have sexual desires, phantasies or experiences, which are more or less shameful secrets with us. Just as the feeling of shame is great, its conflict with desire is intense and our resulting anxiety keen. This anxiety about sexual sinning and suppressed desire, or unintelligent erotic expression, is the condition the revivalist must accept if he wishes to succeed. So then, your task is one of playing upon the guilty consciences of these disappointed older people, these adolescent victims of sex-suppression, who have not yet lost all the hope of realizing their desire. Preach an insinuating sermon on the sins of the flesh, until every suppressed desire, every shameful experience, has become a vivid, conscious phantasy. Then portray the penalty of these sins in terms of eternal torment amid the lurid gloom of hell. Above all things make the picture graphic and in swift, loud, excited speech suggest the agonizing shrieks of the damned, until the hearers' guilty imaginations are filled with pictures of themselves crying aloud in pain, and writhing amid loath-

some fumes of fire and brimstone; until they can feel the very flames already consuming their clothes and scorching their limbs, until they actually cry aloud in agony over their own degradation. In this way you will induce 'the conviction of sin,' which the church recognizes as the first step toward salvation. After that will come the 'change of heart.'

"Then tell these love-sick sinners of the infinite love of God, who sent his only begotten son to redeem a sinning world. Picture him on the cross, his naked limbs exposed to the scoffers' gaze, with the bleeding side and sad, sweet, forgiving face of a near adolescent or early middle-aged divine man, in whom alone love is guiltless. When this portrait of the sweet agony of the divine lover has been so drawn as to create upon their already sensitized erotic imagination a correspondingly vivid phantasy almost as clear and insistent as would be the living presence, then woo them with mellow pleading and cooing voice and with outstretched hands ask them to embrace the gospel by coming to the loving arms of Jesus and accepting his gracious pardon and salvation without price, though purchased by his precious blood.—When you can do that efficiently, they will come to the mourners' bench even over the tops of the seats. Don't you think so?"

I had put considerable life into my narrative of the revival process. I now paused for a reply. Presently he said: "But I don't know that I am willing to do that." This sentence, in the light of what had preceded, tells the whole story of the decline in the influence of evangelical religion.

What, then, is the trouble with our revival preacher and with other preachers? They have been too well educated. Without knowing it they have more or less formed the habit of checking the intellectualization of their feelings by the use of at least a portion of the secular ideal. In other words our revivalist possessed theological opinions derived he knew not whence which he sought to justify by a more or less crude application of the scientific method. His audience had no

appetite for his rationalistic processes, and he had outgrown the capacity for playing rag-time on their emotions. Therefore, he was inefficient and the audience largely disappointed. A Billy Sunday, black or white, is still in that backward state of development where he can successfully make the emotional appeal to those whose development is also arrested, mentally.

I feel quite certain that my revivalist had no conscious lack of faith in his creed, but manifestly it had relatively small positive value for him. His difficulty was not over credal formulas, because these are always subject to an interpretation that is quite consistent with the individual's other intellectual attainments. Instead of being concerned with the end product of his thinking, the difficulties had more to do with his feeling attitude toward those end products and toward the underlying intellectual methods by which these formulas are attained. By the unconscious effects of conscious educational effort this parson had been habituated to intellectual methods that incapacitated him for efficient work as a revivalist. His intellectual self-respect had come into conflict with his desire for efficiency, in a field where untrained or hysterical emotions are everything and calm intellectual processes, acting in conscious relations with objectives, are as nothing. The Rev. Billy Sunday and his negro imitators are more efficient because they are free from the handicap of a better intellectual development.

The Seven Arts Chronicle

for September

At the Moscow Art Theater

"You've missed Hamlet," said my friend, as I got out of the train at Moscow.

This was—when? A few days before Lent, 1914. I had missed Hamlet and The Brothers Karamazow and the sight of several other plays, by quite foolishly forgetting that Lent would close the theaters. So instead of coming straight through to Russia I had been spending time in Berlin, seeing Reinhardt's Shakespeare. Not wasting time. I could admire whole-heartedly the full color, the relentless vigor of the work and much in it besides. While if they missed—those bold Berliners —some of the sweetness of my English Shakespeare, some of his careless tolerance, some of his sheer spiritual beauty—well, people find what they look for and only that! But I was angry; "for," said I, "Berlin from London is a 24 hours' journey, but when shall I find time again to travel to Moscow?" Moscow is nearer to me now than Berlin will ever be.

What a change it was from the Deutsches to the Art Theater! Two little talks I had can illustrate it. One of Reinhardt's men had said to me, "We can't get the actors nowadays—the Falstaffs and Hotspurs, they've all turned into respectable married men interested in their homes and politics and what not."

I said, "You should keep them in cages, feed them on raw meat, exercise them on the chain."

Stanislawsky was telling me a week later that what he always needed was a company of good citizens. "Acting is not acrobatics, but the expression of life; and of life at its normal not less than at its moments of crisis. And how are they to express what they do not understand?"

Then I saw Tchekoff played.

I saw "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard." Well, I had not believed till then that there could be perfection of achievement in the theater. Twenty years of rough and tumble stage work in London had driven me not only to accept the limitations of my trade but to exaggerate them, sometimes, forgetting my dreams, almost to boast about them. That infinite variety of human material with which the producer of plays must work, varying in itself, moreover, from day to day—a glory to him that he works not with dead stone or paint, an added glory that, as the work grows, it escapes his hands, that his work, indeed, is to set it free! "A play never is cast right and never will be," was what one said. "The hurry of production. Macbeth is due on Friday week, but there are scenes and scenes to get right yet. Well, worry at the worst of these, or the most important; the others must stay wrong." I have post-

poned a play a bare week and my business manager has nearly wept at the cost and the complication.

So—"Plays never are properly produced and never will be," one shrugs. I asked Stanislawsky how long he rehearsed a play. "Till it is ready," he answered.

Let me use the space I have only in writing my memories of those two Tchekoff plays. Of the others I saw—Le Malade Imaginaire, L'Oiseau Bleu, La Locandiera—I could speak, no doubt, with more critical judgment, since my own English detachment from their originals is, though different, no further a one than Stanislawsky's. I even saw one performance, liking neither play nor production, and was glad in a way to be able to test my joy in the others by this contrast. But on a week's acquaintance with the work of such a theater who can criticise constructively? There may be some value though in the record of a simple surrender. Tchekoff in his native place was to be accepted unquestioned.

I had studied the plays of course. I had been tempted to try my hand at producing them, but my instinct told me that more material was needed than even the exactest translation of words could supply, and when I saw these two I thanked my instinct indeed.

I remember, after that performance of "The Three Sisters," re-reading the book in my room at the hotel. It was like reading the libretto of an opera, nothing more. The acting had been the music, yes, as much, I felt, the life and soul of it as that. Not in an "operatically" emotional way, not, certainly, in any sense of individual display, but rather that it was harmonized as fine music is into a unity of effect by which themes and players are given not less value but more and more meaning, not less, as parts of an ordered whole. And, just as music dwells with one, I can still recall the interwoven scheme of that first act, its comings and goings, the clustered meal table at the back, the quiet talk on the balcony. Then the scene at night time with its atmosphere of broken rest. Then the last act with its held-back message of death; with that sound of the marching regiment and the gate closing on a separation which is to be death, too, in its kind; with that central figure of the three sisters, who has neither loved nor lost, truest figure of tragedy. If I had to name the most telling stage picture I have ever seen, I think it would be that final moment in the play when, with hardly a word said, just by a bringing together of those three, just by a look in the woman's eyes, the depth of the whole play's meaning is bared to you. Who was the chief painter of it? Tchekoff, Stanislawsky or the three actresses? As it holds you, and for long after, that is a question you forget to ask, and there is a part of its triumph.

But I went to "The Cherry Orchard" I confess a little eager to note how it was all done. For I had my lesson to learn.

Here is work where character counts far more than theme, where at least the strokes of personal painting are stronger, the color of character more deeply dyed. So I judge from finding that I think of the play and its meaning most easily in terms of its people. One salient effect in my memory of the acting of it lessens all others. He has bought the cherry orchard, he, Lopakin, the peasant, the son of a serf. And he boasts and boasts, while the merriment of that party still jangles in the background. And there stands Ma-

dame Ranevsky at the table listening, till at last she drops into her chair and the curtain falls. Madame Tchekoff was playing the part and, released for the moment from the play, I remember I drew a long breath, as one does, in a sort of sympathy with an actress who has been through a big emotional scene. And then I glanced back over my book. There were Lopakin's speeches printed large and long which had seemed but a clattering interruption to the main passion of it all. I found that Madame had not spoken a single word.

Yes, I did want to know how that was done. But these are not tricks, is the answer. The doing of that, and of things like that, is an integral part—of more than the doing—of the very being of the whole theater. It is because plays are produced there when they are ready—are born, not aborted, as Stanislawsky says—that they are living things, that their power over the audiences (such audiences sitting to such fare) is the amazing power of interpreted life. It it because that Moscow stage is not an arena where some "leading man" carries all before him, not a hothouse where the "leading lady" seduces an excited public, that it is not a Russian plaything, but a power in Russia and a part of Russia's true power in the world.

These things come not save by prayer and fasting. Some twenty years of single-minded service can the Moscow Art Theater look back on. The makers did not search first for profits, they waited quite patiently for that token of success to come. They may sometimes make a failure that their public will applaud and crowd to see—few artists escape that ill-luck. They seldom make a success on which their public turns its back. In their freedom from fear of that is the reward of patience and of the so single-minded service of their idea.

What idea?

The very simple one that you must think of art in terms not of profit or success, but of life and of normal life—as, if you also wisely think of life in those same terms, you will. And that life interpreted through art has double power. And that the theater served aright, keenly, sweetly, merrily with passion and thought, its gifts given and taken in their own kind, for their own sake, is not the least life-giving of the arts by which we both live and know we are alive.

H. Granville Barker.

New Books

MYSTERY AND MAGIC

Both of these unusual properties are in two of the notable books that appeared simultaneously a few weeks ago. And, though the larger volume ("Peacock Pie" by Walter de la Mare; published by Henry Holt and Co.) may contain more evocations of mystery, the slighter and less pretentious collection ("Poems" by Ralph Hodgson; published by The Macmillan Co.) reveals a greater power of sheer magic. In these sixty small pages there is a quality of thought so simply exalted, a speech so casually pure, a vision so clear and *naïf,* that one wonders why no American publisher has brought out Hodgson's work before this. A year or two before the war, Hodgson's poems were issued in sections by a semi-private publisher in Westminster, and the few copies of the yellow-

covered "Flying Fame" booklets that reached these shores immediately convinced lovers of poetry that a new and full-throated lyricist was singing across the seas. There was seldom a feeble and never a false line in any of those quaintly-turned songs; never a forced image or a merely effective phrase; never an effort to intrigue the imagination by a spectacular twist or a rhetorical handspring. Always the fluent line that never became glib; always the poignance and tenderness that somehow avoided sentimentality. A re-reading, in the new form, of "Eve", "The Bull" and "The Song of Honour", that trio of little masterpieces, confirms the early impressions and sets one searching again for the thing that gives to these direct and almost colloquial lines their strange glamor and suggestiveness. Take the opening lines of "Eve", with that delicately drawn picture not of "the mother of men" or the first rebel, but of the timidly innocent, naked little country-girl:

"Eve, with her basket was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees.
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees."

This same grave and rich simplicity individualizes even the shortest of his lyrics. It mingles with a mystical note in "Babylon", or "Time, You Old Gypsy Man"; it adds a social under-current and rage at oppression, as in "The Journeyman" and "Stupidity Street." And it is often content to do nothing more than make its own decoration, as in this perfect thumb-nail sketch:

"God loves an idle rainbow,
No less than labouring seas."

Or this, with its suggestion of Wordsworth who, with Coleridge, has definitely influenced many of Hodgson's patterns if not his vision:

"Reason has moons, but moons not hers
Lie mirrored on the sea,
Confounding her astronomers
But, O! delighting me."

It is nothing less than magic that touches these light syllables and transmutes them into something more than words. It is a cumulative power, felt at its best in the longer poems; but it is always haunting. And it is never more moving and memorable than in the brief revelation with which Hodgson concludes the volume, "After":

"How fared you when you mortal were?
What did you see on my peopled star?"
"Oh, well enough", I answered her,
"It went for me where mortals are!

"I saw blue flowers and the merlin's flight
And the rime on the wintry tree;
Blue doves I saw and summer light
On the wings of the cinnamon bee."

Walter de la Mare is the more puzzling of the two; and it is not only what he says but his manner of saying it that points the paradox. He accepts and is faithful to the actual world; yet he often seems completely detached from it. His lines are full of archaisms, inversions and such worn-out rubber-stamp poeticisms as *athwart, thridding, amaranthine* —and somehow he achieves poetry that is surprisingly fresh and spontaneous. His verses are touched with moonlight and mystery, and a

cool wind from Nowhere murmurs among them. "The Listeners", which appeared in this country about a year ago, shows de la Mare at his greatest; but "Peacock Pie" reveals him at his most charming and, in some ways, his best. Both volumes betray that magic that has its roots in fact as well as fantasy; they combine a physical liveliness with a spiritual loveliness. In "Peacock Pie", he surprises us again and again, by transforming what began to be a child's nonsense rhyme into a suddenly thrilling snatch of music. A score of times, as I have pointed out elsewhere, he takes casual scenes and incidents like the feeding of chickens, the taking of physic, berry-picking, seeing mermaids and hair-cutting, and turns them into verse that is as clear and unforgettable as a lyric written by Heinrich Heine and translated by Mother Goose. It is this trick of catching the commonplace off its guard, as it were, that is the first of de la Mare's two great gifts.

His other cardinal quality is his sense of the supernatural, of the fantastic other world that lies on the edges of our crowded consciousness. It is as real as the dark lands of Poe and Hoffmann but it is far less foreign and forbidding. There are ogres and dark riders and black forests in this eerie dominion, but there is nonsense in it too, and lollipops and laughter and dancing farmers and fairies that sometimes talk with a tongue in their fat cheeks. De la Mare is alternately elfin and eldritch, and sometimes he mingles the two. Among the best, in the first vein, are the tripping and whimsical "Jim Jay," "The Lost Shoe," the quiet-colored "Full-Moon." In the second manner, there is the ghostly exaggeration of "At the Keyhole," the windy whispering of "Nobody Knows," the half-heroic mysticism of "The Song of Finis." And nowhere is the blend of the two so appealing, as in the half-humorous, half-pathetic "Sam" or the gaily galloping tale of "Off the Ground." Here is one of the loveliest of the shorter pictures:

FULL MOON

One night as Dick lay half asleep,
  Into his drowsy eyes
A great still light began to creep
  From out the silent skies.
It was the lovely Moon's, for when
  He raised his dreamy head,
Her surge of silver filled the pane
  And streamed across his bed.
So, for awhile, each gazed at each—
  Dick and the solemn moon—
Till, climbing slowly on her way,
  She vanished and was gone.

The book is enriched by its sumptuous format and marred only by Heath Robinson's dull, unimaginative and, in many instances, stupidly misinterpretive drawings. But these commonplace and almost commercial cuts can scarcely spoil a volume that contains that magic combination: the ingenious rapture of the artist and the ingenuous wonder of the child.

L. U.

THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS

It is Mr. J. E. Spingarn's contention in "Creative Criticism" (Henry Holt and Co., $1.25 net) that there is not only a unity between artistic effort and critical appreciation, but that only by the marriage of dogmatic with impressionist criticism can this unity be consummated. He defines impressionism as the having and the expressing of sensations, and to the objection that this shifts the interest from the work of art to the

critic's emotional and intellectual constitution he replies that criticism of all kinds, historical, psychological, dogmatic, have the same fault. It remains for the modern school to make of this fault a virtue. The impressionist at least tries to replace one work of art by another. Nor will our author admit that the relativity of taste in any sense affects its authority. The war between dogmatism and impressionism that every age has witnessed must be resolved in our own.

The idea that criticism and creation are one in essence has rich implications. In an essay on "Dramatic Criticism and the Theater" Mr. Spingarn makes a valuable distinction between the outer influences on a work of art and the inner impulse which gives it birth. He boldly declares that "for aesthetic criticism the theater does not exist." And he invites comparison of Castelvetro, a sixteenth century critic who initiated the attack on Aristotelian dramaturgy, with his modern progeny, who flourish alike on university rostra and the Gay White Way.

In applying his theory to free verse we find the same distrust of formulae, the impatience with categorical imperatives which animates the whole discourse. In fact Mr. Spingarn finds the only way out to be the abolition of categories, thereby letting in all potentially productive experiment. The volume includes a letter on "creative collecting," which contrasts the glamorous Lorenzo with Messrs. Widener and Morgan somewhat to the latters' disadvantage. And the final paper is a reply to Galsworthy's distinction between the critic, "tied to the terms of the work that he is interpreting," and the artist, whose creative processes are "untrammeled by anything except the limits of the artist's own personality." Mr. Spingarn suggests that the artist is somewhat confined to and by his subject and concludes by reiterating that genius and taste can no longer be opposed. Self-expression and understanding are common human property, and only where criticism rises to the heights of creation does it fulfil its true function.

The Bergsonian bias is obvious throughout, with its attendant lights and limitations. Criticism shares this much with other institutions, that it oscillates between two extremes, it is happily not static. Mr. Spingarn's little book follows the lead of contemporary philosophy in its emphasis on the intuitive method. Certainly if we accept life as a more and more highly coördinated response, we may value art as the multiplication of personality, and its enhancement in criticism as fundamentally creative.

B. D.

YOUNG PUBLISHERS

Several new publishers have lately appeared in the field, young publishers and publishers in a small way, for the most part, but with a vocational sense that most of the established houses have long since lost. There is almost as much of a break between the older and younger generations in the conception of business as in that of art: the established institutions evolve so little that in time, probably, a whole new set of magazines and publishers will grow up like underbrush in a forest, overshadowed at first, but absorbing more and more of the moisture of the soil till eventually they rise to the sunlight among the rotting trunks of their predecessors. Four publishers of this kind have sent us their books this month, slim and very unpretentious books, but almost all of them printed and bound with notable

taste. Especially is this true of The Lyric Publishing Co.'s first venture, "The Shadowed Hour," by John Erskine, and that of the Philip Goodman Co., George Jean Nathan's "Bottoms Up." Unfortunately, in both cases, the publishers have scored much more conspicuously than the authors. The Little Book Publisher of Arlington, N. J., has found worthier material in Scudder Middleton's "Streets and Faces," which contains at least one poem of striking beauty, "The Clerk." Still another publishing house in embryo is that of R. Frank, who sends us an attractive little pocket volume containing "From Death to Life," by Apukhtin, with pen and ink drawings by Franklin Booth, being vol. I. of a projected "Gems of Russian Literature" series. May we hope that, in one or two cases at least, these adventurers into the publishing world will be able to follow up some of the brilliant opportunities which the modern trade offers and which the established houses have generally neglected?

As the Movies Mend

The student of the screen—surprising off-shoot of a surprising art—has reached the ripe state at which he can detect and catalogue at least three lines of technical development which the movies have followed from the birth of the American feature film, four or five years ago, till today; and he can hail a new one which is about to make its appearance.

He begins, of course, with Griffith. He is very careful, however, to add the name of Griffith's long-time scenario-writer and studio manager, Frank Woods, and to credit him with much of the rapid narrative, well-fused detail, sparkling "continuity" and clear naturalism which have distinguished the work of the producer of "The Escape," "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Avenging Conscience" (Griffith's least known but best photoplay), and the productions of his now defunct Fine Arts Studio.

Next the student chronicles the advent of the Lasky Company. This brought to the screen something of the older and richer Belascoan touch, however mythical may have been Belasco's actual coöperation in the reproduction of his "Warrens of Virginia" and "The Girl of the Golden West." A bit "stagey" to this day, it has never absorbed the invaluably vital scenario technique of Griffith and Woods. But with the guidance of Cecil de Mille and the acquisition of Wilfred Buckland (a Belasco expert) as art director, the Lasky studio has perfected a style of lighting and setting of unquestionable distinction that goes far beyond the patterns or possibilities of the stage.

Finally our dissector of the lens would record the formation of the "NYMP" under the ægis of Thomas H. Ince. Its striking productions, released until recently on the Triangle programme, have been distinguished, aside from excellent direction, for the swift and easy flowing scenarios put out from C. Gardner Sullivan's department, and the rich, dramatic lighting which Art Director Robert Brunton has thrown round the actors to the proper subordination of his tasteful and solid settings.

And now the student of the screen —if he is lucky enough to invade private "projection rooms" with such dignitaries as presidents and press agents—may forecast the advent of a new contribution to moving picture technique in the coming releases of

Goldwyn Pictures. The particular student in hand saw one completed production, "The Eternal Magdalene," with Maxine Elliott, one production, "The Bird Doctor," wherein Mae Marsh displayed her charming art without the assistance of the printed "leaders," which were not yet finished, and various disconnected sections of "Polly of the Circus," "Baby Mine," "The Field of Honor," and "Fighting Odds." In the bulk of this celluloid, he found a very definite, original and valuable advance in the methods of screen art.

The Goldwyn Corporation has sought to fuse three arts in the personnel of its advisory board, bringing together Samuel Goldfish, of the Lasky Company, from the screen; Edgar and Archibald Selwyn, Arthur Hopkins, Margaret Mayo and Roi Cooper Magrue, from the stage; and Irvin S. Cobb, from the long neglected fields of prose fiction. It happens that, though literature and the screen have contributed excellent things in the way of stories and organization, it is the stage that has made the vital contribution. And it happens that the stage has contributed the last thing we might expect from the stage, scenic reform. The thing that is only just beginning to penetrate the theater after decades of struggle, has put its seal upon the movies when their age is still numbered in years. Arthur Hopkins happens to have a large share of responsibility for both advances.

It is hard to say whether the scenery of the conventional stage or the scenery of the movies has been the worse. The movies are fortunate enough to be able to employ those much-touted tobacco experts, Dame Nature and Father Time, in the designing of their exterior settings. They have escaped the canvas of the stage and the splay corners of its drawing rooms. But the movies have fled into acres of genuine mouldings, forests of Grand Rapids products, oceans of fur rugs and china statuettes, and, in general, whole hemispheres of aimless clutter. The Goldwyn Pictures that I saw were distinguished pictures because at one blow they annihilated all this mess of bad scenic taste and put simplicity and beauty in its place.

The means by which this was accomplished were quite as revolutionary. Arthur Hopkins, as director general, added another art to the three already enlisted by hiring artists to design settings and costumes and to supervise lighting. In the productions which I saw, two artists figured—Hugo Ballin and Everitt Shinn—while a third—William Cotton—has since been added to the technical staff. Shinn, it is hardly necessary to explain to those who know his magazine illustrations, was not hired for simplicity. But he does achieve in the films to which he has been assigned—"Polly of the Circus" and "The Bird Doctor"—a unity of homely, atmospheric detail which is just as essential to a certain type of American story. Ballin, best known perhaps as a mural decorator, has turned himself into an architect for the purposes of Goldwyn and has contributed to "The Eternal Magdalene," "Fighting Odds," and "Baby Mine" that simplicity of the new stagecraft which stands out so strikingly in its newly captured world of the screen.

It is easy to guess the Shinn quality; let us look more closely at the Ballin productions. His few rooms in "The Eternal Magdalene" are quite devoid of devitalized polar bears, bronze statues of Shakespeare and gold picture frames. The bareness of his smooth gray walls is broken by simple pilasters devoid of decora-

tion. A stairway turns upward with something of both grace and graciousness in its lines. "Baby Mine" seems ornate beside "The Eternal Magdalene"; yet its gay, deft ornamentation of beds, mirrors, window frames, pictures and cradles is restraint itself compared with what the decorators of movieland lavish on such flats. Some of Ballin's best work is to be found in "Fighting Odds." With a suggestion of Gordon Craig and Sam Hume, he has made a handsome, plausible yet quite un-copied Sherry's out of sections of plain, flat stone columns, very tall, with black draperies between. As a background for Maxine Elliott he has designed boudoirs rich with the most starkly simplified use of Eastern motives. Even the interior of a jiggling taxi is the jiggling and very little more. With these settings goes an excellent light of medium brilliance but of splendid sculptural qualities. In its evenness, however, in its neglect of the dramatic qualities of shadow demonstrated by Ince and Brunton, and in its usual position above the actors, lies one of the few technical shortcomings of Goldwyn Pictures. Naturally this new company is still feeling its way, looking for flaws and correcting them.

It is remarkable in the movie-world to see so Minervan a birth. Yet still more remarkable development is aimed at. Artists were introduced because those in charge of production believed that the story must be drawn out of the pictures, not pictures worth looking at produced occasionally in the course of story-telling. These artists have been given an even share in the direction of the acting as well as complete charge of designing the settings, because it is felt that ultimately artists must be in entire control of the whole process of composing a photoplay. It is an epoch-making idea; its accomplishment will put the movies securely upon their feet as a fine art.

Goldwyn production seems to contribute one other novelty to screen methods. It is the attempt to stamp each production with a distinctive and appropriate something which no other story would call forth. This approach to the "stylization" of the German stage appears in the way in which Arthur Hopkins tells the dream in "The Eternal Magdalene." He avoids all realism in this tale of a hard heart softened by scenes of sadness, terror and death. He plays the whole of it against a black velvet semicircle in which appear bits of walls, doors and other suggestive details as the swinging camera follows the principal figure on through the dream. Perhaps a student of the screen may here suggest that the effectiveness of this method might have been enhanced had the background been more nebulous or the lighting of the various episodes been more varied in intensity and filled at times with the terror of shadows. But the student who went on to suggest to Goldwyn a greater freedom in scenario writing, a closer naturalism in acting, as well as much, much more shadowed lighting, would be no student at all. He would have no grateful knowledge of the big step that Goldwyn has taken toward genuine photoplay art.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

One of the Little Foxes

I am at a college where there are nearly two thousand girls, most of whom come from middle-class families. They have always been ma-

terially and spiritually satisfied (at least I speak of the majority. I realize that there are exceptions). Their desires and ambitions are not great, but they curtail them with little effort. They want the best in their own sphere but they are careful to keep within that sphere. If you ask them why they came to college the two most frequent answers are "to be broadened" or "I couldn't stand just staying home and doing nothing." Never have I heard anyone say that she came to college because of any true love of culture or any desire to train herself to do creative work. Their ideas on most subjects are those of their parents, and they look patronizingly, curiously or pityingly at the unenlightened few who have attempted to formulate their own opinions. And after college they will marry or teach or do social work with determination and possible efficiency, but with how much inspiration?

Most of the girls think very straight and logically in the classroom but to few does the relation between class-work and life outside mean anything. They think it odd that I should have books in my room that are neither reference nor textbooks. And when I tell them that I love these books; that each one is a friend to me and that I enjoy seeing them smile or mock at me from the shelves; that I revel in the musty smell of the old ones and the feel of the smooth leather ones and that I sympathize with the poor unfortunates who came to life in the eighteen nineties and were afflicted with grey-green and black figured cloth covers —when I tell them these things, they smile and label me queer or highbrow. It is this quality in the college girl of labelling her specimen according to some conventional standard that she has never analyzed that seems to me most discouraging. I have been labelled dangerously radical because I have mentioned subjects that it seems uncivilized to me not to discuss, but that a girl from Kansas or New York or Vermont or even my next-door neighbor has been brought up to consider taboo and therefore has dismissed from her mind. I have been consigned to the pigeon-hole for eccentrics because I enjoy riding alone on an ambling horse with no gaits and turning down every road that strikes my fancy, rather than regulating my horse's gait to another's or spending my time persuading someone that my way is the best. I have no desire to do this. All that I ask is to go my own harmless way and still have the companionship of others; not their curiosity, their condemnation, or their efforts at reform.

It seems to me that one of the fundamentals not only of humanity but of culture is "live and let live." Yet most girls judge and even condemn by their own personal standards of right and wrong, with no respect and little consideration for the moral codes of others. They go blithely on their way praising the possessors of "democracy" and "college spirit"; and how many of them know what these terms mean to themselves, much less to their neighbors?

Yet who am I to criticize? I have not only always had every want filled but I have been brought up in luxury, material and intellectual. I am accustomed to the best or nothing. My parents are intelligent, cultured persons with broad interests and I have come in contact with people of all sorts. But instead of profiting by all this, it has made a parasite of me. I receive no stimulus from any but those people who have the power

to accomplish successfully the things I should like to do and cannot, because I have no talents and no creative ability. The country is filled with dilettantes like me, who are educated to be rich men's wives, charming hostesses, purveyors of background and who—not content to do this—take up a pseudo-bohemian type of life to indulge their desire for freedom, or their curiosity, and to cover up their lack of force. We are the ones who give the quirks to the feminist problem and they, the safe and sane college girls, who develop into average American mothers, excellent managers and committee-workers are the ones, I suppose, who will solve it.

And is the college or the individual at fault? Why is it that those who do so little thinking are the ones that the college trains to be the most useful women while it makes those who passionately desire to be of some use, more dissatisfied and ineffective each year?

. . . . .

I wrote these fragmentary thoughts in the fall. I am re-writing them now because I am weary of reading the articles, which seem to be so fashionable at present, written by sympathy-seeking professors with an excellent sense of humor, who complain at the docility of their students. When I wrote this the wind was howling. It blew the clouds across the moon. It blew the leaves from the trees in whirlpools and it shook the apples and pears down with a thump. And so it is with the thoughts of youth. Like clouds they recur in a thousand fantastic shapes shading the light of the moon, making the world black one moment and bright the next. Some fall like dead leaves to the ground and are burnt or go back into the earth and nourish the tree that bore them. And some fall with a thump like the green apples or pears and are left to rot or are eaten by those who have the capacity for appreciating fruit before it is ripe.

Mina S. Kirstein.

Communication

Dear Sirs:

With the central idea of Mr. Moderwell's *A Modest Proposal,* that ragtime is the only music written in America worth shucks, I heartily concur; with some details of his expression of the idea, however, I beg leave to take issue.

Mr. Moderwell asserts that for the interpretation of ragtime "no special technique is needed. There are only two kinds of singing, good and bad. Ragtime must be well sung, that is all. By this I mean that the notes must be sung as they are written, with pure tones and natural phrasing." This, it seems to me, is an absolute misstatement of fact. "Pure tones" will not help an interpreter of ragtime, nor will "natural phrasing." Just as much of a special technique, perhaps more, is required for the proper interpretation of these songs as for the performance of Spanish or Hindoo folk-songs . . . or for the singing of Brahms *lieder,* for that matter (and Mr. Moderwell may discover how little pure tones or natural phrasing will help a singer if he puts Mme. Melba to work at *Wie Melodien* and *Der Schmidt*). I have heard two of the

greatest of living singers attempt, at home, the singing of ragtime. The results were unrecognizable and wholly ineffective. It is not possible to put the spirit of ragtime on paper. . . . For example, remember how a Parisian or Viennese orchestra can destroy the rhythm of *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee,* although the notes are played exactly as they are printed. . . . I believe with Mr. Moderwell that a ragtime song recital would meet with great success in Europe, but it would have to be given by a ragtime singer, not necessarily, of course, a vaudeville singer; still I would trust Al Jolson or Nora Bayes or Fannie Brice farther in the matter than Emma Eames, Alma Gluck, or Amelita Galli-Curci. The accompaniments, too, must be put in trained hands. Frank La Forge is an expert accompanist but I doubt if he could play these songs as well as many performers on the vaudeville stage.

It is not only modern ragtime that requires special interpretation. The negro folk-songs Mr. Moderwell refers to also demand special technique. None but negroes can sing them and only certain negroes. One has only to hear the Fisk Jubilee Singers, who sing with impeccable tone and unimpeachable phrasing, to know this. It is obvious to the tyro that the songs may be better heard from the mouths of any negroes in any back-yards south of the Mason and Dixon line. A white man cannot sing them at all. When the negro Clef Club performed a few of the old songs at a concert at Carnegie Hall a few seasons ago, so good a folk-song authority as H. E. Krehbiel complained that they were given with nothing of the old darky style. As a matter of fact, good tone (in the sense in which one would speak of good tone in the singing of classic *lieder* and opera is the last thing in the world needed for the correct interpretation of either negro folk-songs or modern ragtime. If Mr. Moderwell will get some good opera or concert singer of his acquaintance (and I give him leave to try as good a one as he can find) to sing the programme he has selected, with the aid of a concert accompanist, he will be the first, I think, to agree with me.

I could quarrel with the programme, too. Cook's *Exhortation* and *Rain Song* are darky imitations of "grand" opera, recitatives and all, and are absolutely worthless as either genuine negro music or as ragtime. Muir's best song, perhaps the best piece of ragtime yet composed, is placed second on the programme, while a very inferior bit of work by the same composer, *Ragtime Cowboy Joe,* for which I could suggest a thousand better substitutes, is reserved for the last number. Mr. Moderwell describes *The Memphis Blues* as "nothing short of a masterpiece. In sheer melodic beauty, in the vividness of its characterization, in the deftness of its polyphony and structure, this song deserves to rank among the best of our time." Before this verdict I halt in mute astonishment. As warm praise, but not in the same words, I would willingly allot to *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee* or *Alexander's Ragtime Band* or even *Everybody's Doing It* or *Hitchy-Koo* . . . but *The Memphis Blues!* Besides, so far as I can discover, this is not a song at all . . . but merely a rag without words.

Sincerely,

Carl Van Vechten.

July 6, 1917.

THE SEVEN ARTS

To the Friends of The Seven Arts

AN irreconcilable difference has arisen in the organization of THE SEVEN ARTS, and as a result of it, the life of the magazine is menaced. We desire to lay before our readers a clear statement of what has happened.

THE SEVEN ARTS was brought into being because America had so few periodicals which are not mere extensions of their Advertising and Business Departments. It was started in the belief that there can be neither art nor criticism in American life except as it comes in the fullness of freedom, and quite aside from the problems of practical success. It was the intention of the magazine to call for the best work of our young writers and critics, in the hope that THE SEVEN ARTS might become the nucleus of a greater national consciousness. Obviously such a magazine could only be started through a subsidy, yet a subsidy which left the editorial policy completely in the hands of the editor. It is a remarkable testimony to the change that is taking place in American life, that such a subsidy was found.

Much of the hope of the magazine was fulfilled. The twelve numbers ending with this one are seen now as one cumulative movement, a gradual expansion, unfolding and realization of our purpose, a steady strengthening and quickening. Some time passed before our American writers understood that at last a demand was being made upon them to bring the full gift of their talent into the light: before they understood that there was a platform from which they could speak in candor and fullness. We have seen one and then another touched with our purpose, and the richness of the response showed clearly that we were taking a true course toward the cultivation of a native art in America.

Not only, however, did we make a start in tapping the hidden wealth of young American talent: we also discovered how many men and women in this country are physically, emotionally hungry: in need of native art, of honest expression, of national discussion. The magazine had a surprising circulation, considering the rigor of its standards and the novelty of its appeal. Created with the idea that what the artist desires most deeply to express is what the audience needs most deeply to have expressed, we found justification for this in the warm and splendid response from all parts of the country.

In short, the task we set ourselves was that of understanding, interpreting and expressing that *latent America,* that *potential America* which we believed lay hidden under our commercial-industrial national organization: that America of youth and aspiration: that America which desires a richer life, a finer fellowship, a flowering of mature and seasoned personalities. From this viewpoint, we looked upon art as a sharing of life, a communism of experience and vision, a spiritual root of nationalism and internationalism.

Across this current, like a sudden dam, came the war. It carried with it a menace to what we believed to be the promise of American life. We found then that we could not ignore it: that everything THE SEVEN ARTS stood for was bound up with

this new national action. We were forced, for the time being, to include it in the work and expression of the magazine.

As a result, the idea of combining financial backing with full editorial freedom has broken down, the subsidy has been withdrawn. Perhaps this was to be expected. It is proof of the overmastering national obsession of the war. They who could agree to disagree on so many things, have here an irreconcilable and dividing difference. And such is the awakening of tribal consciousness in the madness of war, that no longer is there that generous allowance for free expression, for diversity of opinion.

But THE SEVEN ARTS must not be silenced. It must be kept alive at all hazards. In this time, above all others, it is necessary that somewhere in the storm there is kept a place of shelter for the creative spirit in American life. Our task, as Randolph Bourne has suggested, is to conserve and further American promise. This is peculiarly our task, since it has become apparent that THE SEVEN ARTS has responded to and in a measure expressed the fine spirit of a young America which tomorrow shall come into its own. For it is a spirit not peculiar to the ardent young of this land: it is the spirit of young Russia, young England, young Germany, young Japan; it is the spirit of Romain Rolland, of Bertrand Russell, of Andreef, of that youth Naruse whose essay appeared in our magazine. It is the spirit of the young world, without frontiers, without kings, without industrial despotism. To these spirits, the Great War is a mere prelude to the Revolution, which, here bloodily, there peaceably, and beginning with Russia, shall sweep the Earth. For we demand that life be something richer, quicker, more human than it has been.

Those of us who share this spirit must come together now and keep alive THE SEVEN ARTS. It is our organ, it is our center of communication. It contains within it great possibilities for our future expression. It is for this reason that an appeal is being made to our friends.

If each of our readers will send us ten dollars, the magazine can go on and achieve success. If you cannot afford ten dollars, send what you can. If you can afford more, send more. If you desire, we will credit the amount as future subscriptions, or you can, if you care to, enter it as subscriptions for your friends. But whatever you send, do it quickly. The need is urgent. On reading this, if convenient, tear off the coupon below, write in the names and addresses of others who would be interested, and mail it with check or money order.

THE EDITORS.

The Seven Arts,
132 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

I enclose (check), (money order) for $..... as my contribution to The Seven Arts.

Signed.....

.....

It is to be used as follows:

Is Nationalism Moribund?

By Bertrand Russell

IT may seem something of a paradox to ask such a question in the middle of a war inspired almost wholly by the spirit of nationalism, especially when this war is the greatest in extent and one of the fiercest in the contending passions which have ever been known to history. Nevertheless, analogies from the past make it not impossible that the conceptions embodied in the present war may have little influence upon the future. The Thirty Years War was the greatest of all the wars of religion, and it was also practically the last. Most of the ideas which have been potent in the world have started in the minds of a very few and have grown in extension while diminishing in intensity. At about the period when they began to dominate the beliefs of the great masses of the population, they ceased to be accepted by the makers of future opinion and lost the power of victorious vitality. It is in this way that wide-spread beliefs have begun to decay at the moment when they apparently achieved their greatest triumph. So perhaps it may be with nationalism .

People whose imaginations are not much affected by history are apt to suppose, at any rate in Europe, that nationalism is a fundamental and eternal fact of human nature, no more temporary than love or envy or ambition. This, however, is a delusion. In the ancient world, before the victory of Rome, civilized men were apt to feel a loyalty to their city, but this feeling died out during the centuries when the Roman State appeared co-terminous with the world. The conception of

the unity of civilization survived the downfall of Rome and remained dominant over men's thoughts through the Church and the law and the Latin language. The successive waves of barbarians, although at first they had some sense of tribal unity, soon took on instead a theological label, Catholic or Aryan, and merged their racial feelings in their new doctrinal allegiance. Throughout the Middle Ages the conception of nationality as we know it remained very dim, much more so than would appear from the reading of history as written in modern times. English school-boys think of the battle of Crecy as a great victory of the English over the French, but this was not how the battle appeared to contemporaries. Edward III, like all the English kings of that period, was at least as much a Frenchman as an Englishman. He owned large territories in France, and did not appear to the French in the light of a foreign conqueror. The English and Scotch, owing to their insular position and their mutual hostility, were among the earliest disciples of nationalism. At the time of the Reformation Protestant England was stimulated by the resistance to Spain into the kind of belief in its own greatness and mission out of which true nationalism grows. Shakespeare's historical plays show the spirit in quite its modern form and have done much to foster it.

The essence of nationalism is the belief that some ideal of universal importance is in the special guardianship of the people inhabiting a certain area. So the ancient Jews, who were the only true nationalists of that time, were the chosen people and the custodians of the true religion. So the English believed themselves the champions of Protestantism in the time of Elizabeth, and of parliamentary institutions in the eighteenth century. So the French, since the Revolution, have believed themselves the champions of democratic liberty and intellectual enlightenment. So the Germans have made themselves the champions of Kultur (which is not to be translated "baby-killing"). And so Mazzini tried to make the Italian

race the vehicle for the noble but rather mystical ideals by which he was himself inspired.

A nation's belief that it is the especial guardian of some important idea is as a rule a delusion, fostered by pride and self-interest. Pride makes the conception of the superior virtue of one's own group readily credible; self-interest makes it useful, since it justifies oppression and aggression in the name of humanity as a whole. Beneath the illusory beliefs of nationalism there is a substructure of instinct. The herd instinct, which in recent centuries has been most prominent in the shape of nationalism, is part of the fundamental structure of human nature, and may be regarded as permanent for all practical purposes. What is not permanent is the particular form to which the modern world is accustomed. Many other forms of herd instinct are equally natural to man. A man's herd may be his co-religionists, or the other members of his trade or profession or class, or the people with similar tastes and interests. There is no reason in human nature why a man's herd should be defined geographically as those inhabiting a certain area which he also inhabits, or racially, as those belonging to the same family or tribe. The conflict of herd instincts may be seen even in the midst of the war among English Roman Catholics, who are perplexed by the Pope's advocacy of peace, and hardly know whether they owe the more allegiance to Mr. Lloyd George or to Benedict XV. The essence of Marx's teaching was the endeavour to substitute a man's class for his nation as the object of herd instinct, an endeavor which so far has only proved successful among the very rich. There is, however, nothing contrary to human nature in the endeavor, and if it were supported by the newspapers and the elementary schools, there is little doubt that it would quickly achieve success. What is instinctive is the habit of feeling oneself one of a herd, bound together by mutual interests, which require to be vigorously defended against other herds, and demand for their defence a certain unanimity

of opinion with a certain readiness to accept the mandates of recognized leaders. But the question what a man's herd shall be is one which is determined for him as a rule by the circumstances of his education—taking education in the widest possible sense.

There are various reasons for doubting whether nationalism will in effect be the dominant form of herd instinct during the next hundred years, and these reasons may perhaps be made especially clear by considering the case of America. I do not wish to dogmatise about America in the confident fashion to which Europeans are prone. I rely only upon certain broad and obvious facts, such as the enormous immigration of men of many different races. The America which made the Revolution was a genuine nation, bound together by love of liberty, by traditions and habits brought from England, by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and by a generous hope of service to mankind which was accepted not only by the Americans themselves but by many notable sympathisers in Europe. This original America, broadly speaking, perished in the Civil War, but after the Civil War the North at least might still be regarded as a nation. Now, however, a very large proportion of the population of America consists of people whose nationalist feelings are still European —Slavs, Italians, Germans, and even, to a large extent, the Irish. Such people cannot have toward the United States that kind of intimate, passionate, narrow sentiment that they have toward the nations from which they have come. No doubt their children as a rule lose much of their European nationalism, but I gravely doubt whether they would be found to have acquired a new American nationalism at all comparable in force to that which they have lost.

No doubt war is one of the chief promoters of nationalist feeling, and perhaps some Americans may hope while some Germans may fear that participation in the present war is going to spread nationalism among classes of the population

from whom it has hitherto been absent. But I do not myself believe that this effect will be produced. It can hardly be expected among German immigrants, and most of the others have already a sufficient stimulus in loyalty to the European countries from which they have come. Moreover war is not effective from the point of view of stimulating nationalism unless there is either some very obvious danger to be averted or some very obvious national gain to be obtained. The danger to America in the present case is not of a kind which would be obvious to the masses of the population. As for any national gain, the President has repeatedly stated that none is sought and that his purpose is an international one. In so far as this is accepted as a good reason for the war it would stimulate internationalism, and in so far as it is rejected it would certainly not form a ground for increased instinctive loyalty to the United States. For these reasons I do not believe that the participation of the United States in the present war will produce anything like that unity of national feeling in America which was produced, for instance, in England by resistance to the Armada and in Germany by the war of 1870.

If we were right in supposing that America is not going to develop a nationalism comparable to that of an old and homogeneous European country, is this result to be considered one for rejoicing or for regret? The question is very far from being an easy one. Indeed, if it is to be treated at all seriously, it must take us to the obscure roots of human nature. Nationalism, in a European country, is associated not only with race, not only with politics, but with all the somewhat old-fashioned sentiments associated with the word "home." I am aware that it was an American who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," but I do not think any American of the future is likely to repeat such conduct. Shall we be glad of this, or shall we regret it? The instinct for a home is one which man shares with many of the higher animals, but I think it is quite impossible for the instinct to be satisfied by any place very dif-

ferent from that in which childhood has been passed. Also it cannot be satisfied without a fair amount of privacy. Emigration and industrialism jointly are destroying all possibility of real gratification of this instinct. Wage-earners move from place to place and from country to country with rapidly increasing readiness. In great towns it does not occur to them to try to find any habitation sufficiently permanent or sufficiently their own to be capable of being regarded as home. In the ancient world there were only a few specially unfortunate men who were exiles. How passionately they felt this deprivation may be seen by a curious story in Herodotus concerning an Ionian Greek who became a trusted adviser of the Great King. He so thirsted for the sight of his native city that he sent emissaries to try to stir up a rebellion, with the sole purpose of being sent by the Great King to restore order and so get once more a glimpse of home. The passion which inspired him is as natural to men as it is to cats and pigeons. But in the modern world only a small percentage of the population are able to gratify it at all. The rest are always exiles throughout their lives. From this there results, as from all lack of instinctive satisfaction, a certain deep *malaise,* often hardly conscious, but producing a kind of cynicism and thinness of emotion, such as is fatal to all that side of human nature by which art is created and appreciated.

The best type of human being is only produced through at least a partial satisfaction of many instinctive needs, which have been recognised perhaps by some psychologists, but ignored almost universally by politicians, social reformers and ordinary men. The profound belief of the ordinary man is that if he has money he will be able to procure through its means everything else that is necessary to his welfare. This belief is most dominant in the economically most advanced societies, but through them it is penetrating to the peasants of Eastern Europe, and controlling (often without their consent) the lives of Central African negroes. There is consequently

an uprooting of habit in the destruction of everything traditional. No doubt this process has gone furthest in America, but America in this respect probably represents the future. We may like or dislike what we see in America, but in many respects we must admit that what now distinguishes America from Europe is likely before long to prevail throughout the world.

Philosophical Conservatism, though it is not my own creed, is one for which there is much to be said. The arguments by which Samuel Butler's Erewhonians were led to the abolition of machinery may serve as a statement of the case. Indeed, all writers of Utopias, from Plato downwards, have been Conservatives of the deepest dye: not in the sense that they wished to preserve the society they saw about them, but in the sense that they wished to create a society which, once created, should never change. This applies even to Karl Marx, who never imagined further revolutions after the one which was to establish the social democracy. The political Conservative of our own day is not in effect, whatever he may be in intention, a representative of true philosophical Conservatism. When he is successful he does not prevent profound and intimate changes in the lives of ordinary men and women, since he does nothing to check the growth of industrialism, militarism, exploitation of inferior races, or war. The most that he can achieve is to prevent the changes which occur from having any rational direction or being inspired by any kind of ideal. Such ideals as he professes to believe in are dead. He is like a man who has embalmed his wife's corpse and set it up at the dinner table in order to persuade himself that he is not a widower; but in censuring such a man we need not deny that he has suffered a real loss.

It is not by an attempt to bolster up old ideals that we can prevent the harm which the philosophical Conservative deplores. The ideals which a society can genuinely accept are very largely determined by its political and economic condi-

tions. In the Roman Empire it was useless to attempt to preserve the local cults which had belonged to the days of local independence. In a world-empire only a world-religion can in the long run prevail. The modern world is becoming more and more unified, and I doubt whether the present war will have done much to hinder this process. Local nationalisms of the old type will more and more cease to be acceptable to men with any experience of the world or power of thought, and it is difficult to see how they can be combined with that kind of internationalism which all who value civilization must desire as a safeguard against war. I do not deny that there is a kind of nationalism which might be a stimulus to civilization and not a cause of strife. Nations might take pride in what they had added to the common stock rather than in what they had robbed from others. Wherever this is still possible, it is to be desired. But I doubt whether it can be achieved very widely in a world where the economic forces are so hostile to local development, and where nationalism has fallen into the hands of rich exploiters who use it as a means of preventing the wage-earning classes from combining against them. Allegiance to a group which has a purely geographical definition is only possible in the long run when certain conditions are fulfilled which are increasingly impossible in the modern world. The bulk of the population must not travel much, and men of ideas must be conscious of very real and profound differences between the ideals prevalent in their own society and those prevalent elsewhere. Such conditions existed, for example, in the opposition between Christian and Mohammedan in the Middle Ages. The internationalism of that period was a purely Christian internationalism, which did not in any way embrace the infidels. Perhaps an opposition of this kind is still possible between the white and the yellow races, but as between different sections of the white race the really vital motives which now keep nationalism alive are merely pride and fear—the pride which desires to dominate, and the fear

which dreads being dominated. Out of these passions nothing of real value to mankind is to be produced.

Nevertheless, the differentiation of mankind into groups, not necessarily hostile, but distinct one from another in culture and proximate purpose, is a thing of great importance for the diversity and progressiveness of human society. Without it life will have no richness of texture. It will become boring and uneventful. Conflict in the realm of ideas is as useful as conflict on the battlefield is harmful. It may be that a purely rational attitude would dictate a universal scepticism and prevent men from having those strong beliefs out of which vigorous action springs. Probably the preservation of such beliefs will require that men shall be divided into groups rather by their ideas and occupations than by the locality of their birth. Societies of artists or men of learning may serve to illustrate the kind of thing I have in mind. If you attend, for example, a meeting of Egyptologists, you will find a set of men assembled from the most diverse places, united by a belief that Egyptology contains the key to the universe, and that its more intense study is greatly needed in order to bring the millennium. You may smile at these men but nevertheless their opinion, though somewhat out of proportion, springs from the perception of a portion of truth which other people do not perceive. The pursuit of knowledge and a belief in its importance constitute one of the main impulses out of which human progress has grown; and, like all other impulses, in so far as it is genuine, it will not stop to consider at each separate moment how far the particular form which it happens to be taking has any utility outside itself. The welfare of the community as a whole is promoted by the existence of many groups with very diverse tastes and interests; the sheer diversity is necessary to the whole. Differentiation of function is absolutely necessary, and is best secured by preserving the natural differentiation of type which exists between different people.

In the modern world there goes along with industrialism

and machine production a tendency to diminish the difference between one man and another through uniformities of education—a tendency which is perhaps carried further in America than anywhere else. Education at the hands of the public authorities corresponds to machine production: it turns out a more or less uniform product instead of the infinite diversity that resulted from older, more haphazard methods. It would be as useless and futile to attempt to return to the older method, or lack of method, in education as it would to urge a revival of handicrafts instead of machine industry. But in education, as in the industrial world, modern conditions have raised new problems which did not exist before. These problems will not be solved of themselves, but require deliberate thought and care to preserve the flavor of individuality in spite of the vast organizations by which our lives are controlled.

The spirit of nationalism, except in very small countries, does not tend to promote individuality. It tends, on the contrary, to give a common orientation to the efforts of all and a uniform stamp to all education. Those who believe, for example, that we should study science in order to be able to get the better of trade rivals are not likely to acquire the true scientific spirit, the interest in patient investigation of nature for its own sake out of which all great scientific work has sprung. The fundamental work, which is not immediately fruitful in a commercial sense, they will be willing to leave to others, and those others are not likely to be found among men in whom the nationalistic spirit is dominant. I think it is not nationalism as such that is fatal, but nationalism as embodied in organization, as the generator of mechanical systems which crush or distort the individual. These systems have the same kind of effect in cramping the human spirit that the Church used to have in the Middle Ages. When the group to which a man feels himself to belong is defined geographically this can hardly fail to be the case. It is an external acci-

dent, not something in a man's nature, that makes him a citizen of one State rather than another, and therefore in so far as States are in conflict one with another his citizenship is not a spontaneous expression of his individuality in the same way as membership of a learned society or a football club. The more readily people move from place to place and the more different States come to resemble one another, the more artificial becomes the opposition between them, and therefore the more violence has to be done to human nature in order to preserve the opposition. I am convinced that the future vehicle for group feeling will be found far more in such things as Churches or political parties than in nations. The dominance of the nation as the most important group is comparatively recent and is not, I hope and believe, a thing destined to last very much longer.

There is a certain danger in even the most lofty and sublimated national patriotism. Every nation tends to believe that it is in some important respect morally superior to other nations, that it has some contribution to make to the general stock of civilization which it will not be able to make unless it is great and powerful in a material sense. It is this belief in the importance of material power which is the source of harm. The nations which have done the most to influence the world's ideas have not been powerful in a military sense. Western civilization is a product almost wholly of the ideas of the Greeks and Jews; the Greeks in science and art, the Jews in religion. Yet neither the Greeks nor the Jews achieved any great degree of military power. The Romans, who had the power, had not the inventiveness, and became merely the vehicle for the mental victory of those whom they had conquered. The belief that material power is necessary in order to influence ideas is one of those delusions which are fostered by pride. Power is pleasant, and we therefore like to think that in pursuing power we are actuated by virtuous motives. The things that really can be spread by force of arms are very seldom the best things.

Therefore a man's group feeling is apt to contain an element of brutality as soon as his group is one which is possessed of an army and a navy.

There seems little doubt that America is embarked upon a great military career. It seems reasonable to expect that America will become the greatest of all military powers. This does not mean that she will necessarily become militarist in spirit. It is quite possible that the military power of America may be used for the purpose of securing a universal diminution of armaments by international agreement, but this will certainly not happen if America acquires that kind of national pride which enjoys being able to force its will upon reluctant opponents, and this kind of pride is almost sure to be the outcome of a really vehement national spirit of the old type, if by any means such a spirit can be produced in America. America has led the world in the development of industrialism, and industrialism has probably destroyed for ever the possibility of many good things which existed in the past. If the human spirit is ever to learn to dominate the machine instead of being dominated by it, it is necessary to seek somewhat different goods from those which industrialism has destroyed. And as America has led the way in one respect, so we may hope that it will lead the way in the other. But it will do this through internationalism rather than through nationalism, through the attempt to realise a family of nations with a common, super-national government rather than through the attempt to become itself a dominant nation. The mixture of races and the comparative absence of a national tradition make America peculiarly suited to the fulfilment of this task.

There is, however, one respect in which the general attitude of America is likely to postpone for a long time the realization of any thorough internationalism. Internationalism will more and more be compelled to embrace not only the white races but also the races of Asia. Japan has already forced its way

into the State system of the white races, and it is probable that China will be compelled to follow the same course. One can hardly suppose that India will remain for ever an appanage of the British Empire. India and China together are capable of becoming as important as the whole of the white nations put together, and any system which puts them in fundamental and irreconcilable opposition to the European nations is likely to lead at some future date to a war in comparison with which the present war will seem parochial and insignificant. The opposition on both sides is the outcome of our industrial system. We hate the Chinese because they work more industriously and more cheaply than we do. They hate us because we try to exploit their country and because we endeavour to force upon them our systems of trade and industry. It is difficult to see how this state of affairs can be remedied while the present economic system prevails. The world's production of goods by labor is in its essence co-operative. The person who produces consumable commodities is performing a service to mankind and not a disservice. But owing to the competitive system, the aspect of competition is much more prominent and visible than the aspect of co-operation. This is not an eternal necessity, but merely an incident of the existing system. Under a more socialized and more co-operative organization it would not be the case. Men ought to be paid for their willingness to work regardless of whether their work happens to be needed at the moment. This system already exists in many directions. Soldiers are paid in time of peace and not only while they are actually required to fight. Civil servants always enjoy a comparative permanence of occupation, and no one supposes that the work of government could be done if they were engaged by the day when there happened to be work for them to do. In any business office the men who have the more confidential part of the work to do remain year after year: it is only the underlings who are hired and dismissed as occasion requires. We are told that the competi-

tive system makes for efficiency, and yet we find that it is not applied in just those cases where efficiency is most desired, for example, in national defence and in the higher grades of industry. In actual fact, a certain minimum of security and a certain continuity of work are powerful forces in developing a man's efficiency. If a man were paid for his willingness to work, he would not be so obsessed as he is at present by the thought of competition, and he would realise that anything which increases the efficiency of labor is a benefit to the community. This would go a very long way toward preventing that instinctive enmity which competition has fostered, and would make international co-operation possible as it never has been in the past. It is clear that modern war is not a good investment for a nation regarded simply as a business speculation, but nevertheless the enmity generated by the sense of competition is a powerful agent in promoting modern wars. Competition is not ineradicable or necessary, and whatever element of efficiency may really be connected with it is very dearly purchased by the evils of militarism and abject poverty.

I do not think that the relations of the white and yellow races are likely to be put upon a permanently sound footing until our present industrial system has been replaced by another. The present war has enormously accelerated the tendency to fundamental change in our economic system. In America, no doubt, it has not yet begun to produce the kind of effects which it is more and more producing in Europe. All parties in Europe seem to be agreed that vast and far-reaching economic changes are quite unavoidable; it is only as to their degrees that people differ. If the war lasts, as it well may do, for another two or three years, it can hardly be doubted that the changes will be at least as great as the wildest revolutionaries now imagine. Out of these changes it is possible that a new internationalism, no longer a mere sentiment but embodying itself in the economic and industrial system, will emerge triumphant. In such a world the old con-

ception of nations may tend to disappear. Doubtless there will be rivalries, since rivalry is natural to man, but if the rival groups are constituted say by trades rather than by geographical areas, it is hardly conceivable that their conflicts will be carried on by force of arms. The old order is disappearing. If it is not to disappear into chaos, there will be need of active imagination and vigorous hope in constructing the new order. What it is to be, I do not know. It is not likely to be exactly what any one of us may hope; still less what we may fear. But I am sure that what it will need is energy in promoting new hopes rather than an attempt to preserve even the elements of real good which we value in the past. Mankind cannot afford to risk another great war. Every advance in technical civilization must make war more deadly, and a great war a hundred years hence might well leave the world in the exclusive possession of negroes. If we wish to avert this calamity we must be bold, constructive, and not afraid to be revolutionary.

Twilight of Idols

By Randolph Bourne

WHERE are the seeds of American promise? Man cannot live by politics alone, and it is small cheer that our best intellects are caught in the political current and see only the hope that America will find her soul in the remaking of the world. If William James were alive would he be accepting the war-situation so easily and complacently? Would he be chiding the over-stimulated intelligence of peace-loving idealists, and excommunicating from the ranks of liberal progress the pitiful remnant of those who struggle "above the battle?" I like to think that his gallant spirit would have called for a war to be gallantly played, with insistent care for democratic values at home, and unequivocal alliance with democratic elements abroad for a peace that should promise more than a mere union of benevolent imperialisms. I think of James now because the recent articles of John Dewey's on the war suggest a slackening in his thought for our guidance and stir, and the inadequacy of his pragmatism as a philosophy of life in this emergency. Whether James would have given us just that note of spiritual adventure which would make the national enterprise seem creative for an American future,—this we can never know. But surely that philosophy of Dewey's which we had been following so uncritically for so long, breaks down almost noisily when it is used to grind out interpretation for the present crisis. These articles on "Conscience and Compulsion," "The Future of Pacifism," "What America Will Fight For," "Conscription of Thought," which *The New Republic*

has been printing, seem to me to be a little off-color. A philosopher who senses so little the sinister forces of war, who is so much more concerned over the excesses of the pacifists than over the excesses of military policy, who can feel only amusement at the idea that any one should try to conscript thought, who assumes that the war-technique can be used without trailing along with it the mob-fanaticisms, the injustices and hatreds, that are organically bound up with it, is speaking to another element of the younger intelligentsia than that to which I belong. Evidently the attitudes which war calls out are fiercer and more incalculable than Professor Dewey is accustomed to take into his hopeful and intelligent imagination, and the pragmatist mind, in trying to adjust itself to them, gives the air of grappling, like the pioneer who challenges the arid plains, with a power too big for it. It is not an arena of creative intelligence our country's mind is now, but of mob-psychology. The soldiers who tried to lynch Max Eastman showed that current patriotism is not a product of the will to remake the world. The luxuriant releases of explosive hatred for which peace apparently gives far too little scope cannot be wooed by sweet reasonableness, nor can they be the raw material for the creation of rare liberal political structures. All that can be done is to try to keep your country out of situations where such expressive releases occur. If you have willed the situation, however, or accepted it as inevitable, it is fatuous to protest against the gay debauch of hatred and fear and swagger that must mount and mount, until the heady and virulent poison of war shall have created its own anti-toxin of ruin and disillusionment. To talk as if war were anything else than such a poison is to show that your philosophy has never been confronted with the pathless and the inexorable, and that, only dimly feeling the change, it goes ahead acting as if it had not got out of its depth. Only a lack of practice with a world of human nature so raw-nerved, irrational, uncreative, as an

America at war was bound to show itself to be, can account for the singular unsatisfactoriness of these later utterances of Dewey. He did have one moment of hesitation just before the war began, when the war and its external purposes and unifying power seemed the small thing beside that internal adventure which should find our American promise. But that perspective has now disappeared, and one finds Dewey now untainted by skepticism as to our being about a business to which all our idealism should rally. That failure to get guaranties that this country's efforts would obligate the Allies to a democratic world-order Dewey blames on the defection of the pacifists, and then somehow manages to get himself into a "we" who "romantically," as he says, forewent this crucial link of our strategy. Does this easy identification of himself with undemocratically-controlled foreign policy mean that a country is democratic when it accepts what its government does, or that war has a narcotic effect on the pragmatic mind? For Dewey somehow retains his sense of being in the controlling class, and ignores those anxious questions of democrats who have been his disciples but are now resenters of the war.

What I come to is a sense of suddenly being left in the lurch, of suddenly finding that a philosophy upon which I had relied to carry us through no longer works. I find the contrast between the idea that creative intelligence has free functioning in wartime, and the facts of the inexorable situation, too glaring. The contrast between what liberals ought to be doing and saying if democratic values are to be conserved, and what the real forces are imposing upon them, strikes too sternly on my intellectual senses. I should prefer some philosophy of War as the grim and terrible cleanser to this optimism-haunted mood that continues unweariedly to suggest that all can yet be made to work for good in a mad and half-destroyed world. I wonder if James, in the face of such disaster, would not have abandoned his "moral equiva-

lent of war" for an "immoral equivalent" which, in swift and periodic saturnalia, would have acted as vaccination against the sure pestilence of war.

II

Dewey's philosophy is inspiring enough for a society at peace, prosperous and with a fund of progressive good-will. It is a philosophy of hope, of clear-sighted comprehension of materials and means. Where institutions are at all malleable, it is the only clue for improvement. It is scientific method applied to "uplift." But this careful adaptation of means to desired ends, this experimental working out of control over brute forces and dead matter in the interests of communal life, depends on a store of rationality, and is effective only where there is strong desire for progress. It is precisely the school, the institution to which Dewey's philosophy was first applied, that is of all our institutions the most malleable. And it is the will to educate that has seemed, in these days, among all our social attitudes the most rationally motivated. It was education, and almost education alone, that seemed susceptible to the steady pressure of an "instrumental" philosophy. Intelligence really seemed about to come into conscious control of an institution, and that one the most potent in moulding the attitudes needed for a civilized society and the aptitudes needed for the happiness of the individual.

For both our revolutionary conceptions of what education means, and for the intellectual strategy of its approach, this country is immeasurably indebted to the influence of Professor Dewey's philosophy. With these ideas sincerely felt, a rational nation would have chosen education as its national enterprise. Into this it would have thrown its energy though the heavens fell and the earth rocked around it. But the nation did not use its isolation from the conflict to educate itself. It fretted for three years and then let war, not education, be chosen, at the almost unanimous behest of our intellectual class, from mo-

tives alien to our cultural needs, and for political ends alien to the happiness of the individual. But nations, of course, are not rational entities, and they act within their most irrational rights when they accept war as the most important thing the nation can do in the face of metaphysical menaces of imperial prestige. What concerns us here is the relative ease with which the pragmatist intellectuals, with Professor Dewey at the head, have moved out their philosophy, bag and baggage, from education to war. So abrupt a change in the direction of the national enterprise, one would have expected to cause more emotion, to demand more apologetics. His optimism may have told Professor Dewey that war would not materially demoralize our growth—would, perhaps, after all, be but an incident in the nation's life—but it is not easy to see how, as we skate toward the bankruptcy of war-billions, there will be resources available for educational enterprise that does not contribute directly to the war-technique. Neither is any passion for growth, for creative mastery, going to flourish among the host of militaristic values and new tastes for power that are springing up like poisonous mushrooms on every hand.

How could the pragmatist mind accept war without more violent protest, without a greater wrench? Either Professor Dewey and his friends felt that the forces were too strong for them, that the war had to be, and it was better to take it up intelligently than to drift blindly in; or else they really expected a gallant war, conducted with jealous regard for democratic values at home and a captivating vision of international democracy as the end of all the toil and pain. If their motive was the first, they would seem to have reduced the scope of possible control of events to the vanishing point. If the war is too strong for you to prevent, how is it going to be weak enough for you to control and mould to your liberal purposes? And if their motive was to shape the war firmly for good, they seem to have seriously miscalculated the

fierce urgencies of it. Are they to be content, as the materialization of their hopes, with a doubtful League of Nations and the suppression of the I. W. W.? Yet the numbing power of the war-situation seems to have kept them from realizing what has happened to their philosophy. The betrayal of their first hopes has certainly not discouraged them. But neither has it roused them to a more energetic expression of the forces through which they intend to realize them. I search Professor Dewey's articles in vain for clues as to the specific working-out of our democratic desires, either nationally or internationally, either in the present or in the reconstruction after the war. No programme is suggested, nor is there feeling for present vague popular movements and revolts. Rather are the latter chided, for their own vagueness and impracticalities. Similarly, with the other prophets of instrumentalism who accompany Dewey into the war, democracy remains an unanalyzed term, useful as a call to battle, but not an intellectual tool, turning up fresh sod for the changing future. Is it the political democracy of a plutocratic America that we are fighting for, or is it the social democracy of the new Russia? Which do our rulers really fear more, the menace of Imperial Germany, or the liberating influence of a socialist Russia? In the application of their philosophy to politics, our pragmatists are sliding over this crucial question of ends. Dewey says our ends must be intelligently international rather than chauvinistic. But this gets us little distance along our way.

In this difficult time the light that has been in liberals and radicals has become darkness. If radicals spend their time holding conventions to attest their loyalty and stamp out the "enemies within," they do not spend it in breaking intellectual paths, or giving us shining ideas to which we can attach our faith and conscience. The spiritual apathy from which the more naive of us suffer, and which the others are so busy fighting, arises largely from sheer default of a clear

vision that would melt it away. Let the motley crew of ex-socialists, and labor radicals, and liberals, and pragmatist philosophers, who have united for the prosecution of the war, present a coherent and convincing democratic programme, and they will no longer be confronted with the skepticism of the conscientious and the impossibilist. But when the emphasis is on technical organization, rather than organization of ideas, on strategy rather than desires, one begins to suspect that no programme is presented because they have none to present. This burrowing into war-technique hides the void where a democratic philosophy should be. Our intellectuals consort with war-boards in order to keep their minds off the question what the slow masses of the people are really desiring, or toward what the best hope of the country really drives. Similarly the blaze of patriotism on the part of the radicals serves the purpose of concealing the feebleness of their intellectual light.

Is the answer that clear formulation of democratic ends must be postponed until victory in the war is attained? But to make this answer is to surrender the entire case. For the support of the war by radicals, realists, pragmatists, is due—or so they say—to the fact that the war is not only saving the cause of democracy, but is immensely accelerating its progress. Well, what are those gains? How are they to be conserved? What do they lead to? How can we further them? Into what large idea of society do they group? To ignore these questions, and think only of the war-technique and its accompanying devotions, is to undermine the foundations of these people's own faith.

A policy of "win the war first" must be, for the radical, a policy of intellectual suicide. Their support of the war throws upon them the responsibility of showing inch by inch the democratic gains, and of laying out a charter of specific hopes. Otherwise they confess that they are impotent and that the war is submerging their expectations, or that they are not genuinely

imaginative and offer little promise for future leadership.

III

It may seem unfair to group Professor Dewey with Mr. Spargo and Mr. Gompers, Mr. A. M. Simons, and the Vigilantes. I do so only because in their acceptance of the war, they are all living out that popular American "instrumental" philosophy which Professor Dewey has formulated in such convincing and fascinating terms. On an infinitely more intelligent plane, he is yet one with them in his confidence that the war is motivated by democratic ends and is being made to serve them. A high mood of confidence and self-righteousness moves them all, a keen sense of control over events that makes them eligible to discipleship under Professor Dewey's philosophy. They are all hostile to impossibilism, to apathy, to any attitude that is not a cheerful and brisk setting to work to use the emergency to consolidate the gains of democracy. Not, Is it being used? but, Let us make a flutter about using it! This unanimity of mood puts the resenter of war out of the arena. But he can still seek to explain why this philosophy which has no place for the inexorable should have adjusted itself so easily to the inexorable of war, and why, although a philosophy of the creative intelligence in using means toward ends, it should show itself so singularly impoverished in its present supply of democratic values.

What is the matter with the philosophy? One has a sense of having come to a sudden, short stop at the end of an intellectual era. In the crisis, this philosophy of intelligent control just does not measure up to our needs. What is the root of this inadequacy that is felt so keenly by our restless minds? Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out searchingly the lack of poetic vision in our pragmatist "awakeners." Is there something in these realistic attitudes that works actually against poetic vision, against concern for the quality of life as above

machinery of life? Apparently there is. The war has revealed a younger intelligentsia, trained up in the pragmatic dispensation, immensely ready for the executive ordering of events, pitifully unprepared for the intellectual interpretation or the idealistic focussing of ends. The young men in Belgium, the officers' training corps, the young men being sucked into the councils at Washington and into war-organization everywhere, have among them a definite element, upon whom Dewey, as veteran philosopher, might well bestow a papal blessing. They have absorbed the secret of scientific method as applied to political administration. They are liberal, enlightened, aware. They are touched with creative intelligence toward the solution of political and industrial problems. They are a wholly new force in American life, the product of the swing in the colleges from a training that emphasized classical studies to one that emphasized political and economic values. Practically all this element, one would say, is lined up in service of the war-technique. There seems to have been a peculiar congeniality between the war and these men. It is as if the war and they had been waiting for each other. One wonders what scope they would have had for their intelligence without it. Probably most of them would have gone into industry and devoted themselves to sane reorganization schemes. What is significant is that it is the technical side of the war that appeals to them, not the interpretative or political side. The formulation of values and ideals, the production of articulate and suggestive thinking, had not, in their education, kept pace, to any extent whatever, with their technical aptitude. The result is that the field of intellectual formulation is very poorly manned by this younger intelligentsia. While they organize the war, formulation of opinion is left largely in the hands of professional patriots, sensational editors, archaic radicals. The intellectual work of this younger intelligentsia is done by the sedition-hunting Vigilantes, and by the saving rem-

nant of older liberals. It is true, Dewey calls for a more attentive formulation of war-purposes and ideas, but he calls largely to deaf ears. His disciples have learned all too literally the instrumental attitude toward life, and, being immensely intelligent and energetic, they are making themselves efficient instruments of the war-technique, accepting with little question the ends as announced from above. That those ends are largely negative does not concern them, because they have never learned not to subordinate idea to technique. Their education has not given them a coherent system of large ideas, or a feeling for democratic goals. They have, in short, no clear philosophy of life except that of intelligent service, the admirable adaptation of means to ends. They are vague as to what kind of a society they want, or what kind of society America needs, but they are equipped with all the administrative attitudes and talents necessary to attain it.

To those of us who have taken Dewey's philosophy almost as our American religion, it never occurred that values could be subordinated to technique. We were instrumentalists, but we had our private utopias so clearly before our minds that the means fell always into its place as contributory. And Dewey, of course, always meant his philosophy, when taken as a philosophy of life, to start with values. But there was always that unhappy ambiguity in his doctrine as to just how values were created, and it became easier and easier to assume that just any growth was justified and almost any activity valuable so long as it achieved ends. The American, in living out this philosophy, has habitually confused results with product, and been content with getting somewhere without asking too closely whether it was the desirable place to get. It is now becoming plain that unless you start with the vividest kind of poetic vision, your instrumentalism is likely to land you just where it has landed this younger intelligentsia which is so happily and busily engaged in the national enter-

prise of war. You must have your vision and you must have your technique. The practical effect of Dewey's philosophy has evidently been to develop the sense of the latter at the expense of the former. Though he himself would develop them together, even in him there seems to be a flagging of values, under the influence of war. *The New Republic* honorably clamors for the Allies to subordinate military strategy to political ends, technique to democratic values. But war always undermines values. It is the outstanding lesson of the whole war that statesmen cannot be trusted to get this perspective right, that their only motto is, first to win and then grab what they can. The struggle against this statesmanlike animus must be a losing one as long as we have not very clear and very determined and very revolutionary democratic ideas and programmes to challenge them with. The trouble with our situation is not only that values have been generally ignored in favor of technique, but that those who have struggled to keep values foremost, have been too bloodless and too near-sighted in their vision. The defect of any philosophy of "adaptation" or "adjustment," even when it means adjustment to changing, living experience, is that there is no provision for thought or experience getting beyond itself. If your ideal is to be adjustment to your situation, in radiant co-operation with reality, then your success is likely to be just that and no more. You never transcend anything. You grow, but your spirit never jumps out of your skin to go on wild adventures. If your policy as a publicist reformer is to take what you can get, you are likely to find that you get something less than you should be willing to take. Italy in the settlement is said to be demanding one hundred in order to get twenty, and this machiavellian principle might well be adopted by the radical. Vision must constantly outshoot technique, opportunist efforts usually achieve less even than what seemed obviously possible. An impossibilist élan that appeals to desire will often carry fur-

ther. A philosophy of adjustment will not even make for adjustment. If you try merely to "meet" situations as they come, you will not even meet them. Instead you will only pile up behind you deficits and arrears that will some day bankrupt you.

We are in the war because an American Government practised a philosophy of adjustment, and an instrumentalism for minor ends, instead of creating new values and setting at once a large standard to which the nations might repair. An intellectual attitude of mere adjustment, of mere use of the creative intelligence to make your progress, must end in caution, regression, and a virtual failure to effect even that change which you so clear-sightedly and desirously see. This is the root of our dissatisfaction with much of the current political and social realism that is preached to us. It has everything good and wise except the obstreperous vision that would drive and draw all men into it.

IV

The working-out of this American philosophy in our intellectual life then has meant an exaggerated emphasis on the mechanics of life at the expense of the quality of living. We suffer from a real shortage of spiritual values. A philosophy that worked when we were trying to get that material foundation for American life in which more impassioned living could flourish no longer works when we are faced with inexorable disaster and the hysterias of the mob. The note of complacency which we detect in the current expressions of this philosophy has a bad taste. The congruous note for the situation would seem to be, on the contrary, that of robust desperation,—a desperation that shall rage and struggle until new values come out of the travail, and we see some glimmering of our democratic way. In the creation of these new values, we may expect the old philosophy, the old radicalism, to be helpless. It has found a perfectly definite level, and

there is no reason to think that it will not remain there. Its flowering appears in the technical organization of the war by an earnest group of young liberals, who direct their course by an opportunist programme of State-socialism at home and a league of benevolently-imperialistic nations abroad. At their best they can give us a government by prudent, enlightened college men instead of by politicians. At their best, they can abolish war by making everybody a partner in the booty of exploitation. That is all, and it is technically admirable. Only there is nothing in the outlook that touches in any way the happiness of the individual, the vivifying of the personality, the comprehension of social forces, the flair of art,—in other words, the quality of life. Our intellectuals have failed us as value-creators, even as value-emphasizers. The allure of the martial in war has passed only to be succeeded by the allure of the technical. The allure of fresh and true ideas, of free speculation, of artistic vigor, of cultural styles, of intelligence suffused by feeling, and feeling given fibre and outline by intelligence, has not come, and can hardly come, we see now, while our reigning philosophy is an instrumental one.

Whence can come this allure? Only from those who are thorough malcontents. Irritation at things as they are, disgust at the continual frustrations and aridities of American life, deep dissatisfaction with self and with the groups that give themselves forth as hopeful,—out of such moods there might be hammered new values. The malcontents would be men and women who could not stomach the war, or the reactionary idealism that has followed in its train. They are quite through with the professional critics and classicists who have let cultural values die through their own personal ineptitude. Yet these malcontents have no intention of being cultural vandals, only to slay. They are not barbarians, but seek the vital and the sincere everywhere. All they want is a new orientation of the spirit that shall be modern, an

orientation to accompany that technical orientation which is fast coming, and which the war accelerates. They will be harsh and often bad-tempered, and they will feel that the break-up of things is no time for mellowness. They will have a taste for spiritual adventure, and for sinister imaginative excursions. It will not be Puritanism so much as complacency that they will fight. A tang, a bitterness, an intellectual fibre, a verve, they will look for in literature, and their most virulent enemies will be those unaccountable radicals who are still morally servile, and are now trying to suppress all free speculation in the interests of nationalism. Something more mocking, more irreverent, they will constantly want. They will take institutions very lightly, indeed will never fail to be surprised at the seriousness with which good radicals take the stated offices and systems. Their own contempt will be scarcely veiled, and they will be glad if they can tease, provoke, irritate thought on any subject. These malcontents will be more or less of the American tribe of talent who used either to go immediately to Europe, or starved submissively at home. But these people will neither go to Europe, nor starve submissively. They are too much entangled emotionally in the possibilities of American life to leave it, and they have no desire whatever to starve. So they are likely to go ahead beating their heads at the wall until they are either bloody or light appears. They will give offense to their elders who cannot see what all the concern is about, and they will hurt the more middle-aged sense of adventure upon which the better integrated minds of the younger generation will have compromised. Optimism is often compensatory, and the optimistic mood in American thought may mean merely that American life is too terrible to face. A more skeptical, malicious, desperate, ironical mood may actually be the sign of more vivid and more stirring life fermenting in America today. It may be a sign of hope. That thirst for more of the intellectual "war and laughter" that

we find Nietzsche calling us to may bring us satisfactions that optimism-haunted philosophies could never bring. Malcontentedness may be the beginning of promise. That is why I evoked the spirit of William James, with its gay passion for ideas, and its freedom of speculation, when I felt the slightly pedestrian gait into which the war had brought pragmatism. It is the creative desire more than the creative intelligence that we shall need if we are ever to fly.

The Fires of Pittsburgh

By James Oppenheim

Fires—
Fires out of the dark—
(Coal-barges swing on the Ohio)
Fires, fires of Steel—
(Ore floats the ripple of the slow Monongahela)
Fires, fires of Pittsburgh—
Lo, lightnings lifting her sky of smoke, and dropping it,
Lo, the young American city,
On her heights, in the fork of her rivers,
And ringed with mills
Guarding her tracks and tonnage
Laboring day and night.

She is the womb of the Modern,
Strong young mother of cities and ships. .
She weaves the world with rails,
And webs the Earth with wires. . .
Pittsburgh is *Labor,*
Pittsburgh is *Wealth,*
Pittsburgh is *Power.*
From these smokes, a nation,
From these fires, America.

O fires of Pittsburgh!
Is it only the Steel that shrieks as you twist and shape it?
Is this the howling of your hammers, the anguish of your cranes, the revolt of your engines?

The Fires of Pittsburgh

Do I hear only this hell's music of mills?
Or is this the slaves' song of your lonely wrestlers with elemental flame and ore,—
The slaves' song,
The slaves' groaning and wailing in the dark,
The song of mastered men,
The sullen satanic music of lost and despairing humanity?

I will go lightly
By the lonely shanties clinging to the barren slopes. . .
I will go softly
Where no birds sing,
Where the gas-lamps burn grey in the flimsy sodden mill-town,
And from the lighted kitchens
The tired workmen throng the streets, tramping, tramping,
Tramping over the railroad bridge,
Tramping through the switch-yards,
For the Giant has blown his whistle
And the night-shift is on. . . . .

Madly the night swirls
Lunging with engines—
The flames burst the roofs and shower golden snow,
The shrill-whistling yard-engines bump across the switches,
Switchmen swing lanterns, green, green, red,
The sudden headlights dazzle round the silhouettes of workmen,
This mill and that looms roaring, roaring,
Bells beat, whistles blow, shouts rise, and heaven
Rolls with unresting smokes,
Glares with livid lightning. . .

Speed!
The young god speed!
The young god speed is at the wheel,

Whipping the engines,
Pacing the workers,
The mills roar their terrible triumph over time,
The great machines snatch at the hands of men,
And drag them in, and drag in the arms,
And drag at every muscle of the body. . .
Speed! speed!
American speed!
Set the fires roaring,
Swing the blooms in faster,
Pile up the tonnage for a record-breaker,
Pile up the tonnage. . . Strain, strain, you toilers!
Give us every ounce of your tireless energy. . .
Work, till you crack, work, till you are slag:
Work, till you age with fever and exhaustion,
Work, till we fling you out upon the rusty scrap-heap. . .

Open slides the floor-door: the soaking pit is dazzling. . .
Down comes the crane-hand and dips into the fire:
It's the ten-ton ingot she is lifting up,
It's the ten-ton ingot, white-hot and sizzling. . .
It's a lost soul shrieking snatched from out the burning. . .

Clank, clank, clatter, the bloom runs down the rollers,
Crash! it hits the wringers!
Whong! the sparks are flying!
Klong-al, klong-al, it howls like a lioness,
Giving up its soul as it flattens to a sheet. . . .

Noise, soot, chaos. . . .
I wander, finding men,
Half-naked men with wet shining bodies,
Men with forks, and men at the levers,
Men on cars, and men behind the engines,
Fire-glaring men with shovels at the furnaces. . .

The Fires of Pittsburgh

Men, men. . . .
I watch, and I am silent. . .

(O dance of death!
Dance of the fires of death!
Fires, fires of Pittsburgh!)

There are hills, beloved, with mountain-gardens,—
There we grow roses, useless beautiful roses
For the delight of our souls. . . .

There is a room, beloved, on the city-square,—
There we make songs, useless beautiful songs
As gifts to each other's hearts.

We have known how the body, like a bud,
Opens beyond Earth, and beyond riches,
Into vision, song, love. . .

We have known the mystery of each other,
Clinging in the mystery of the Night,
With stars and long silence. . . .

There is a fire beyond fire. . .
There is a fire in love
There is a fire in song. . . .

O Man, thou flame!
Thou who hast in thee this vague vision, this power of desire,
Hast thou traversed a planet with trade and speech,
Steel swimmers of the sea, steel cities capped with cloud,
Steel cannonades of destruction,
Steel strength of Civilization,
And yet, art thou *darkness?*

Psychic Giant!
Thou apparition appearing on a planet teeming with little animals,
Emerging strong from the twilight of storm-lost creatures,
Thou envisager of distances and ages,
Thou binder of elemental powers,
Thou tameless fighting god of Earth!

Art thou this, builder of Pittsburgh?
Why then this sighing in the abyss?
Why from thy grimy lips this slaves' song, this slaves' song in the fires,
This slaves' wailing and groaning,
This sullen satanic music of despair and death?

Art thou caught in thine own creation?
Giant, art thou locked in the arms of this Giant of thine own making,
This brainless Giant?
Are the two of you eternally wrestling,
Thou of the shanties clinging to the barren hills,
Thou of the tawdry mill-town
Wrestling with Steel, struggling with Tonnage, fighting with Time?

There is no glory in the world that coops thee here,
Giant of Labor,
There is no joy. . .
There is no delight in the gaudy Heaven lit by the fires of this Hell,
No delight among the masters ever speeding,
No delight for the pilers-up of Power,
There is no joy in America. . .
There can come no song for fine ears out of the sweating of the multitude,

The Fires of Pittsburgh

There can come no splendor of the soul out of the grinding
of the slaves. . . .
But there comes madness,
There comes the rising whirlwind of riches,
There comes the hurricane-fury of lust to be great,
There comes a wind smiting nation against nation,
There comes confusion of tongues, and storm,
Storm whirling the towers, toppling the cities, blasting the
countryside,
Storm shattering Civilization—the Abyss
Opens, a world goes down.

And thou, Labor,
Art sucked into the cyclone—
It is thy blood that must redden the fields of France,
It is thy breast and thy face that must stop the shells. . .

Fires,
Fires out of the dark
(Coal-barges swing on the Ohio)
Fires, fires of Steel—
(Ore floats the ripple of the slow Monongahela)
Fires, fires of Pittsburgh—
From these smokes, a nation,
From these fires, America. . . .

But that morning shall break
When the Sleeper in thy fires awakens,
But that morning shall break
When thy giant Slave rises and deals with thee. . .
With a shrug of his shoulders, those flies, his masters, shall
drop,
With a stroke of his terrible fist he shall clean out the mills,
He shall seize the machines, bestriding the engines that rode
him. . . .

When that morning breaks
The Sun of Labor in splendor
Shall illume a new world,
When that morning breaks
This Giant shall call to the Giants
And the Nations be one. . .
When that morning of glory breaks
The Earth's hosts arisen
Shall be streaming with light. . .
Song, song shall burst from their lips,
And flame out of darkness. . .
Song, song shall leap from their lips,
And the glory
Be given to Man for his marring, his making, his death or his life.

The Sea-Turn

By Clement Jones

CLARA FISKE was just entering the registrar's office with the man she was going to marry in spite of her father's threats. The few persons on Ship Street at this hour—quarter of five in the afternoon—walked slowly or stopped altogether, looking after her with an excitement so intense that one or two of them moistened their lips with their tongues. Their eyes shone curiously, like those of a dog to whom an unexpected bit of raw meat has been given. Their throats worked as they swallowed it.

There was a suppressed violence about Clara's handsome back as she mounted the iron steps—as if she did not thoroughly enjoy what she was doing but that nothing human would stop her. Beside her own, the figure of the man, although thick-set and assertive, was negative.

The door closed after the pair, while Ship Street, behind counters, shutters, and half-curtains, waited for their emergence with glistening eyes, sick with the lust for vicarious experience.

When the door re-opened and Clara Fiske with her husband stood again on the top step, the intake of breath, the swallowings in lean throats, was nearly audible from behind decent Ship Street fronts.

As Clara stood there for a moment—flushed and ironic, with eyes half-empty to the talk of the man beside her—she looked as if she were already tired of her bargain, but would in no wise disown or depart from it.

They came down the steps and walked—in an exposure as

merciless as it was complete—from one end of Ship Street to the other. Clara knew that every eye was fixed upon her. And she knew the color and shape of most of those eyes as perfectly as she knew the people to whom they belonged.

Clara walked ahead impersonally, her gaze deep in the rich light which gathered at the end of Ship Street. It was the last day of September. The horse-chestnuts and locust trees hung their attenuated gold in the blue atmosphere, ghosts of the deep-bosomed summer. Delicate, rarefied, perfect, Ship Street lay before the eye. Clara, absorbed in its distinguished beauty, felt reassured and took a firmer hold on her situation. The East wind was coming in, salt and moist, driving off the slightly acrid smell of drying leaves.

These colors and aspects and odors were all reassertions of experience to Clara. And the physical beauty of that sea-port had always, far more than anything else, reinforced Clara's taste and courage in their pitched battles with her sultry moods.

At the next crossing, however, by the corner of Sycamore Lane, an excrescence appeared on the fair symmetry of Ship Street. From behind the handsome, torn branches of a golden sycamore lurched into view the snuff-colored Congregational Church, obscene with chocolate filigree. Clara's lip curled as she looked at it. It was incorrigibly hideous—not beauty gone astray or beauty controverted, but ugliness manifest, the evil principle incarnate. This was Clara's father's church, of which he was a "member," "pillar," or what not. Her father could not see any difference between the appearance of this and the church at the other end of Ship Street, at which Clara now turned to look—octagonal white spire up between the gold horse-chestnuts. No more than he could see the difference between the snuff rosettes and the white spire, had her father seen the difference between himself and Clara's mother. When Clara's mother died he put up a window for her, not in the white church to which she had always gone, but in his

own, though all the money had belonged to her. As Clara's eyes fell on that red and green abortion over the chocolate-colored door, defaming there her mother's memory and significance, tears fell into the corners of her mouth.

When Clara's husband and herself came presently abreast of the house where she had been born, a characteristic Georgian design like that of the white church, part of her mother's dowry, she cast one feverish glance at its sallow beauty and stepped more quickly past it. She had seen, however, that her father stood at the top of the steps, with his tall, hard figure, to shake his fist at her in the good old style. Her fingers clenched. She would have liked to kill him. And knock his snuff and chocolate church to pieces.

Ten minutes later they had reached the station. There they stood and waited for the train. Clara's eyes alternated between the clock—across the dial of which many flies crawled sluggishly—and her husband's face. She decided at length that when his eyes were not asserting the disingenuous love of courtship, they were empty and dull. Had she seen her own she would readily have acknowledged that they did not look more than half alive themselves. Clara never fooled herself, for good or bad. She was rare and strong in that.

This man, her husband, Henry Denny by name, had arrived in Lymehead two weeks before, trying to sell a patent ploughing-machine to the New England farmers. He had had small success—the farmers looking down their noses, Mr. Henry Denny retorting upon the pitiable dimensions of New England agriculture—but he had seen Clara, taken a fancy for her, divining in her something bafflingly above and beyond him. And encouraged by his conviction that anyone would be glad of a chance to leave that "God-forsaken New England village," he wooed her high-handedly and was forbidden the house by Clara's father. Clara would never have thought of marrying him but for that. But she inherited a sultry strain, and in a gust of hate she accepted Henry Denny.

We have already witnessed their joyous marriage.

The train was twenty minutes late, just so many hours of indignity and despair for Clara. It does not matter how detached or ironic you may become, the familiar things cropping up to observe or implore or condemn you, still lacerate—if not your heart, your pride. This familiar fact of the train being twenty minutes late hurt Clara unendurably. Nevertheless when it pulled in, under charge of a conductor whom Clara had known from earliest consciousness, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Denny climbed aboard, inevitably. No going back now.

As the train turned a curve, doubling on itself to avoid the salt marshes, Clara caught a glimpse of frail gold locusts and a white spire rising from them in the dusk. Their beauty challenged her courage. But presently, brushing past her husband, she crossed with panicky step to an empty seat on the other side of the car, strained desperately at the tight-stuck window, flung it wide at last, and shaking her fingers with the pain of a broken finger-nail, leaned out her head to get the last moist breath of the East wind.

II

A year and a half later, one hot summer afternoon toward sunset, you might have seen Clara Fiske, now Mrs. Henry Denny, leave the frame house at the end of the one street in Great Sandy, North Dakota, and walk off into the mesquite. There was little difference between the street and the open sand. The street wallowed nearly as much as the open desert, and the desert, with the exception of a low hillock, was as flat as the street. The two merged imperceptibly into each other.

Toward this hillock, blotted grey and green with sage-brush, Clara Denny walked as quickly as the clogging sand allowed. She had her first-born in her arms. She stumbled in her haste. The sun was setting after a stifling day. When she reached

the crest of the hillock she turned about in every direction. Against the turgid sky she paced, back and forth, almost with swinging head. The child set up a wail. But Clara still paced back and forth, swinging her head rhythmically from side to side.

Clara Fiske Denny was looking for the East wind. By an East wind Clara meant a "sea-turn," moist and dim and salt, stepping off the sea at the foot of Ship Street. But here, in Great Sandy, she had never been able to find more than a crazy, pallid flutter, twisting her skirt round her ankles, flicking her hair cynically across her eyes. Stupid of her to look again as she had looked so often, knowing quite well that the sea was a thousand miles away. Quickly now she floundered down the hillock, climbing out of the sand to the steps of the frame house.

As she opened the door and went in with the sobbing infant, it was easy to see that the agency for the Ceres Harvesting Machine had not proved a profitable career for Mr. Henry Denny.

III

And three years later it was even easier to see that Mr. Denny's business, whatever it was by this time—an agency no doubt for a patent rain-coat; rain-coats were popular as a mark of gentility here where, as it seemed to Clara, the rain never fell—that Mr. Denny's business was still less successful than before. Success or achievement in any degree were not the words for the unnameable and feeble function with which Mr. Denny filled his days. There was some sort of action, no doubt, going on between Mr. Denny and the kosmos, but it would have been difficult to describe it. And man's work being his life, the significance of Mr. Denny's once cocky and assertive spirit had preserved the appropriate ratio to his business. Except at home where vanity still prompted him spasmodically to assert the master-in-his-house concept, Mr.

Denny was most conveniently to be regarded as a negative —a heavy negative, to be sure. By this time Clara Fiske Denny was aware that in the hot mood of one week she had taken on for good, as the partner of her life and the companion of her soul, a negative—a heavy, unavoidable negative.

The house itself was eloquent, both of a potent misery and a negative forlornness. The floors splintered perpetually, splintered and sub-splintered under the mop. Those grimy mop-strings caught about the splinters of the floor grew to be one of the symbols of Clara's life. The wall-paper peeled, gradually, cynically. Clara's mind was never wholly free of the imprint of a certain florid bunch of flowers on her bedroom wall, peeling and torn, yellowed by rain and bleached by sandy light.

The baby with whom we once saw Clara looking for the East wind was now over three years old, dark and thin, with a small sullen mouth.

During that interval Clara had been no more successful in finding the East wind on the crest of the hillock than before. The sand gloated on the warped front steps. Some geraniums and nasturtiums which Clara had stubbornly replanted every spring beside these steps had gasped and struggled for a brief season, then laid their heads for all time in the sand.

The Dennys were poor, downright, out-and-out poor. Each week, each day, was a wan and tedious effort to repel the advancing wave of annihilation. Whether the lip of that wave would pause and then retreat at the lowest of the three wooden steps before the door was the one excitement that they had. And sometimes Clara was too tired to enjoy even that.

Clara had not heard a word from her father since the threat from his lips more than four years ago, in Lymehead. Meanwhile she had begun to count furtively and with aversion on the Money, the Money which must eventually come to her. There were no other heirs, no next of kin but her. The Money had been her mother's anyway, and though there had been no

will it was, of course, understood. The Money was the one way of saving the future, of having the baby know what a ship was, of smelling the East wind again. Clara had found that it was disastrous to speak of the ocean in Great Sandy. There was a strange deep jealousy of the things Great Sandy was not heir to. Clara had seen that jealousy creep to the eyes of those to whom she had, eager to talk about it, sometimes spoken of the sea. The eyes set up a danger signal. Jealousy surged in Great Sandy's heart. The word "ship" was taboo.

When the baby was three and a half years old, Clara's father died. She knew this from the one note of condolence which she received from Lymehead. Clara drew a long breath of relief. The situation had been desperate. The lessons of tragic honesty which Clara had taught herself were too accurate for her to feel anything else, or try to. The Money had been her mother's, her mother's who would have cut off her right hand for Clara. It had been understood that the Money would be Clara's.

Through a hot week of crazy, fluttering wind Clara watched the post-office, walking there a mile and back through the wallowing ramshackle street she loathed. Two weeks passed without a letter from the New England seaport. Then Clara wrote to the registrar who had married her to Henry Denny. At the end of another week, during which Clara climbed the hillock frequently and sat, always facing the East, talking excitedly to the child who was too young to understand, about the ships and the ocean and particularly the "sea-turns" they were always having in Lymehead.

Then late on Saturday afternoon, hot and breathless as Clara's suspense itself, came the letter from the registrar. Mr. Fiske, he said, had left everything to the First Congregational Society of Lymehead. There were no other bequests.

Clara read this letter three times. She had rushed up to her bedroom to read it, her eyes brilliant with release. As she now finished it for the third time, the splinters on the

floor seemed triumphantly to stand on end and point at her, each waving derisively its thread of tangled mop-string. The stained and faded flowers on the wall grinned insolently, in their obscene and dominant decay. The whole room reached out its sodden arms to stifle her with its decrepitude, more powerful than strength. Flinging her hands out before her she rushed downstairs and stumbled up the hillock.

There, facing the East, she clenched her hand and raised her arm. Her forehead flushed dark red. Her chin and cheeks were white. She raised her clenched fist with a gesture of annihilation and cried, "God curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead!"

IV

A month or so later Clara had from one of her few friends in Lymehead, a picture post-card showing a "View of Ship Street." There was no sight of the ocean in this one as there had been in those which Clara tacked about her room. Instead there showed, between the sycamore and the locust, an excellent view of the First Congregational Church, lewd in snuff-color, richly enhanced by brown. Even the red and green of Elijah and the Ravens above the door was apparent to an interested eye.

"You may not have heard," said the writing beside the picture, "that there was a fire in the Congregational Church two weeks ago, which destroyed the steeple. But they are building it again." Light leapt into Clara's eyes as she read. Then she laughed—neither a lovely nor a cheerful laugh. She took down the tin candle-stick and lighted it, carefully, her eyes answering the brilliance of the sudden flame. She waited until the flame had ceased to waver and burned steadily. Then she took the post-card between her thumb and finger, holding exactly above the tip of fire the spot where the Congregational Church blossomed in snuff and chocolate corruption. At first

the glazed surface of the card refused to catch, the smoke spreading out over the under side, obscuring the address with soot. Then it caught hold, penetrated like a sword, leaving instantly a blackened hole where the church had been. Like any savage who, making an image of a feared and hated thing, shatters the image to annihilate the reality, so Clara obliterated from the card the image of her hate. She smiled so that her teeth showed unusually. Then she took it to her bedroom and tacked it up among the rest. It even seemed to her as if the loathesome flowers on the wall regarded it with cunning fear. Presently she went outdoors again, with the deliberate step that knows its destination, and climbed the hillock, where facing toward the East as usual, but with the deliberateness this time of ritual, she raised her clenched hand as before, lifting her arm above her head, requiring of God a service, sending Jehovah the Great Hater on her errands.

V

Fifteen years later still, eighteen years since Clara Fiske had left New England, the physical aspects of the household in Great Sandy were about the same. Its tendencies had been confirmed, that was all. Its decrepitude was more dominant, its decay a motive force, inert but overwhelming like the sand. The floors were more worn than ever, not worn smooth as the sea wears driftwood, but raw and sharp with the trudging of uneager feet. "Business" was a blessed memory, a thing to go over with loving emphasis and enlargement on summer afternoons and winter evenings. Henry Denny had a whole collection of little anecdotes about his business career. He told anyone who would listen that the Ceres Harvesting Company used to consider him the most promising salesman they had ever had. When he was not thus asserting himself within the merciful arms of Recollection, he sat on the top step staring at the sand and sage-brush.

If you had known Clara as the handsomest, headiest girl in Lymehead, if you remembered her figure and her face, and had now come upon her suddenly, as she stooped over brushing up the sink, or had seen her face as she stood tying a ravelled ribbon on her twelve-year-old daughter's hair—for girls must have hair-ribbons whether these be made of silk or a strip of old sateen—you would have fallen back in the classic manner. Your first amazement would have been succeeded by the wonder that such fiery, smoky eyes could have found fuel in a face so scarred and dead.

There were three children now, going to and fro across the splinters.

On the oldest child, the boy Henry, you saw the doom of his parentage already written, a doom made certain by the present circumstances. He was very like his father. They had had no money to send him anywhere, or to get him the kind of clothes without which he refused to go even to the unluxurious high-school at Bald Eagle. He was already acquainted with the unsavory modes of beguilement in an isolated, poverty-stricken town where leisure like everything else is a burden.

It is no more than natural that Clara's visits to the hillock became more frequent. To curse, with fist clenched and arm uplifted, the Congregational Church of Lymehead became a passion with her, a duty, the one blow she could get in for the future and against the past. Clara had done her level best in every way to pull them out of the morass. She had not surrendered. She had simply been out-matched. A vast negative force of inertia overwhelmed inevitably her thrusting hands. What wonder that, no matter how tired she was, she never omitted this supreme duty. If she could not overcome evil with the righteousness of effort, she would at least overcome, annihilate, the symbol, the contributor to her defeat. Her one prayer, therefore, the sign that she still lived, was contained in that formula, delivered from the hillock,

delivered sometimes from the house itself, from the kitchen, from the bedroom, delivered always after some special humiliation and defeat: "God curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead."

Clara's daughter, now fifteen years old, was more like her father than like Clara, though she seemed to have inherited from Clara's father a strain of religiosity which—because Clara had rather discouraged church-going anyway—manifested itself in an ungovernable curiosity in the local Roman Catholic church. The girl's eyes were full of thin, half-sensuous dreams. She was never so happy as when abasing herself on the red-carpeted steps of the altar. And Clara's animosity which, as regards the Congregational Church of Lymehead had been purely local and personal, applying only to the snuff and chocolate edifice on Ship Street, to the boards and mortar of which it was constructed, now spread itself to all shows of religion. And when at sixteen her daughter Harriet, named after Clara's Unitarian mother (it had been a toss-up really, whether the girl would go to the bad through her sensuous curiosity or into the church through sensuous hysteria), finally took the veil and became a novice—what wonder that Clara that same night, with wildly stumbling feet floundered to the crest of the hill, possessed by this latest defeat. She struggled for a curse more adequate, more comprehensive for all the misery she had undergone. She struggled for an all-embracing curse. "God curse . . . " she began, lifting her arm, her forehead red, her cheeks and chin dead white, "God curse. . . . " She fumbled for expression, broke off confused, more deeply defeated than ever in her life. There was no curse great enough. . . .

When on this same night Clara got back into the house, the youngest boy, Robert, twelve years old, was sitting at the kitchen table with a pile of jack-straws and a copy of "The Scientific American" spread open before him. He was trying to arrange the jack-straws after the diagram of a bridge

which was illustrated on the page. His mother stopped and looked at him a long time from the door. He was too absorbed to hear her. A fierce emotion contracted her heart and mind to one point of consciousness. He was hers, *her* boy, she said to herself in the egotism of disillusioned parenthood. It is true that he was much like Clara in many ways, like the best of her. On him Clara's hope rested, if she could still be said to have anything so frivolous as a hope. The friend who sent Clara the picture post-cards had sent "The Scientific American" indiscriminately for the past three years, having but a vague notion of their tastes. Clara sometimes looked at it, with a curious kind of despair. It represented that mysterious thing, Achievement, to her. The people who wrote in it had managed not only to exist, but to do something beside, sometimes great things. How had they done it? It saddened her indescribably. If she had been cleverer? Or more patient?

Robert adored "The Scientific American," possessed it utterly. As his mother now watched him poring over it, so at home with it, not appalled or saddened by it, she felt the nearest approach to joy that she ever knew in these years. If she could but help him to his "education." Not all her interminable actual experience with life had lowered her intense veneration for "learning." Perhaps Robert would make a scientist. Thus, incidentally, she felt that she could wound the First Congregational Church of Lymehead in a more vital part than she had dreamed. And this act of unconscious justice would be but an unknown jot of Robert's glory.

Robert was rather a handsome boy, with blue New England eyes like Clara's mother. He was gentle but quite lofty in a tacit way and awed while he inspired his mother. She was never sharp with him and was always careful to speak as tactfully as she could when they were together.

As she came forward now and sat down opposite him by the table, he looked up at her. With his serious eyes upon her, she wildly wished that she were beautiful, that she

looked now as she had used to look, that Robert looking at her should not think all women ugly. She even felt, in her overstrained mood, that he must despise her having married his father, for having flouted love. She was in agony. But Robert's mind was full of what he had been doing, of those stirrings of desire toward achievement which mark certain human beings off from others from their earliest years. Her gaze at him became so fixed, so regretful, so reverent that he could not help but feel it; and he asked her with his serious voice that she adored:

"What are you looking at, mother?"

"At you, Robert," she replied.

But his mind was so full of his thoughts, impersonal thoughts, as untouched by his environment as the stars are by the smoke which rising from earth obscures them, that he did not think to ask her why she looked at him. Such people are the desperate delight of their lovers.

She lit a candle for him and accepted his serious kiss at the foot of the stairs. She watched him go up. She was romantically as much as maternally in love with him.

Then of a sudden, rage repossessed her. To think that things should be so hard for such as Robert. Again, as before when she had burnt the snuff-colored church out of the post-card of "Ship Street," the impulse toward image-making stirred in her, an emotion threading down from the dimmest sources of man. "Images are potent," whispered the ancient savage in her, and she sat there by the kitchen table in Great Sandy practising unconsciously the primeval arts of "imitative magic." Intently, with eyes brilliant and teeth shining in the candle-light, Clara took the jack-straws and laid them carefully in the semblance of the Congregational Church on Ship Street. When she had laid the last straw in position, she rose slowly to her feet, resting one hand balefully on the edge of the table. The other she raised gradually, warily above her head, paused for a moment as if in invocation, then brought

her clenched fist down upon the table, scattering the jackstraws wide about the floor and breaking many. With a look of savage delight and vengeance and relief, she leaned both arms upon the table and laughed loud into the candle-flame which shook and veered before her breath.

VI

The two remaining members of the First Congregational Society were consulting together in the vestryroom on Ship Street, Lymehead. One of these men was also the minister of the church. They looked curiously ineffectual as they sat there, as if everything that they put their hands to had been too much for them. The rival Congregational Society was pushing them hard. It was the most extraordinary thing; the way all those Congregationalists had gone off and founded a church by themselves; why in spite of all of old Fiske's money they couldn't seem to make the First Church "go," remained a mystery, divine or otherwise. If any of the deserting members had been able to give a reason. But no one, not even the deserters themselves had been able to tell just why, though several of them tried. It was vague. They could not explain. They seemed simply to have grown tired of the First Church, to have ceased to "get anything" from it. A sense of fatality had laid its paralyzing hand on the two remaining members. It was admittedly absurd for Mr. Aiken to go on preaching sermons, exhorting or informing or consoling Mr. Perkins as he sat alone in the chancel doing duty for both choir and congregation. Mr. Perkins was old, and it was getting on his nerves. It was getting decidedly on Mr. Aiken's nerves, and on his self-esteem as well. No one, however ardent and disinterested, can serve God adequately through the instrumentality of one half-blind and deaf old man.

It almost seemed, Mr. Aiken was saying to Mr. Perkins, as if a blight had visited them. It seemed to make no dif-

ference what they did, what precautions they took, what attractions they offered. The evening-classes in Civics—no church could get along without a class in Civics any longer—as well as the services themselves made no impression. The town had simply taken a slant against them. It was no doubt a divine mystery, said the minister again, and sighed. And it was not only the people leaving, either. There had been the fire, that wrecked the steeple. It seemed as if the steeple were barely mended before the roof began to cave. They had no sooner got the roof on again, with a great deal of expense, than the west wall was ripped open wide by lightning and the new carpet spoiled. There was a constant and increasing bill for repairs on the building itself and no one seemed to care whether it was rebuilt or not. Certainly discouraging.

Then Mr. Aiken leaned a little nearer Mr. Perkins, although they were quite alone, disconcertingly so, and said: "Do you suppose, brother, there is any way? The will expressly states that the services are to continue solely in this edifice and in the name exclusively of the First Society. People had begun to go, you know, before he died, and I suppose he wanted to be ready for them. But Jim Bartley told me the other evening in my private ear that the Second Society is willing to consolidate if there could be some way to get round. . . . "

"Yes, t'aint likely they've got a slant against the money, too," shrilled Mr. Perkins, lapsing with his momentary departure from lofty ground, into the vernacular. Mr. Aiken took no notice of this aspect of the question.

"It would be far better, brother, for the denomination to stand together. A house divided against itself, you know." Then he added deprecatingly, "Lawyers are very clever."

Mr. Perkins had returned to high ground. "I dare say they are, brother," he replied in a becoming, dignified voice. "I will see what can be done." Then in a burst of sincerity he added: "It does beat all, Sam, what has got into the First

Church. It's damned uncanny. Upon my word, ever since the sycamore blew down and smashed old Fiske's own memorial window all to flinders, the very night we paid the bill for it, out of his own money too, I declare I ain't felt comfortable in the old shack since. . . . I'll see Tom Snow in the morning about the will."

As Mr. Perkins was wrapping up his corded throat, which looked as if it would withstand forever the sharpest scythe the Reaper had in his barn, he leaned toward Mr. Aiken. "Say, Sam, wonder whatever became of that daughter of Fiske's. She was a wrong-headed one. Still," he shrilled out, with rising spirit, "it's been pretty lucky for the First Church that she lit out like that." He opened the snuff-colored door, which for all its newly repainted chocolate rosettes seemed to hang rather gingerly upon its hinges as if afraid of itself. "Pretty lucky," he shrilled again from the top step, "pretty lucky for the church. . . ."

VII

Well, one day just after telling the Postmaster in Great Sandy that the Ceres Harvesting Company had considered him the most promising salesman they had ever had, Henry Denny had died, quite peacefully and vacantly. The oldest boy, having been refused further help from his mother—her anger edged by depletion of the painful fund she saved for Robert—had disappeared for good and all with an insolent hunch of his shoulders. Clara's daughter, Harriet, had been transferred to the larger convent at Bald Eagle, where she might be seen going sleekly about with her New England head in a wimple, a silver cross upon her breast.

Clara had sold the forlorn remnants of the years, and the frame house with them, keeping one room for herself, the splintery bedroom that she loathed, and sent Robert to school. He had put himself through the university. Clara thought

she would die when he left, but she spilled the poor treasures of her life into his hands. And with his serious thoughts, with his great promise, he guarded them. He was going to justify her hopes.

One day, in his last year at the university, Robert had returned unexpectedly for a brief holiday. He found his mother sitting on the crest of the hillock, facing the East. She was too tired to pace back and forth against the turgid sky as she had used to do, too tired, too lonely, too desolate even to curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead, which indeed no longer technically existed. Lawyers are clever, as Mr. Aiken had said. And as Mr. Perkins also had observed, the Second Society "had no slant against the money."

Clara simply sat and looked toward the East, waiting for a "sea-turn." Her lungs, her life were clogged with the aridity of the sand, confused with the crazy flutter of the wind. All the night before she had lain awake and listened to the desolate wails of cattle in the freight-cars on the siding. She felt as they felt, unutterably desolate and bewildered.

"Mother," said Robert, as he came up suddenly and stood above her, "what's the matter?"

Unprepared for his coming, Clara sat and stared at him for a long while, not answering, dumbfounded by the unanswerable irony of his question. Her whole life lay before her in that moment. "What was the matter?" It turned her faint to review it.

But Robert had asked a question, and all Robert's questions must be answered seriously, courteously. Her mind dilated for a moment with the effort, then closed. She was confused. She stumbled with her speech.

"Why, I don't know, Robert," she finally stammered. "Perhaps if I could get a breath of the East wind, salt, I mean, the way it used to come down Ship Street." She was a little ashamed to talk about herself this way, but it was such a luxury, and she needed luxuries.

"You could see it walk right down the street, Robert," she continued, polite and eager, "making everything dim. First the gold scales on the court-house roof would disappear. Then the leaves on the horse-chestnuts would get grey, then you could taste it on your lips and hear the whistling buoy. It used to walk *right down* Ship Street It was lovely. I want you should see it some day, Robert."

Robert looked, startled, at his mother. She met his eyes for an instant. Then, for the first time in thirty years, great tears came rolling down her face, drenching the warped fingers she held over them—the round, large tears of one unendurably hurt.

Robert took her in his arms, and she suffered her son to comfort her. His soul was shocked by her longing. She looked incredibly aged and worn, though he knew she was only forty-nine. In comparison with the young women he saw going about at the university, she looked as if she had lived and been tortured from the beginning of time. He kissed and comforted her gravely. "Mother," he said, "just as soon as I can manage it, we'll go back. Do you know," he added, "I have never seen a ship?"

"Such lovely ships, Robert," she cried, "sailing along."

"And the light-houses?" he asked, still petting her; "what were the names of those?"

"Minot's Ledge," she cried, her face brilliant and wild. "Or the 'Needles'? Or the 'Graves'?"

"I don't know. Minot's Ledge, I think," responded the boy, not knowing one from the other. "Tell me about it."

But his mother had broken from his arms. She stood up. She strode forward like a young, angry woman. She raised her arm, sinewed with hard work. Her grey hair whipped across the burning eyes. Her raised fist clenched and shook. "God curse the Congregational Church of Lymehead," she cried, oblivious of her astounded son. "God curse. . . ." She fumbled with the words as wildly as on that night after

her daughter had taken vows. The adequate condemnation escaped her still. What she was hunting for, in the extremity of her bitterness, but could not find, was: "God himself be cursed."

VIII

Robert worked hard, but the next year, before he had made quite enough, Clara Fiske Denny died. She died one afternoon when the hot wind fluttered crazily from the Southwest, in her bedroom in Great Sandy, where the strings of the mop still stuck to the splinters and the printed flowers on the wall mocked her mortality, more fragile than their paper. . . .

Less than a year later, her son Robert was walking down Ship Street in Lymehead. He thought he had never seen any street so beautiful. Against the blue afternoon the locusts and horse-chestnuts hung their lucid green. Just by turning his head slightly to the right he could see the brilliant ocean. The white shaft of a lighthouse burned in the azure. A ship was moving from the harbor, all sails set.

He walked on down the street, turning every moment or two to gaze at the handsome sea, careful not to let it out of his sight. At the corner of Sycamore Lane, however, he turned his eyes just in time to catch a full view of a lurching ruin in snuff-color and brown. Certainly it was a startling sight on this comely street of Georgian brick and white-painted wood. Why in the world was such a building, obviously deserted and untenantable, allowed to stand there—lamentable, indecent, thrusting its decay before the face of Spring? It looked ready to fall and dangerous. The squat steeple was awry, the roof caved in, the windows broken—one indistinguishable mass, much like a rotting toadstool. He did not know for whom those smashed memorial windows stood. He walked to the door to look at the letters on a board beside it. And he was just able to make out from the nearly obliterated gilt the words: "First Congregational Church in Lymehead."

Robert's mind flashed back. But he had never known why his mother had so violently started from his arms that hot afternoon in Great Sandy. Some day he must find out.

Meanwhile he walked on down Ship Street, forgetting the snuff-colored ruin, exhilarated by the beauty at each hand. Impulses stirred in him afresh and strong to achieve his desires and, as the little seaport there had added its jot of vigor to the records of a new world, so in his turn, he resolved, with religious devotion, to add to the wonders of a "scientific age." Thus, unconsciously, did he ease his mother's ghost, laying the last unction to her soul.

But what had come over the day? A gauze, a translucent texture was passing over it. It had been so warm and brilliant, almost too warm. Now its eye was full of mist. He looked up. The gilded scales on the top of the court-house had disappeared. The young leaves of the trees looked grey. Something, some presence seemed to be walking down Ship Street, walking *right down* the street. Tentatively Robert put his tongue to his lips. Salt. Instantly he stopped, and listened. Yes, yes. He heard it. There it was. There it was again, riding the smooth heavings of the sea—the whistling-buoy.

Robert stood stock-still, breathing deeply in the moist salt air. Something antenatal, something always known but never before remembered stirred in him. "A sea-turn," he cried.

"Poor mother," he said then at last, divining but the smallest fragment of the truth he spoke. "How she would have liked to be here."

Powers of the Air

By J. D. Beresford

I FORESAW the danger that threatened him. He was so ignorant, and his sight had been almost destroyed in the city streets. A trustful ignorance is the beginning of wisdom, but these townspeople are conceited with their foolish book-learning; and reading darkens the eyes of the mind.

I began to warn him in early October when the gales roar far up in the sky. They are harmless then; they tear at the ricks and the slate roofs, and waste themselves in stripping the trees; but we are safe until the darkness comes.

I took him to the crown of the stubble land, and turned him with his back to the dark thread of the sea. I pointed to the rooks tumbling about the sky like scattered leaves that sported in a mounting wind.

"We are past the turn," I said. "The black time is coming."

He stood thoughtlessly watching the ecstatic rooks. "Is it some game they play?" he asked.

I shook my head. "They belong to the darkness," I told him.

He looked at me in that slightly forbearing way of his, and said, "Another of your superstitions?"

I was silent for a moment. I stared down at the texture of black fields ploughed for winter wheat, and thought of all the writing that lay before us under that wild October hill, all the clear signs that he could never be taught to read.

"Knowledge," I said. I was afraid for him, and I wished to save him. He had been penned in that little world of the

town like a caged gull. He had been blinded by staring at the boards of his coop.

He smiled condescendingly. "You are charmingly primitive still," he said. "Do you worship the sun in secret, and make propitiatory offerings to the thunder?"

I sighed, knowing that if I would save him I must try to reach his mind by the ear, by the dull and clumsy means of language. That is the fetish of these townspeople. They have no wisdom, only a little recognition of those things that can be described in printed or spoken words. And I dreaded the effort of struggling with the infirmity of this obstinate blind youth.

"I came out here to warn you," I began.

"Against what?" he asked.

"The forces that have power in the black time," I said. "Even now they are beginning to gather strength. In a month it will not be safe for you to go out on the cliffs after sunset. You may not believe me, but won't you accept my warning in good faith?"

He patronized me with his smile. "What are these forces?" he asked.

That is the manner of these book-folk. They ask always for names. If they can but label a thing in a word or in a volume of description they are satisfied that they have achieved knowledge. They bandy these names of theirs as a talisman.

"Who knows?" I replied. "We have learnt their power. Call them what you will, you cannot change them by any baptism."

"Well, what do they *do?*" he said, still tolerant. "Have you ever seen them?" he added, as if he would trick me.

I had, but how could I describe them to him? Can one explain the colors of autumn to a man born blind? Or is there any language which will set out the play of a breaker among the rocks? How then could I talk to him

of that which I had known only in the fear of my soul?

"Have you ever seen the wind?" I said.

He laughed. "Well, then, tell me your evidence," he replied.

I searched my mind for something that he might regard as evidence. "Men," I said, "used to believe that the little birds, the finches and the tits, rushed blindly at the lanterns of the light-houses, and dashed themselves to death as a moth will dash itself into the candle. But now they know that the birds only seek a refuge near the light, and that they will rest till dawn on the perches that are built for them."

"Quite true," he agreed. "And what then?"

"The little birds are prey to the powers of the air when the darkness comes," I said; "and their only chance of life is to come within the beam of the protecting light. And when they could find no place to rest, they hovered and fluttered until they were weak with the ache of flight, and fell a little into the darkness; then in panic and despair they fled back and overshot their mark."

"But gulls . . . ." he began.

"A few," I interrupted him. "A few, although they also belong to the wild and the darkness. They fall in chasing the little birds who, like us, are a quarry."

"A pretty fable," he said; but I saw that the shadow of a doubt had fallen across him, and when he asked me another question I would not reply . . .

I took him to the door at ten o'clock that night and made him listen to the revels in the upper air. Below it was almost still and very dark, for the moon was near the new, and the clouds were traveling North in diligent masses that would presently bring rain.

"Do you hear them?" I asked.

He shivered slightly, and pretended that the air was cold . . .

As the nights drew in, I began to hope that he had taken

my warning to heart. He did not speak of it, but he took his walks while the sun edged across its brief arc of the sky.

I took comfort in the thought that some dim sense of vision was still left to him; and one afternoon when the black time was almost come, I walked with him on the cliffs. I meant then to test him; to discover if, indeed, some feeble remnant of sight was yet his.

The wind had hidden itself that day, but I knew that it lurked in the grey depths that hung on the sea's horizon. Its outrunners streaked the falling blue of the sky with driven spirits of white cloud; and the long swell of the rising sea cried out with fear as it fled, breaking, to its death.

I said no word to him, then, of the coming peril. We walked to the cliff's edge and watched the thousand runnels of foam that laced the blackness of Trescore rock with milk-white threads, as those driven rollers cast themselves against the land and burst moon-high in their last despair.

We saw the darkness creeping toward us out of the far distance, and then we turned from the sea and I saw how the coming shadow was already quenching the hills. All the earth was hardening itself to await the night.

"God! what a lonely place!" he said.

It seemed lonely to him, but I saw the little creeping movements among the black roots of the furze. To me the place seemed over-populous. Nevertheless I took it as a good sign that he had found a sense of loneliness; it is a sense that often precedes the coming of knowledge . . .

And when the darkness of winter had come I thought he was safe. He was always back in the house by sunset and he went little to the cliffs. But now and again he would look at me with something of defiance in his face, as if he braced himself to meet an argument.

I gave him no encouragement to speak. I believed that no knowledge could come to him by that way, that no words of mine could help him. And I was right. But he forced

speech upon me. He faced me one afternoon in the depths of the black time. He was stiffened to oppose me.

"It's absurd," he said, "to pretend a kind of superior wisdom. If you can't give me some reason for this superstition of yours I must go out and test it for myself."

I knew my own feebleness, and I tried to prevaricate by saying: "I gave you reasons."

"They will all bear at least two explanations," he said.

"At least wait," I pleaded. "You are so young."

He was a little softened by my weakness but he was resolute. He meant to teach me, to prove that he was right. He lifted his head proudly and smiled.

"Youth is the age of courage and experiment," he boasted.

"Of recklessness and curiosity," was my amendment.

"I am going," he said.

"You will never come back," I warned him.

"But if I do come back," he said, "will you admit that I am right?"

I would not accept so foolish a challenge. "Some escape," I said.

"I will go every night until you are convinced," he returned. "Before the winter is over, you shall come with me. I will cure you of your fear."

I was angry then; and I turned my back upon him. I heard him go out and made no effort to hinder him. I sat and brooded and consoled myself with the thought that he would surely return at dusk.

I waited until sunset and he had not come back.

I went to the window and saw that a dying yellow still shone feebly in the west; and I watched it as I have watched the last flicker of a lantern when a friend makes his way home across the hill.

Already the horrified clouds were leaping up in terror from the edge of the sea, coming with outflung arms that sprawled across the hollow sky.

I went into the hall and found my hat; and I stood there in the twilight listening for the sound of a footstep. I could not believe that he would stay on the cliff after the darkness had come. I hestitated and listened while the shadows crept together in the corners of the hall.

He had taunted me with my cowardice and I knew I must go and seek him. But before I opened the door I waited again and strained my ears so eagerly for the click and shriek of the gate that I created the sound in my own mind. And yet, as I heard it, I knew it for a phantasm.

At last I went out suddenly and fiercely.

A gust of wind shook me before I had reached the gate, and the air was full of intimidating sound. I heard the cry of the driven clouds, and the awful shout of the pursuers mingled with the drumming and thudding of the endless companies that hurried across the width of heaven.

I dared not look up. I clutched my head with my arms, and ran stumbling to the foot of the path that climbs to the height of the undefended cliff.

I tried to call him, but my voice was caught in the rout of air; my shout was torn from me and dispersed among the atoms of scuttling foam that huddled a moment among the rocks before they leaped to dissolution.

I stooped to the lee of the singing furze. I dared go no further. Beyond was all the riot, where the mad sport took strange shapes of soaring whirlpools and sudden draughts, and wonderful calms that suckingly enticed the unknowing to the cliff's edge.

I knew that it would be useless to seek him now. The scream of the gale had mounted unendurably; he could not be still alive up there in the midst of that reeling fury.

I crept back to the road and the shelter of the cutting, and then I fled to my house.

For a long hour I sat over the fire seeking some peace of mind. I blamed myself most bitterly that I had not hindered

him. I might have given way; have pretended conviction, or, at least, some sympathy with his rash and foolish ignorance. But presently I found consolation in the thought that his fate had always been inevitable. What availed any effort of mine against the unquestionable forces that had pronounced his doom? I listened to the thudding procession that marched through the upper air, and to the shrieking of the spirits that come down to torture and destroy the things of earth; and I knew that no effort of mine could have saved him. . . .

And when the outer door banged, and I heard his footstep in the hall, I believed that he was appearing to me at the moment of his death; but when he came into the room with shining eyes and bright cheeks, laughing and tossing the hair back from his forehead, I was curiously angry.

"Where have you been?" I asked. "I went out to the cliff to find you, and thought you were dead."

"You came to the cliffs?" he said.

"To the foot of the cliff," I confessed.

"Ah! you must never go further than that in the black time," he said.

"Then you believe me now?" I asked.

He smiled. "I believe that *you* would be in danger up there tonight," he said, "because you believe in the powers of the air, and you are afraid."

He stood in the doorway, braced by his struggle with the wind; and his young eyes were glowing with the consciousness of discovery and new knowledge.

Yet he cannot deny that I showed him the way.

On the Beach

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

THERE was motion in the night—
Motion of sea, of breeze, of cloud—
But we lay motionless upon the sand,
With far-reaching thoughts
And little speech.
We watched awhile the changing shapes of clouds—
Now like a flock of birds,
Now like a lonely tree. . . .
We were strangely stirred,
For it was summer, but restive spring was in the air.

After awhile we talked of love—
Of the heedless stabs, the healing wounds of love—
Of a distant friend.
And then, as the sea grew louder,
Of the war.
Our thoughts grew turbulent;
Our words clashed like weapons. . . .
Louder and nearer the sea boomed up.
A red, smoking moon burst through a cloud;
And our words darted out with a sharper sound
Until, like spent waves
That ran out and were lost in the sea,
They sank lower and ceased,
And were lost in the dark.

There was quiet in the night—

On the Beach

Quiet of star-hung skies, of stretching sands,
Quiet of space.
And the moon, grown pale, floated lightly off,
Like a child's soap-bubble, fragile and clear.
Our hands sought each other's.
The night had its way . . .
We turned with peace in our hearts
From the clamor of seas and of wars
To the greater clamor of love.

Lacquer Prints

By Amy Lowell

By Messenger

ONE night
When there was a clear moon,
I sat down
To write a poem
About maple trees.
But the dazzle of moonlight
In the ink
Blinded me,
And I could only write
What I remembered.
Therefore, on the wrapping of my poem
I have inscribed your name.

Outside a Gate

On the floor of the empty palanquin
The plum-petals constantly increase.

A Burnt Offering

Because there was no wind,
The smoke of your letters hung in the air
For a long time;
And its shape
Was the shape of your face,
My Beloved.

Lacquer Prints

Peace

Perched upon the muzzle of a cannon
A yellow butterfly is slowly opening and shutting its wings.

Superstition

I have painted a picture of a ghost
Upon my kite,
And hung it on a tree.
Later, when I loose the string
And let it fly
The people will cower
And hide their heads,
For fear of the God
Swimming in the clouds.

Two Sonnets

By Eli Edwards

I. Invocation

ANCESTRAL Spirit, hidden from my sight
By modern Time's unnumbered works and ways
On which in awe and wonderment I gaze,
Where hid'st thou in the deepness of the night?
What evil powers thy healing presence blight?
Thou who from out the dark and dust didst raise
The Ethiop standard in the curtained days,
Before the white God said: Let there be light!
Bring ancient music to my modern heart,
Let fall the light upon my sable face
That once gleamed on the Ethiopian's art;
Lift me to thee out of this alien place
So I may be, thine exiled counterpart,
The worthy singer of my world and race.

II. The Harlem Dancer

APPLAUDING youths laughed with young prostitutes
And watched her perfect, half-clothed body sway;
Her voice was like the sound of blended flutes
Blown by black players upon a picnic day.
She sang and danced on gracefully and calm,
The light gauze hanging loose about her form;
To me she seemed a proudly-swaying palm
Grown lovelier for passing through a storm.
Upon her swarthy neck black, shiny curls
Profusely fell; and, tossing coins in praise,
The wine-flushed, bold-eyed boys, and even the girls,
Devoured her with eager, passionate gaze:
But, looking at her falsely-smiling face,
I knew her self was not in that strange place.

Young India

By Lajpat Rai

IN the long and extensive periods of the history of India going backward to thousands of years before the Christian era, never before had India looked so hopeless as in the early part of the last century. It seemed as if for the first time in its history its spiritual and intellectual background had given way. It had known foreign invasions before, but only in their military and political aspects. The Moslems were the first of its foreign invaders who professed to have a faith and culture which they considered superior to those of the country itself. Economically and intellectually India was never conquered; even much less spiritually and ethically. The influence of the British rule and of Christianity, however, in the nineteenth century, seemed at one time to involve the total collapse of Hinduism in all its bearings. The direct attack on religion was not so disastrous as the insidious influence of the whole system of European education and thought. The number of Indians who were converted to Christianity was small, very small, but the dissolving influences of European culture seemed to be far-reaching in their destructive and benumbing tendencies. When we say benumbing, we mean benumbing spiritually and morally. For a time, it looked as if India was dying for want of resisting power; that she had lost all vitality and with it her soul. The danger loomed large. It was as much cultural and fundamental, as political. The inauguration of British rule not only meant political subordination but a complete turnover of the native conditions of life and thought. The *loot,* following a military success, the

people could understand, but the permanent and the steady decline of Indian art and industry which was foreshadowed by the inauguration of British rule, wherever it was introduced, was a thing unheard of in India before. The very things which the English call the blessings of their rule, viz, the school education they introduced, the religious freedom they guaranteed, the extensive foreign trade which they opened to the world, seemed to spell disaster and ruin. Under the Moslems the population followed their old pursuits and maintained their old standards of morality. The standards of social life were debased not under the influence of Moslem faith and culture, but in spite of them, and more as defensive measures than otherwise. The conviction that was actively fostered and encouraged by the priests that the changes in customs and social practises necessitated by foreign domination had the sanction of Hindu *Dharma* and *Dharma sastra* (Hindu religion and Hindu Scriptures), had in a way saved the situation. There was no change in the ideals; nor any in the spiritual or moral standards of the people. Even the social changes disclosed in actual practise retained their basic foundations. What the nineteenth century threatened, however, was a change in the ideals and basic foundations of life. The Christian dogma itself did not matter very much; it was the system of life and the standards underlying it which appeared to menace the foundations of Hindu culture and Hindu thought. The Brahmo Samaj, an indigenous religious reform organization founded by a Hindu, registered the first organized protest, but it did nothing to check the tide of the general influences that threatened the very foundations of life. In fact for a time its leaders were in the forefront of those who propagated a wholesale condemnation of Hindu religion and life.

The great Indian Mutiny of 1857 was in appearance a political upheaval only, but in reality it was much more than that. It was truly national. Behind the military and the political

upheaval lurked the suspicion that *Dharma* and *Din* were at stake and that the destruction of *Dharma* and *Din* involved the loss of everything that made life worth living for. The quarter of a century immediately following the suppression of the mutiny was a period of great intellectual and spiritual stagnation. It seemed as if the race of Hindu divines, thinkers, philosophers and law-givers was dead and the country, which had never been a borrower so far, in the spiritual, the ethical and the intellectual field was barren of all originality and genius. The condition of things brought into existence by English rule was without parallel in the whole range of Indian history.

The Moslems had conquered India and had imposed their polical and military rule on her; but they never tried to make laws for the Hindus, much less to administer civil justice between them. All disputes of a civil character and all crime of ordinary nature were handled according to ancient methods by the people's tribunals known as the *Panchayets,* (Courts of five). Imperial revenues were levied and realized by the King's agents but all local taxation was left to the people, levied and managed by them by popular methods. In the matter of education, there were schools run by Hindus and Mohammedans but nothing was done to suppress the ancient learning or the spoken vernaculars. Art and industry was pure and indigenous.

Under the British, however, everything was changed. Every minute item of social and individual life came under foreign influence. No one could live by himself, however he would. The Government interfered in every detail of organized life. Native Courts were abolished. The Panchayets ceased to exist. The Industries were destroyed. Schools were established where English became the first language of instruction and foreign history, foreign poetry, foreign logic, foreign philosophy took the place of Indian thought and literature. True, all this was optional.

There was no compulsion to attend the schools. But the organization of life ordered by the British was such as to leave no choice to the people. In their own interests they had to attend the schools established by the British and on the whole it was well that they did. So for a time it seemed that the edifice built and reared by centuries of thought and practise had crumbled into dust and the India of the nineteenth century had nothing to give to the world. The best among the Indians were only poor imitators. The ordinary and the mediocre among the foreigners were better placed and better situated. English manufactures, English language, English thought, English literature, English dress, English manners, English laws and English religion were approved. Everything native was held in contempt and occupied a back position. In imitation of their English masters the English-educated Indians looked upon the vast bulk of their countrymen as barbarians. Hindu religion, Hindu thought, Hindu literature, Hindu custom, and Hindu institutions were all disclaimed. The cry went forth for a complete anglicisation of life. The fine products of Indian handlooms, still dragging their miserable existence in villages and small towns, were not considered fit even to be looked at. I remember how as a boy I detested the idea of having any garment made of Indian hand-made cloth; how I longed for English shoes and how I hankered after clothes of English cut. How differently I think now. The best intellect of the country was in the service of the Government, engaged in popularizing foreign forms of administration, foreign thought and foreign products. The whole mentality of the English-educated people was employed in imitating their foreign masters, running down every indigenous idea and institution; and in making themselves useful to the authorities of the English Government. The only thing that did not change was climate; though in that respect also at times it looked as if, with the progress of English rule, the Gods that sent rain, had decided to keep off their bounty more

frequently and more systematically than before. It looked as if all genius, talent, self-respect, self-confidence, self-reliance and manhood had left the country and with them the minor and resultant virtues also. The few that felt the degradation of the situation found themselves helpless. The great bulk of the people were passive, as if sleeping after a long day's work.

Then came the awakening. It expressed itself in religious life. The conversions to Christianity gave a shock and a reaction followed. People began to think and study; and then to discuss and plan. They concluded that Christianity was by no means a better religion, either spiritually or intellectually, much less ethically. The ordinary folk argued that a religion which did not ban liquor and meats could not be good religion. The intellectuals thought that a religion which laid emphasis upon Christ being born of a virgin; which denied the pre-existence of soul before birth; which condemned non-Christians to eternal damnation; which gave a clean record to every one who merely accepted the divinity of Christ, however black his previous career and life; which taught equality and brotherhood, yet sanctioned or encouraged distinctions of color and race, was not a good religion. The few who studied science began to look down upon it as opposed to the teachings of science. Bradlaugh and Ingersoll led them on to free thought and Herbert Spencer and Huxley to agnosticism.

It was at this juncture that men arose from the ranks of the Indians themselves, who directed the educated mind to the real spirit of Hindu religion, who pointed out with the authority of learning and logic, by chapter and verse, that the popular and superstitious forms of Hinduism were not the real Hindu religion and that all that was good, uplifting and elevating in the Christian religion or Christian thought was already there in the Hindu religion and Hindu thought. From a claim of equality, the next step was

to one of superiority and that came soon after. A man arose, who did not know a word of English, who had received no schooling in the modern schools, who knew only his mother tongue and the sacred language of the Hindus, the Sanskrit, who had the audacious courage to say that the Hindu Scriptures were the fountain head of all religious thought in the world and that the Hindu religion as revealed in the Vedas was superior to all other religions. At first sight the statement appeared to be extravagant, revolutionary and incredible. But it did one good and that was to set people to examine and discuss. The man himself was a prodigy. He wrote, spoke, preached, discussed and challenged. Single-handed he carried the battle into the enemy's camp. He became aggressive and launched attack after attack on the citadel of Christian dogma. His speeches sent a thrill through the benumbed body of Hinduism. Nature, breeding, discipline, practise and meditation had endowed him with rare gifts. Learned, scholarly, logical, satirical, and witty, he was always ready. He spoke with a tongue of fire, with an eloquence all his own, so far unheard of in men of his class. What contributed to his success was his fearlessness and impartiality. He criticised the domestic pharisee as mercilessly as the foreign aggressor. He condemned the whole race of priests and ministers and missionaries, Brahmin and non-Brahmin. He denounced all superstition. He ran down evil customs and practices, advocated reform and appealed to reason and history. With a vigorous, piercing, clear intellect, he was possessed of a robust constitution. He had been a life-long hermit. If his logic was convincing, his personality and character were no less compelling. He did not convert all the English educated Hindus to his ways of thinking, but he instilled a spirit of national pride and self-respect in them. He appealed to them in the name of their past, describing it with an eloquence and enthusiasm which were contagious and soul stirring especially when, with unique pathos, he compared their glorious past

with their miserable present. Even those who did not accept his doctrine caught his spirit and lo! there was an awakening. That was the dawn of a new day for the defeated, discredited and suppressed Hindu. Once more he began to feel that he was alive. Christianity was not only not necessary; not only was it irrational and unscientific; not only was it as narrow and superstitious as popular Hinduism or perhaps even more, but above all, it was denationalizing and disintegrating. This man was Dayanand Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj.

The Arya Samaj has, for the last thirty-five years, carried on a propaganda both nationalistic and rationalistic. The Society is the most influential of all the reform associations of the country. In the last census it counted over a quarter million adherents. It has wide-spread ramifications in all parts of India, with branches all the world over wherever Hindus are to be found in numbers. Its religious and social propaganda is characterized by the spirit of the founder. In its educational work (it has founded and manages numerous schools and colleges, scattered all over India), it combines the best of India with the "best" of Europe. In its philanthropic work, orphan relief, famine relief, etc., it has extorted admiration even from the British. The key-note to its activities is a virile and all-covering spirit of nationalism.

There were many kindred souls in the country who were thinking more or less on the same lines but who lacked the courage and the faith which characterized the challenge of Dayanand. The success of the latter encouraged them and they came out with their beliefs and opinions. Henceforth the pivot of the reform movement was shifted. So far people had looked outward whenever they wanted inspiration, guidance and light. Even those who could not accept Christian doctrine, took their cue from Christian literature. Others looked to rationalism and free thought for deliverance. Now they began to look inward. All superstitious beliefs and per-

nicious customs were tested in the light of the scripture. Reform was advocated not only on the ground that things were wrong in the light of reason but also because they were opposed to the spirit of the ancient law, the real Hindu Dharma —a Dharma that was based on truth and on the good of humanity—a Dharma that was for all the world and not for India and the Hindus alone—a Dharma that admitted of no distinctions of color, race and language. A vision of universal mission arose before the inner eyes of the reformer. He was no longer a petty reformer but an apostle—one who had a mission in life which was even higher than the good of the country. It was natural that a vision that spread over a multitude of people should place the awakened spirit of the nation on a level much higher than that of passive acquiescence in things as they were or as they might be by the grace of the ruling community. The awakening thus commenced in the sphere of religion and social reform was bound to extend to other spheres of life. The new spirit did not take long to cover the whole area of national life. It was soon discovered that in order to fit the nation to make its contribution to human welfare and to civilization it was necessary to organize and develop a system of education which should be national in its basic conception and world-wide in its area. It should secure the continuity of the nation, without narrowing its horizon. Taking its cue and inspiration from the past it should look forward and make a future worthy of the past. Such an educational system must have the merits of the past and the improvements of the present. It should be in accord with the genius of the nation, without ignoring what has been achieved by the world outside—fully taking advantage of the improvements effected by the genius of the rest of the world. The earnest minds of the nation at once set themselves to the task. They soon discovered that in an atmosphere of economic bondage and political restrictions, such as was the necessary outcome of the system of Government under which

they lived, the evolution and development of such a system of education, which would prepare the nation for a life of freedom and equality with the other nations of the world, was impossible. The governing caste would not allow it. It was incompatible with their supremacy and authority. An India developing into a nation, claiming equality with the other nations of the world was not their ideal. What they wanted was a submissive, docile, divided India, which would look to them for leadership and guidance and would be contented and even grateful for the crumbs which they in their generosity might give them from their plentiful table. What they wanted was a dependent India not an independent India. Thus the reformer's ideal clashed with that of the Government and a conflict of ideals necessarily brought out a conflict of methods. The reformer wanted to do things in his own way, without consulting the Government. The latter could not tolerate it even if the action of the former was within the law. What they objected to was the underlying spirit and the potentialities involved. So new laws were made and the reformer was placed in the awkward position either of having to obey them or to close his activities. The reformer changed his methods. The Government replied by disseminating broadcast their suspicion and distrust of the reformer and his methods. All this confirmed the people that the present political conditions were incompatible with the growth of the nation on lines which would fit it for playing the spiritual role that it aspired to, among the free nations of the world. Thus they reached the conclusion that the first condition of life with honor and self-respect, with liberty to make progress on their own lines was political freedom and economic independence. The Indian nationalist does not believe in the economic or political exploitation of one nation by another. His nationalism is not aggressive in economic or political terms. He wants neither conquests nor markets. He is not so much a lover of *goods*. His ideal is simple living and high thinking—living

in comfort, with plenty of leisure and opportunity to think and not a life of luxury, with plenty of things to be cared for. In his eyes, a life of such opulence as forces a man to devote the best in him to take care of his dollars and his property is as unnatural as a life of economic bondage. A slave of wealth, a slave of success, a slave of rank, position and title, is as much a slave as a slave who is bound to serve another at the latter's will and on his terms. The Hindu believes in service, in ungrudging service, provided it is free and the outcome of a sense of duty or of love. He has always considered *paid service* (dásta) to be the lowest of occupations. There is a saying in Hindustanee which places farming (growing things), at the top of economic occupations, trade and commerce next and service of others as the lowest of professions. In the eyes of a Hindu, a *Brahmin* and a *sannyasi* are the greatest of servants because they serve not for pay, but out of exalted motives and would receive no compensation for their service in any shape or form.

There is much in Hindu literature and Hindu life which gives a color to ideas current among foreigners about Hindu mysticism and Hindu asceticism. As a matter of fact neither mysticism nor asceticism is the best part of Hindu Dharma or Hindu philosophy of life. In proof you have the explicit rules of Hindu law which lay down that no one should adopt the life of an ascetic, without being a householder for twenty-five years of his life. Any one doing contrariwise acts contrary to both the letter and the spirit of Hindu law. Similarly strict Hindu law does not encourage mysticism. The *yoga* system lays down rules of sense control, of concentration of attention, of meditation such as are open to anyone who has the physical and mental fitness for their practise with the object of his improvement. It advances no claim to supernatural powers for those who practise them. It only promises them a good physique, a pure sense of perception, a keen insight into things which ordinary men cannot see, call it a psychical development

if you please. As to *magic* and *clairvoyance,* there is more of it in America than in India. In India no one pays any attention to it. Not that we have no "magicians" and "clairvoyants" but that no one there will pay more than a cent to see a performance of "magic" or "clairvoyance." In ordinary estimation it ranks as a trick and hence the men indulging in it do not rank high. This is, however, only by the way. We were saying that the desire to lead our own life in our own way and follow our own national development led us to the conclusion that we needed political and economic independence.

Within the last twenty-five years India has witnessed a great revival of indigenous art and literature. In the field of poetry we can boast of a number of eminent poets and poetesses, only two of whom have so far found recognition in the West. Tagore is one of them. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is the other. The first wrote and sang and composed in his own vernacular. The second uses the English garb. There was another Bengali poet, Torú Dutt, who wrote and composed in English and whose poetry has been highly appreciated in the British Isles.

But India is full of poets. Bengal alone can name half a dozen as great and noble as Tagore, if not more so. Similarly, the Maharashtra and Dravidian provinces (South), the Gujrat (West), the Madhya Desa (Central provinces), the Hindustan proper (Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, Benares) and last but not least, the Punjab, have all produced poets, whose theme, diction and transcendentalism is as high, pure, ennobling, nationalizing and uplifting as that of Tagore. In fact, in the region of patriotic songs and nationalist revival, other poets have achieved more remarkable results and more enduring fame than Tagore. This is as true of the Moslems as the Hindus. Tagore's writings are remarkable for poetry of a high order, exquisite imagery, great art, translating ancient mysticism into modern language. An English writer gives him credit

for "synthetic mysticism." But modern India does not care so much for mysticism and transcendentalism as for literature which would rouse, electrify, and uplift the people. The need has been met by numerous writers in every province and in every vernacular, as India is a country of many vernaculars. The most famous and the most popular Nationalist song (Hail, Motherland!—*Bandemataram*) was composed by Bankim Chandar Chatterjea, the author of *Ananda Matha* (the temple of bliss), a work of fiction which has very considerably stimulated the revolutionary movement in Bengal. This work was written long before the idea of a revolt against the British rule in India had taken a definite form. Its scenes were laid during Mohammaden rule and its heroes and heroines picked from among those who made the love of country the basic foundation of spiritual progress. In this work the author gives a most rational and virile interpretation of popular Hindu beliefs and fills his volume with a fervid patriotism which is both suggestive and stimulating. Bankim has in this book raised the love of country to the dignity of a religion.

Another Bengali writer whose name deservedly stands high among the literary stars of Bengal is Dinesh Chandra Roy, whose patriotic songs are the most delicious and exalting pieces of poetry ever composed in any Hindu language. His *Amae desh* (Our Country) is the most touching and rousing national song ever composed in any language.

Bengal has also produced some remarkable women poets, among whom we might mention the names of Kamini Roy and Mankumari.

Among the writers of Hindustan proper the name that comes up first for recognition among the most noted writers in Hindu, is that of Harish Chandra of Benares, whose novels and plays and essays furnish an intellectual feast of a most agreeable kind.

Among the Moslem poets of note we will mention two names from the Punjab, those of Hálí and Iqbál. The former's "Rise and Fall of Islam" is a masterpiece which has played a re-

markable part in the revival of Islam. In this poem Mauláná Hálí gives a pen picture of the progress and decline of Mohammedanism with a force and pathos unique in the history of Urdu literature. Hálí is considered to be the founder of a new school of Urdu poetry in India. Among his other works the most noted are "The Lamentations of a Widow," a life of Sádi, the Persian poet, and life of Sir Syed Ahmed, the Indian leader, in prose, besides various other miscellaneous works in prose and poetry.

Iqbál, who is still in the prime of life, occupies a commanding position among living Moslem poets of India. His poems generally breathe a spirit of unity, love of country and a sense of exalted patriotism. His most touching poems (and most popular of course) are those in which he pleads for absolute unity between Hindus and Mohammedans. His language is exquisite and his similies and illustrations delicious. His poems inculcate an exalted love of country and a pride in which the great names of Indian history, Hindu and Mohammedan, play an equal part. His most popular poem is *Sárejáhán se achhá Hindustán hamárá* (the best in the world is our Hindustan). His "Song of an Indian Boy" is equally pathetic and great. In one of his poems he makes the present fallen condition of the Mohammedans the theme of his song, giving it the form of a complaint against God for having neglected them in spite of their iconoclastic theism. Then in another poem he embodies the reply of God and chastises the Mohammedans for their lethargy in the most scathing terms.

The other parts of India not specifically mentioned have produced equally admirable and high-minded writers, the burden of whose song and prose is unity, love of country, pride of the past and true religion.

What Young India loves is virile, masculine song that refers to the glories of the past, laments the weakness of the present and exhorts in compelling words to action for the upbuilding of the future. It delights their pride to be told with

proofs that ancient India was great in peace as well as in war. Many young Hindus are devoting their time and attention to the translation and exposition of ancient Hindu works on government, law, medicine, hygiene, architecture, chemistry and other positive sciences. This fills them with self-respect and stimulates them to work for equally notable achievements in the present.

Some remarkable contributions have recently been made by Professor J. C. Bose to the world's knowledge of botany, biology, etc. Another eminent Bengali scholar, P. C. Roy, has written a highly interesting work on Hindu chemistry and has made original researches. It was only the other day that the United States Government gave a large reward to a Hindu student for his research. Several young men have won great laurels at Cambridge (England) in mathematics. Another has invented a new kind of printing-machine which is being very favorably commented upon in scientific journals in this country. Hindu history is being gradually excavated out of the debris of forgotten literature and buried monuments.

Similarly we are witnessing a great revival of Hindu music. Thirty years ago the most vulgar forms of European music were all that was current in our theaters and places of entertainment. Indian instruments were being abandoned in favor of cheap European organs and harmoniums. Now, we notice a great revival of Hindu music. Music that had been discredited by Moslem puritanism and had been segregated to a position of isolation by being confined to professional singers, has once more been placed on a pedestal of respectability. Men and women of the highest respectability are cultivating it now and it is quite becoming a part of every young person's education, men and women alike, at least in Bengal and Maharashtra. Everywhere throughout India, girls are being encouraged to learn music, sing, and play on instruments. In religious schools and colleges, I mean schools and colleges maintained ostensibly for the propagation of re-

ligion, music is receiving great attention. What is, however, most significant is that a real taste for classic Hindu music, as distinguished from modern European music, is springing up. Master musicians are engaged in improving Hindu music on lines which will make its study and cultivation on modern scientific lines possible. One of them has invented a system of notation, which he is popularizing in great centers of culture and education like Bombay, Poona and Lahore, by opening special music academies. It is a sign of the times that Hindu music should have crossed the oceans to find hearers and admirers in far-off America. We have a fair representative of Hindu music right in our midst in New York in the person of Madame Ratan Devi. A Moslem master (Inayat Khan) is receiving attention in England.

Coming over to other fine arts like painting and sculpture, here again we notice a great revival and a change which promises to retain the best features of original Hindu art without ignoring what can be gained by a study of the modern technique. Twenty years ago the younger generation of the Indians looked down upon native pictures. The old pictures, their fine idealism, their exquisite spiritualism, their beautiful coloring and their rich and pregnant symbolism had ceased to appeal to them. The educated Hindu knew nothing about Hindu art and what he had been told about it had created a feeling of disgust and repulsion. When I was a young man I did not care to look at a Hindu picture. Then there arose an artist in the south who painted Hindu scenes, Hindu personalities and Hindu characters in European colors. His pictures became at once popular. His name was Ravivarma. With the rise of the Swadeshi movement (a kind of economic revival) the indigenous fine arts received a great push. Since then a purely Indian school of painting has arisen, whose productions have begun to receive recognition at the hands of the best art critics of Europe. Books on Hindu arts are now coming out in numbers and finding readers and purchasers in the

best circles of the West. The best and most authoritative works on Indian art are those of Mr. E. B. Havell and Dr. Ananda Coomar Swamy.

In short we are in the midst of a renaissance which is at once remarkable and significant and through which we look forward to the regaining by India of her soul and thereby her place among the great nations of the world.

The Young Indian movement is thus a two-sided movement, political as well as cultural.

THE SEVEN ARTS

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After a Stormy Twilight

After a stormy twilight
I awoke this morning, as if sleep had healed and renewed me,
And put me forth as a fresh blossom among the May blossoms,
Clear as the clear blue sky, and clean and strong as the radiance of the sun. . .

It seems to me now as if I understand what was tangled and penetrate what was thick. . .
O never must I forget that there is no joy in a man who does not accept with love and his whole body the living world,

After a Stormy Twilight

For the great acceptor is the great transcender:
Out of the circle of his instincts he has broken as if a lake
became a river. . .
Now he flows forth into the sea of the world,
With strong deep tide and waves whipped of the sun,
Seeking the salt.

I was a whirlpool sucking myself in and under . . .
As a child, afraid, wanting the measureless approbation of the
herd,
Crowd-comfort for my loneliness, to say "Yea, yea" to the
public that I might go safe,
But saying "Yea, yea" because of the colossal appetite for
power,
My little person gnawing at bones of fame, yelping for meat
of dominion. . .
Truly Self and the Crowd used me as a slave and a serf.

But now I see that I must turn from will-to-power
And seek will-to-inner-power,
Deal with my own body and my desires until I walk freely. . .
And now I see that I must turn from will-to-submission to the
herd
And become a free acceptor of life,
Who gives himself or withholds himself as it seems best. . .

When, O Democracy,
Thou walkest in thy youth on the seashores of the oceans of
the world,
And art the beaming countenance of Man,
When, O Future-God, thou art a body of joy, clear-eyed, and
musical of lips,
Truly thy children shall seek no mastery one over another,
But each shall turn his creative hands upon himself,
And in self-surpassing cease being tyrant over another,

After a Stormy Twilight

And in freedom cease being slave of another:
A race of volunteers seeking each to present the gift of a great Self unto the world.

Far off, thou shinest!
Far—and the years divide this morning and thee!
Through what harsh straits of discipline and blood-spilling we must travel unto thee,
Through what mean tyrannies and slaveries,
Through what anguish and confusion,
The guns today thunder deep meanings and their fires flash glimpses. . .

I cannot wait for thee . . .
I begin now to seek thy essential strength,
I give myself over to the world and to men and women,
I battle with myself.

I accept the terrible road and the inglorious path of dark anguish that leads up to thy terrain of laughter.

J. O.

New Tendencies in English Painting and Sculpture

By John Cournos

STRICTLY speaking, there are no new tendencies in English painting and sculpture. One can only speak of certain pre-war tendencies, which are now in the balance. The war is bound to create new values in all departments of life, and these values will doubtless find an early formulation in art. Even the war has had its artist-prophets, as I intend to show in the course of this brief study.

When new tendencies are discussed, the Royal Academy must of course be left out of question. This institution has followed the traditional policy of giving an annual display of perfectly harmless, sentimental story pictures, endless in number and wearying in monotony,

"Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation!"

—to use an apt line from Swinburne, with an occasional sprinkling of work which rises above mediocrity and sometimes even above mere talent. There was a time when the great Turner was the life of the Royal Academy, but Whistler had fought his fight to recognition before he was admitted.

The really big forces in England's art of the past century, in poetry as well as in painting, may be reduced to two, fundamentally antagonistic to one another. On one hand, you had Wordsworth and Constable, "running after Nature"—English nature; these looked out upon an external world, fell into her moods and served her. On the other, you had Byron and Turner, who like other famous Englishmen had their spiritual

home in Italy; these loved the southern sun, which was ever within them, and turned their eyes inward in order to re-create the external world to suit their own fancy, and bent nature to their own imaginative will, doing with her what they would. In short, they were the realists and the rebels, those who were content to make art out of their environment and those who reacted from their environment most violently. Sometimes one side was stronger than the other, which depended altogether upon individual genius: Turner appears to tower above Constable and Old Crome, Whistler above the Pre-Raphaelites. The English seem to have turned but little toward sculpture; before Epstein and Gaudier-Brzeska, both immigrants, came in our own day, there is no great sculptor to record, with the exception of Alfred Stevens. Sculpture flourishes best perhaps in sunny lands: Egypt, Greece, Italy, France; the English atmosphere is corrosive; the Egyptian obelisk, which has basked happily for centuries in the sun, is said to suffer in the splenetic air of the Thames embankment. In black and white drawing the consumptive Aubrey Beardsley, reacting from the outer fog and "stodge," has created his own if disconcerting world; there can be no question that the realist camp had no draughtsmen of sufficient genius to oppose him; he was like a Gulliver among Lilliputians.

In this brief preamble I have barely more than indicated the two forces which have ever contended with one another in English art. When we come to our own day, the day that is more twilight than day, merging too quickly with night, the night which is this war, we find the same forces arrayed against one another: the Realists against the Idealists—the classification is my own—the same forces, yet with a notable, even startling difference. This time the Realists appeared as the arch-rebels, who, in the enforcement of their claims, used a diabolic weapon which had not been used in realism before.

Earlier the realists had been content to make blunt repre-

sentations of the objects they painted, they were absorbed in problems of color and light; if they were poets they were careful to select and arrange, and to draw across their pictures a veil of dream and reflection. They were often at work making beauty out of ugliness, so that we find Whistler calling the unsightly factory chimneys *"campanili* in the night." The idealists, with the exception of Turner, who was like a mystic god living in the riotous confusion of his own creative chaos, were employed in the effort to create abstract beauty, largely through the medium of the human figure, usually elongated—in Botticellian convention. One swallow does not make a summer, and one model does not make an art movement. It seems unthinkable: the Pre-Raphaelite Olympus without the female Zeus, in the person of Mrs. William Morris, always there in apotheosis. This valiant effort to transplant the Italian Renaissance, itself transplanted from Greece, was bound to prove abortive, but in poetry this aspiration to reproduce the spirit of the ancient Mediterranean, an aspiration which goes back to Chaucer and Shakespeare, brought to flower two such individual giants as Browning and Swinburne, the latter at his best going direct to the Greek to recover beauty at its source. When we approach our own day once more we find a great artist, Mr. Augustus John, accomplishing in his best canvases successfully what the Pre-Raphaelites did unsuccessfully. And the difference between failure and success is all too simple to explain. The Pre-Raphaelite pictures were over-intellectualized, they lacked all life and spontaneity, a borrowed emotion, not sufficiently deep-rooted in its new soil, helped to give them birth. But Mr. John, like Shakespeare, like Chaucer, if less great than they, introduced a native idiom into what he borrowed from the Italians; his figures, if their artistic abstraction be Italian, are English enough in character, just as the landscape which forms their background is English, and we feel, as in his canvas, "The Mumpers," that they live

and move not in the long ago but in our own day. More than any other figure of his day he has impressed his personality upon contemporary English art. Among his many disciples was one young man named John Currie, who met an unfortunate death over two years ago, and if I mention Currie's name it is because he was an Irishman, and I wish to point out that he applied the same convention, Italian in origin, to emphasize the Irishness of his native types. Among his other achievements, for example, are illustrations for some of the works of the modern Irish dramatist, John Synge.

It was at Mr. John's very prime that the realists made their unprecedented onslaught, for which they created, as from parts of modern machinery, an automaton-like figure, akin to the Martian of H. G. Wells, in order that it might pursue the tall beautiful creature, and send her scurrying from England in great terror. And now I will tell how this came to pass—the logic of the situation; how science encroached on art and conquered it. It makes an interesting chapter in prewar history. For even while men were building weapons to destroy their well-being and their life, the artists were forging a weapon to destroy their art. Science, meant to ease the lot of mankind, gave the incentive to both.

On the technical side Cézanne and Picasso begat the chief group of the English moderns. The first imparted to art a sense of dimension and weight, the other a sense of abstract decoration, based on machine-like angles and a machine-like structure. Indeed, at the beginning the group was an offshoot of the continental Cubists, and its members were generally known as such. In those early days, before they wholly dissociated themselves from their continental models and declared their independence of all foreign influence, these English painters had not yet wholly banished the human figure from their art, but worked into their design, in which they merged, strange angular creatures, having some remote likeness to men, free in their mechanical abstraction of all

human sentiment, and moving their limbs as on steel hinges and cog-wheels, which needed oiling, rather than on human joints. One remembers a canvas by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the leader of the group, called the *Kermesse,* and its diabolic, spiderlike creatures of steel. And one remembers the same painter's more realistic *Laughing Woman.* A machine does not laugh, but if a machine could laugh it would laugh like that. One remembers too Mr. Lewis's *Timon of Athens* drawings, with their dramatic but disconcerting restlessness, like that of an inferno. Among his earlier studies there is also one called the *Portrait of an Englishwoman,* which is a very severe, unflattering arrangement of planes, extraordinarily suggestive. There can hardly be any question of the man's genius. The other men, who then formed the group, stripped their work equally of the idealistic associations of civilised art, and they covered their canvases with figures and objects of machine-like potency. Among the painters who were proclaiming the new doctrine of mechanics in art may be mentioned Edward Wadsworth, Frederick Etchells, W. Roberts and C. W. R. Nevinson. On the edge of this group, but hardly within it, were other painters, less revolutionary; these conceded the necessity of abstract design, but took less liberties with the human figure; in their tendency toward simplification and their insistence on "significance of form" they leant toward Van Gogh and Matisse rather than toward Césanne and Picasso.

About that time—this was about four years ago—Marinetti began to make depredations upon England. His rhetorical batteries amused the public, but made little impression upon the strongly intrenched group of English painters, who regarded it as a piece of ridiculous arrogance on the part of the "sentimental" Italian to come to preach "automobilism" and sport in England, the home of these things. Indeed, there was some reason for their contemptuous attitude, for they were already practising a kind of constructive super-Futur-

ism. Mr. Nevinson alone broke away from the group, and allied himself with Marinetti, gaining the distinction of being England's only Futurist, that is, in name. Actually, his art had very much in common with the English group, as yet nameless. But as the critics and the public at large insisted on referring to the group as Cubists and Futurists, Mr. Lewis —the accepted literary spokesman of the group—set energetically to work to combat this aspersion on their origins. It was decided to find a distinct name for the English movement in painting, and to issue a magazine which would define its objects in manifestos and articles. At last they hit upon a name: they were now Vorticists, their art was Vorticism, and they began to perform genuflexions before the newly-created god—the "Great English Vortex." In June of 1914 they issued their first number of their quarterly magazine, a very huge tome, with the name "BLAST" sprawling in large letters diagonally across the cover of violent pink. "Blast," said Mr. Lewis in an interview, "is a magnificent English word, it has a strength you never get in a Latin word."

This declaration in itself hints at the intention to reassert the peculiar qualities of English genius, as distinguished from the genius of any other race. So far good. But why Vortex? Vortex is a Latin word. One might judge from this that logic is not an Anglo-Saxon quality. Let me proceed to the explanation logically.

"Blast" had set itself the virile task of crushing once and for all the flickering flame of the decadent, sapless 'nineties, and of Victorianism generally. It promised to do this not merely as a reaction. "Beyond action and reaction we would establish ourselves," were the first words of Mr. Lewis's manifesto, which further declared the intention to "set up violent structure of adolescent clearness between two extremes." It was all for combat and clash and the sense of hardness, and it laid down these principles for an English art on the fact that "the English character is based on the sea." And be-

cause of this fact the new art, while open to external, superficial changes, was meant always to retain its integral character, as changeless as the sea. It therefore resolved to contend against the intrusion of France or any other nation in English artistic affairs. London was to be no longer "a provincial town," artistically a mere suburb of Paris, as it had been heretofore, but an intrinsic art body in itself, distinct and free of any other. It resented the interference of art indigenous to England, as it considered the art of England essentially "a Northern flower," and it resolved to repel any invasion of the art of the Roman peoples, which had not the "bareness and hardness" of which Englishmen were the inventors. It argued, with some reason, that the preaching of Marinetti doctrines was ridiculous in England because Englishmen and Anglo-Saxon peoples generally were practising them in life, were indeed masters of that sort of thing, and as this mastery was quite natural to them they did not make much ado about it. "The Latins," said Mr. Lewis, "in their discovery of sport, their Futuristic gush over machines, aeroplanes, etc., are the most romantic and sentimental 'moderns' to be found."

There was "nothing chauvinistic or picturesquely patriotic" in his contentions, argued Mr. Lewis, whose protest was directed against the "abasement of the miserable 'intellectual' before anything coming from Paris, cosmopolitan sentimentality," etc. Art "must be organic with its time . . . what is actual and vital for the South is ineffectual and unactual in the North." "Any great Northern art will partake of . . . insidious and volcanic chaos."

These declarations of Mr. Lewis's are not revolutionary in themselves. So conservative a critic as Mr. George Moore, the spokesman of the Impressionists in England, has asserted long ago that cosmopolitanism would eventually kill all art, that railways and steamships were bringing us to the end of the artistic age. It is worth while to recall his words: "Nature is reality; Art is an intellectual formula, and we get

formula on one condition—that is, segregation. Man is an imitative animal, and if he can imitate his fellow he will do so; but if the conditions of life are such that he is segregated, he will reproduce an original formula. It seems to me quite certain that we should have had no Japanese art if a shipload of Elgin marbles had been wrecked off the coast of Jedda."

This statement points to a most serious weakness in Mr. Lewis's logic, for if it is true, as he contends, that "the Modern World is due almost entirely to Anglo-Saxon genius," which has given the world machinery, trains, steamships, and "all that distinguishes our time," then it follows that the English genius, by inventing engines of locomotion, has brought the whole world closer, and has made cosmopolitanism possible, even inevitable—Mr. Lewis speaks of Shakespeare as a Northern genius, but surely even Shakespeare owes something to the Italians. The Elizabethan era would hardly have been possible without the Italian Renaissance, which in its turn owed its existence to the discovery of Greece. On what grounds then does Mr. Lewis propose the founding of this new English national art? This brings us to the crux of the matter, the Vortex itself.

England, contends Mr. Lewis, has been too busy LIVING to be conscious of its artistic potentialities; but the very possession of the energies it has been giving to life makes it just now "the most favorable country for the appearance of a great art." He goes on:

"LIFE, that is ENGLAND, has influenced Europe in the same way that France has in Art.

"But busy with this LIFE-EFFORT, she has been the last to become conscious of the Art that is an organism of this new Order and Will of Man.

"Machinery is the greatest Earth-medium: incidentally it sweeps away the doctrines of a narrow and pedantic Realism at one stroke.

"By mechanical inventiveness, too, just as Englishmen have spread themselves all over the earth, they have brought all the hemispheres about them in their original island.

"It cannot be said that the complication of the jungle, dramatic tropic growths, the vastness of American trees, is not for us.

"For, in the forms of machinery, factories, new and vaster buildings, bridges and works, we have all that, naturally, around us."

Now when you come to the practice of these painters, what do you see? The machine enthroned, the machine in apotheosis, the machine the ruling sovereign of the earth; the god Vulcan, who made her, a humble slave at her feet, serving her. For the thing that Samuel Butler has prophesied in "Erewhon" has come to pass: the machine evolving from stone and iron ore, like man from the original protoplasm, has become a powerful personality, and man must serve her.

To put more simply this changed vision of the Realist painter: Whistler, under cover of twilight and night, saw the factory chimneys and to his vision they appeared like *campanili;* the new painters, looking at these bleak chimneys by broad daylight, declare them beautiful in themselves, the proudest handiwork of man, monuments of human energy.

But there is also this difference: Whistler painted what he actually saw, though he chose his own time and place for seeing. The new painters, admiring what they saw—the factory chimney, the motor car, the aeroplane, the crane lifting its great weight—did not paint these things.

You may pose a beautiful woman, and if you are a commonplace painter you may produce a charming colored photograph; if you are Botticelli, your picture will be an abstraction, an idealization, a transfiguration. If you pose a factory chimney or a machine, you will not even make a charming photograph. Consequently, these worshippers of the machine set to work to invent a technique which would

express the *soul* of the machine—such soul as it may have;—and for this diabolic purpose they have had to invoke the methods of the idealistic painter, in inversion. In short, by an adroit arrangement of planes and angles, resembling parts of a machine, they learned to construct an abstract design in bracing colors, the whole in energy and movement suggesting machinery. Thus, in the best of Mr. Wadsworth's paintings you often get a suggestion of a powerful aeroplane in facile flight; in Mr. Lewis's, the sensation of the ponderous movement of artillery, and the like.

But what difference is there between the Vorticists and the Futurists, since both adhere to this mechanical age and take an equally keen interest in mechanical movement? The difference, say the Vorticists, lies in this: they, the Vorticists, are interested in the structure of a thing; a piece of mechanism is to them, in its suggestion of potential energy, a beautiful thing in itself; an automobile has attraction for them not for its speed, but as a body *capable* of speed. On the other hand, what interests the Futurist is the external movement of the thing, not the motive power it contains, but the speed at which it goes; not the cause, but the effect. As Mr. Lewis puts it, in explaining the origin of the word Vorticist:

"What is the distinction between the Vorticist and the Futurist? The simplest *image* is that of the vortex. You think at once of the whirlpool. At the heart of the whirlpool there is a great silent place where all the energy is concentrated. There, at this point of concentration, is the Vorticist. The Futurist is being driven hither and thither in the whirlpool."

Vorticism, then, was against all diffusion, all dispersion; it wanted to encompass within the frame of a picture a sense of the greatest concentrated energy; and with this intention the human figure was quite eliminated and replaced by a kind of mechanical mosaic, named with some such title as "Christopher Columbus," "The Cape of Good Hope," "A Short

Flight," etc. It is strange that it had not occurred to the inventors of these pictures to mark each device as capable of so much horse-power.

The reader may wonder why I have called these men Realists; but as art is either a direct product of environment or a reaction from it, so their whole-hearted acceptance and approval of modern mechanical conditions, their unequivocal preference for the present and all that the present stands for, make them Realists in theory. It must be remembered: even Picasso had declared himself a Realist. It is true their practice is not realistic; actually, it is super-realistic, inasmuch as by means of their invented abstraction, an idealistic device never before used by Realists, they only try to intensify the accepted reality to the *n*th power. And that was the startling paradox of the new art.

Even more startling—looking backward on this pre-war art—was what the Russian Futurist, Mayakovsky, would call its "diabolic intuition, incarnated in the stormy today." For such pictures as "Plan of War" and "Slow Attack," pictures curiously abstract, curiously suggestive of modern warfare, read in the light of the past two years and a half like wonderful prophecies. And in those days of peace they spoke their desire to "laugh like a bomb." If this sounds uncanny it is well not to speculate about it. I know quite sensible men who had begun to believe in the devil the first night they saw the Zeppelins over London.

The one real genius of the group, standing quite apart from the others, in spite of his tent being pitched with theirs, was Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, a Franco-Pole, who at the beginning of the war joined the French army, and who unfortunately, after ten months' gallant fighting—which won him one wound and two promotions—fell, while leading a charge, at Neuville St. Vaast. He was only twenty-three years old. It is impossible to define in a brief paragraph the manifold genius of this sculptor, who was yet too young to have all his in-

fluence merge in the oneness of artistic prime. He seldom made a clay model and nearly always hammered out his statue direct in stone. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He would shape a marble torso exquisitely, in the Greek spirit, just to show that he could do it; and he would evoke in an energetic massing of Portland stone the primitive tribal soul of Easter Island; in either case the emotion giving rise to his creation was his own, there was something of himself in all his work. One cannot imagine anything more spirited and alive than his animals in relief, playing or leaping or in repose; the astonishing thing is that he has combined this sense of life with a sense of abstract decoration: there was something akin in this to his personality, which appeared to vibrate strongly with the sheer joy of living and yet the mind of which was no less vigorously electrified with civilized subtlety. He was a marvellous draughtsman, and several of his drawings of animals now repose in the South Kensington Museum, where they hold their own with the works of the old masters. It is true Gaudier-Brzeska believed in modernity, but he sought to simplify its spirit in his work, to disentangle and to capture from modernity's complex psychology that quality which is eternal, which concerns itself with the very meaning of life, in essence always the same, despite culture and machinery. Defining sculpture as "planes in relation," he insisted upon complete integrity of design. Thus, in his statue, "The Dancer," in which he tried to realize the idea of the dance and not the individual, he simplified and intensified the design for its own sake, and not like Rodin, for the sake of expression. And he argued that in spite of its primitive, tribal character, such a statue, because of its strength, was a fitter decoration for a modern machinery building than the graceful Greek statues, which are contrary to our age, an age marked for its cruelty, its machinery, its indifference, its pitiless attitude, its absence of sentimentality. Moreover, he contended that modern sculpture was but a

presaging of a new architecture, equally ruthless, integral and stern. He had the confidence of youth, but also its doubts, and in his moments of despair he put the new art to question, and even spoke of "going back to the Greeks." His loss to art is a great pity. His beautiful mind could not withstand that small but efficient "vortex" in the shape of a German bullet.

Mr. Jacob Epstein, a much older man, is another great sculptor who deserves much more space than I can give him here. Like Gaudier-Brzeska he is a born sculptor and works direct in the hardest stone. His work is distinguished for its austerity, its character, its fine polished surfaces. His gaunt, half-tortured figures, which act as caryatids on the British Medical Association buildings, in the Strand, are by far the best of the modern architectural statues in London. His bronze portrait busts are very fine, very serene, and combine character with decoration. They retain a memory of Donatello, and yet there is no mistaking their author if one knows his work. But there is another aspect to his art, which, harking back to the abstraction of the Aztecs and the South Sea Islanders, yet joins up with the moderns, in a manner already indicated in my reference to Gaudier-Brzeska's work, though both sculptors worked independently. There is in this phase of Mr. Epstein's work an almost overpowering obsession with sex, stripped of all civilized cunning. It was as if some ancient tribal demon, protesting, had cut away several layers of civilization and brought us face to face with our earliest and most terrible instincts, which have been asleep and long since forgotten. His little figures, in hard green flenite, of women tortured with pregnancy, are, in spite of their subject—revolting to many, masterpieces of workmanship. It is extraordinary how statues so small, and massed so serenely, could suggest such hugeness and such intense torture, like mountains in travail. An even more daring piece of work, if of less intrinsic merit, was Mr. Epstein's "Rock Drill," exhibited

about three years ago. A powerfully tense life-size human figure, constructed to suggest a mechanism, sits perched very high, and works a giant rock-drill, downward, as it were into the earth. It must be remarked here that the rock drill is not sculptured but the actual thing, of steel and iron, such as is used by actual workmen. I need not dwell here in detail on this powerful symbol of science conquering the earth, it is a symbol not without its insidious suggestion. And Mr. Epstein is too fine a sculptor to stick to this sort of thing. Our age has touched him with its malady, as it has touched others, but the war, as I presently intend to show, is constantly creating new values and a new outlook.

There are two other sculptors, whose work requires mention in a survey of the new English art: Mr. Eric Gill and Mr. Ernest Cole. Mr. Gill has made several marble reliefs for the Westminster Cathedral, and these show a curious, if effective, blend of early Italian Renaissance with Assyrian styles. He has a strong tendency toward medievalism, and his composition has quaintness and power. Mr. Cole is, I believe, only twenty-four years old. Several years ago he attained to such distinction in drawing and etching that he was elected a member of the Society of Twelve, which is composed of some of the most celebrated artists of England. In spite of the great demand for his work by collectors he dropped etching and lived in the obscurity of his studio, sculpturing statues. The mood of the Italian Renaissance is very strong upon him, but as he is very young it is difficult to say where it will lead him to. He is well worth watching. About the time war broke out he had received a commission to erect statues on the new London County Hall, but he has been unable to finish the work, owing to his having joined the British army in France. It is to be hoped that he will escape Gaudier-Brzeska's fate.

Returning to the painters, the list of rebels is by no means exhausted. Mr. Mark Gertler, one of the youngest, has done

some remarkable pictures in brilliant color, in which he has combined a measure of the convention of the Italian Primitives with an equal measure of the convention of angles of the ultra-moderns. All art, as we have seen, is combination, and whether a picture is good or bad depends upon whether the artist has merged his influences happily in his personality. I think Mr. Gertler, in his best pictures, has done that. I remember especially his "Fruit Stall," the decorative effect he has obtained through the triangular little piles of fruit, arranged in pattern against the beautiful linear character studies of common folk. Mr. Alfred Wolmark deserves mention for the stained-glass effects of his paintings, effects especially impressive in still-life.

Of groups, apart from the Vorticists, two might be mentioned, the Camden Town group of neo-Realists, led by Mr. Walter Sickert, a pupil of Whistler; and Mr. Roger Fry's group, with leanings chiefly toward Matisse and Derain. Mr. Fry's services have been especially valuable in first introducing the continental revolutionaries in London at a time when they were all known in England under the common title of Post-Impressionists, but he has been since left behind by new rebels. Nor must one forget the services Mr. Fry has rendered in establishing an arts and crafts movement in connection with the new art, which particularly lends itself to house decoration, etc. And it is interesting to note that Mr. Wyndham Lewis has decorated a room in his own fashion in Countess Drogheda's house. And a word should be said for the Contemporary Art Society, which makes a practice of purchasing examples of the new art.

Mr. Gordon Craig's art, which stands by itself, belongs rightly to the theater, and if I mention it here, it is because the new woodcuts he exhibited not so long ago are beautiful in themselves, regardless of their theatrical inspiration. They are indeed drawings by a man of the theater, as yet without a theater, and they are works of art because an artist

deprived of his proper medium must find an outlet for his expression in another medium. Most of these show the human figure; the most inspired perhaps are drawings like "Iphigenia" and "Hecuba" which, conceived in the Greek spirit, are simple and serene, yet convey a flood of emotion, only deepened and intensified by tranquil beauty. Mr. Craig has not found his full meed of appreciation in England, he has more admirers abroad, his influence on the modern theater has been largely inspirational.

In this hasty survey of the new English art I fear I have been guilty of many omissions; yet, putting individuals aside, I think I have said enough to show that the clash of the arts has been as keen in England as elsewhere. All indications point to a renewal of this battle after the war with greater intensity than ever, and in this combat nothing worse will be shed than the rich blood of paint-tubes and the contentious words of critics. It is difficult to foresee the precise nature of after-war art. The rebels, being younger men, are mostly at the front. The war, there is reason to believe, has sobered most of them. They have seen their god, the Machine, at work. They have looked into the abysmal "vortex" of shell, shrapnel and bomb. They must have been appalled by the immense sacrifice demanded by their ruthless Moloch. One wanderer, the Futurist Nevinson, disillusionized and chastened, incapacitated by shock, has indeed returned from the edge of this hell of hells, which might have staggered Dante. As a motor ambulance driver he had ample opportunity to see the war in various aspects, and he has now recorded his experiences in a series of paintings, the exhibition of which in a London gallery was easily the artistic event of the past year. These graphic records, comprehensible alike to artist and layman, have made such an appeal that a number of them have just been published in a book under the title "Modern War," with an introduction by that able critic, P. G. Konody, who traces the history of war art of the past to show that the

modern battle picture can be painted only in the way that Mr. Nevinson has painted it. And this is the interesting thing about Mr. Nevinson's pictures; he has returned to representation, but has retained just enough of Futurist geometrics to give poignancy to the mechanical nature of modern war, in which man is indeed no more than a nail, a screw or a cog-wheel in an immense machine. When you look at the picture "The Mitrailleuse," you see an entrenched gunner and his machine gun, and you realize through the geometric conception of the whole that man and his gun are companions, or better, components, that they are inseparable, one useless without the other, that man indeed is not so much man as an intelligence, a kind of guiding lever. Again, in a painting like "Returning to the Trenches," you feel that the geometric obsession of the artist's method gives you the sense of men marching like a single mechanical monster, set indeed in motion by some hand pressing an electric button or a switch. All this is wonderful in its way, the artist knows this, but he also knows that all this is fascinating for sheer terror—as hell is fascinating; there is pity for men, no glorification of the machine. Mr. Nevinson's art, in its new phase, is like the first mystic light of dawn, peeping over the edge of the world across fields covered with dead bodies.

Turgenev

By Willard Huntington Wright

SO inextricably interwoven were aesthetics and politics in Russia during the first half of the nineteenth century that we cannot gauge the one without reference to the other. The stringent punishments meted out to the early intellectual iconoclasts *"pour encourager les autres"* in adopting a submissive attitude, had resulted in a generation of coma. But in the 'Forties the flames of rebellion again broke forth. The Western world was passing through a conflagration of democracy and socialism, and the sparks from it kindled the Russian spirit. Everywhere the fires leaped forth. One ideal dominated the imagination of young Russia —freedom. It was impossible to escape its tyranny. Like a heavy fog it pervaded every remote corner of the national consciousness. It clung even to the artist's pen. Socialistic novels abounded; and the realistic epoch in Russian literature ran the gamut of social reforms. The new means were used for expounding the recently discovered doctrines. Every writer was a reformer.

But this revolt also came to an end. There was another period of quiescence, and it was not until about ten years later that the submerged spirit again welled forth. Little by little literature shook itself free from official jurisdiction, although the censor's shears were never laid aside. Ideas were still uppermost at the time of this awakening, and since these ideas could be given out only if disguised, fiction was again adopted as a medium of expression. The people had learned how to read novels for their hidden meanings; and so the campaign

of enlightenment, masquerading in the integuments of entertainment, spread rapidly. Under the existing political conditions no thoughtful writer could be wholly indifferent to the sufferings and injustices of his countrymen. There was no demand for pure art; and, since art must be nourished in the soil of need, Russia produced none. But in several writers the aesthetic instinct was strong, and, as a result, we have certain books in which doctrines, in the broad sense, were cast in artistic form.

Turgenev was the conspicuous figure of this period. He had passed through the upheaval of the 'Forties and had become imbued with the new spirit of freedom. By a supreme effort he had sought to obscure his doctrinary instinct by his broad scholarship; but he was never wholly free from it, not even in Paris where he went to live. It had become so intimate a part of his nature that in his last important novel —the furthest removed from Russian influences—it dimmed the outlines of the narrative. His failure to throw off this racial impulse is not surprising, for he had personally suffered at the hands of ruthless Imperialism. He had been confined to his estate and victimized by the censorship; and because of his sensitive imagination and broad culture, he was unable to stand critically aloof from the inquisitions of the current régime. He felt keenly the wrongs perpetrated on the helpless, and, like those about him, he was swept into the vortex of reform by the powerful urgings of his blood, and held there by the indomitable forces of his environment.

This fact goes far in explaining many of the qualities of his writings; and no understanding of his work can be reached unless we bear constantly in mind the conditions out of which he grew and the national desires which were fused in his nature. These non-aesthetic considerations militated against his greatness. They interfered with an untrammeled outpouring of his splendid talents. No matter how sedulously he sought to eliminate them—as in his *On the Eve*—he could

not escape their influence. At times his social purpose was purified to the extent of its becoming an almost universal idealism; but his books, without exception, contain the germs of doctrine. For this Turgenev is not to be blamed. No artist is born wholly independent of background. And in the elements which militated against Turgenev's art can be found an explanation for the fundamental shortcomings in all Russian literature.

Since Turgenev's writings were so intensely an expression of his personality which, in turn, was an intense expression of his environment, we will not be going astray to seek in his own character the reasons for his popularity both in Russia and elsewhere. The mere fact that we project our imagination through his books into the man himself is an adverse criticism of his art. What does the world know of the inner nature of Michelangelo, Rubens, Beethoven, Bach, or Balzac? After all, what does the world care? In the face of great art, which is an expression of the whole of life, how insignificant is the character of one man! And yet Turgenev invites this inspection, for we feel in his books, not a focus of the universe, but the statement of a striking individuality. We are moved by his novels, not impersonally, but intimately. We are akin to the man who wrote them. In Georg Brandes's study of Turgenev, he says: "It is in this point—the relation of the artist to his own creations—that every weakness of either the man or the fact must necessarily appear." It is true that an artist must conceive personally; but he must execute detachedly. And this is what Turgenev did not do. What, then, were those qualities which, reaching out from the pages of his books, drew to him so many readers both wise and ignorant?

Obviously these qualities have a direct echo in the ideals of our age and are shared by many people, for Turgenev is popular even in quarters where his artistry is not appreciated. All the evidence of his books and the testimony of those who knew him point to the fact that he possessed compassion, un-

selfishness, naturalness, humility, sweetness, generosity, and similar virtues. M. Vogüé tells us that in Russia he was commonly called "a good soul"; and an American reviewer declares that to read him "is to be purified and ennobled; for though he never wrote a sermon in disguise, or attempted the didactic, the ethical element in his tragedies is so pervasive that one cannot read him without hating sin and loving virtue." This, of course, is not criticism but theological testimony. Nevertheless it furnishes an explanation for Turgenev's hold on inartistic minds; and it accounts for the exaggerated esteem accorded him by critics, for the impact of morality today is so great that few have been able to withstand it wholly, even in the presence of art.

The mass of our expositional literature, however, is not ethical merely because of the religious prejudices which have become interwoven with the fibre of all modern thought. In the absence of any definite aesthetic standard, of any *rationale* of art valuation, our critics have had to fall back on personal preference and social prejudice. They have had to approach art through the channels of their emotions. Only recently have significant investigations been made in the principles of form and movement. But so long has document and doctrine been the basis of literary judgment that the process of elimination will be a long one. However, if we are to discover the inner qualities of art, we must try to divest ourselves of personal considerations. We must regard a book or a painting or a statue or a piece of music, not as a guide to virtue, but as a means to mental and physical ecstasy. Turgenev has benefited greatly by the current moral criterion because he and his books embody the spiritual elements of our particular civilization; and while it need not be denied that the majority of readers react pleasurably to such qualities, nevertheless the art of literature has a profounder—or, let us say, a more eternal and universal—mission. It is capable of giving us an organic vision of life, as opposed to the mere representative

vision. But we can never attain to this wider significance in art until we look beyond its documentary and inspirational surface, and put ourselves in touch with the underlying organization of forces. Moreover, we can never gauge the true value of an artist's work until we ask not, What does he teach? but, What is his form?

Turgenev's temperament was not that of a great composer in masses. He was primarily a poet. In fact, he began by writing verse, and at the end of his life, when he was bedridden and dying, it is significant that he should have turned out a book of prose poems. Poetry was instinct in his natural organism. His spirit was lyrical. He was a Schumann rather than a Mozart, a Botticelli rather than a Masaccio. He was the feminine complement to Balzac's robust masculinity. I cannot escape the feeling that his true medium was verse. Even in the French and English translations of him, there is a careful, meticulous and musical quality to his style. Many of his passages read like free paraphrases of exquisite descriptive poetry, wherein no attempt has been made to record the metre or rhymes. Furthermore he possessed the sense of brevity and condensation which is an impulse toward imagery. He is most vivid and moving when most simple and instantaneous. The quick and spontaneous reactions we experience from his isolated passages of description are, as a rule, more poignant than are the accumulated effects we receive from the sum total of his narrative. Our appreciation of his novels is more apt to be in the nature of a series of pleasurable sensations, than in a simultaneous emotion of unity and completion. His form is linear rather than massive; and its individual accents and rapports appeal to us more strongly than does its complete and compounded organization.

These characteristics of Turgenev's genius are essentially poetic. When we contrast a Tanagra figurine with an early Dutch painting the difference which I am trying to establish becomes clear. The one art work is representative of simple

and idealistic beauty, suave, balanced, precise and a little exquisite: the other is a complicated and realistic statement of interrelated shapes, robust, poised, plastic and substantial. In the first the style expresses the content; in the second the content dictates the style. This accounts for the fact that few critics have written of Turgenev without a liberal use of the adjective "artistic"—a word which has come to connote perfection and effectiveness of detail, and which can, in the majority of instances, be interchanged with "poetic." On the other hand, one rarely hears Balzac termed "artistic," except in characterizing his one deliberate attempt at fine writing—*Le Lys dans la Vallée.* The associations which have surrounded the word are opposed to compositional profundities. One may call Raphael and Chopin "artistic," but not Rubens and Bach. Yet the latter are the greater artists. Their style is not a conscious harmonic arrangement of the symbols of expression, but a natural and spontaneous method of conveying an internal integrity of form.

We may, however, go still deeper for proof of Turgenev's poetic preoccupation. The reflective, scintillant and decorative side of art is primarily emotional: that is, it is a manifestation of the feminine instinct. It represents the external and concrete phase of expression, and is the outcome of a predominant sensitivity. But great art, like life, is a summary of all the elements of consciousness. The emotional is balanced by the mental, and the two are co-ordinated by the will. The internal order, which is the masculine side of art, then becomes the controlling factor; there is a merging and a balance of shape and substance. It is generally admitted that Turgenev was controlled by his emotions and that he conferred his sympathy and "feeling" on his characters. His inspiration to creation was not dehumanized by the cold processes of reason and given an abstract significance. His aim was to set down beautifully and immaculately the accumulations of his receptivity; and in this aim we recognize

the impulse of the lyricist. The deeply philosophic element of art is almost entirely absent from his work. He charms, fascinates, arouses admiration; he stirs us emotionally; he controls our moods; he awakens our sympathy; he intensifies our vision. But he does not move us aesthetically; he does not re-create in us the universal rhythm of subjective form. We respond to the tragedy and gaiety of his text, but we are not constantly elated and made ecstatic by a quality of force which is unrelated, in the associative sense, to his document. The events in his books are not merely the directions of movement, the conspectuses of universal tendencies: they are intense visualizations of segments of actuality. They have no profound meaning over and beyond their exquisitely moulded representation. No book of Turgenev's is the whole of life condensed and organized into a microcosm of symbols—a document in particular, with an intimate and personal appeal to our emotions, and, at the same time, a statement in general of the principles of poise and unity, with a subjective appeal to the psychic and intellectual consciousness.

Because this type of art is so rare and so little understood, and because the world still goes to art solely for its associative and exterior appeal, Turgenev has been accorded praise far in excess of his deserts. So strikingly do his books set forth the more popular and readily comprehensible side of literary art that he sweeps the reader before him almost at will. He was unquestionably the most accomplished modern master of narrative document, and he intensified all its characteristics —its insight, its "humanity," its ethical and emotional appeal, its pictorialism and ornament, its beauty of shape and its lyrical cadence. Only once, at the flood-tide of his powers, did he approach the magistral quality of Balzac; and that was in his delineation of Bazarov in *Fathers and Children,* written in 1860 when he was forty-two.

In the construction of this character Turgenev divested

himself of his personal and sympathetic attitude. For the first (and last) time he sat back and painted in a cold, detached manner; and when the portrait was finished there appeared before us a profound reality, a personage at once vital and self-vitalizing. Yet, nowhere in any literary work have we a clearer instance of an author's limitation; for while the conception of Bazarov is a noteworthy achievement, the book itself, artistically, falls far short of Turgenev's standard. Its surface form is broken and chaotic: it is without even the rhythm of details of which this novelist was so capable an exponent. He lacked that duality of vision—the fusion of the personal and impersonal—which informs the highest aesthetic attainments.

It is not irrelevant to mention here that *Fathers and Children* offended Turgenev's admirers, and was vigorously condemned for its aloofness. So bitter did the criticism become that Turgenev was necessitated to insist publicly upon his sympathy for Bazarov. "I entirely share Bazarov's ideas," he wrote; "all of them with the exception of his negation of art." It may be true that he sympathized with Bazarov, but he at least left doubt of the fact in the reader's mind. Bazarov, however, was the only important character in Turgenev's novels who did not suffer or benefit by the author's point of view.

There has been much disagreement among critics as to what class of character Balzac was most interested in drawing; but there is no question as to the class which interested Turgenev the most. This is due to two reasons: first, Balzac conceived his characters as individuals, whereas Turgenev conceived them as types; and secondly, Balzac's whole concern was with motives, whereas Turgenev was interested in historical and ethical ideas. In his lecture, *Hamlet and Don Quixote,* Turgenev divides all men into two classes; and it is interesting to note that the representatives of each class are men of purpose. In this designation of humanity we can

see how he looked upon life. He saw it as it presents itself to the eye; and his judgments of men were based on their actions. The fact that his characterizations hold us is due to the sheer artistry of their presentation, and not to any inevitable inner justness of the character itself. When Turgenev attempted individual figures, like Solomin in *Virgin Soil* and Maria in *The Torrents of Spring,* he succeeded only in producing embodiments of idealistic and evil tendencies. That is why they are lacking in verisimilitude.

Such figures as Solomin and Maria, however, are exceptional. Turgenev, as a rule, was intensely personal toward his characters and sought always to make them representative. Consequently they are more or less "local" and are influenced by the novelist's ideas. Rudin, for instance, though possessing universal characteristics, is not a symbol of universality. He stands for a type common to one period of Russian history; and to understand him thoroughly we must relate him not to life as a whole but to the particular *milieu* in which he is set. He is the offspring of national thought and political conditions, and is presented in his intellectual and environmental significance. Insarov, in *On the Eve,* is still further removed from living reality. Being considered by Turgenev as of greater importance to Russian reform than the passive Rudin, he is conceived even more personally.

In the heroines of Turgenev we again have proof of this novelist's representative method of characterization. His young women are rarely individualized: they are all invested with those traits which Turgenev associates with the feminine youth of Russia. Elena in *On the Eve* is little more than a restatement of Lisa in *A House of Gentlefolk*—a Lisa under different conditions. They differ largely because circumstances differ; at bottom their attributes are the same. They, too, stand for a type. Russia is filled with Elenas, all busy with the work of reform. And it was no doubt because Turgenev believed in the socially redeeming qualities of these

young women that he repeated this strong-minded, resolute and capable character in book after book.

Turgenev was never wholly free from his prejudices, Nearly all his characters are inflamed with ideals for bettering humanity. He gave short shrift to those persons who are mere selfish ornaments; and, when he did depict them, as in *Smoke,* he was far from generous. Some of the figures he drew from the aristocracy are little more than caricatures. Moreover, we have evidence that a violent personal prejudice colored and distorted his attitude toward motherhood. The harsh treatment he had received from his own mother affected him strongly; and his persistent bitterness is revealed in the portrayal of every mother he put into his novels. Turgenev was unable to divorce his art from personal feeling, and he could not conceive characters without referring to his own instincts. Nevertheless he presented them with a skill which more than once gives one the impression, if not the conviction, of impartiality.

One French critic has said: "Turgenev understood Russian society and summed it up in several types. . . . And we must take it for granted that they are faithful representations, at least from their own point of view." Here, in two sentences, is a precise statement of Turgenev's limitation as a creator of character. To sum up a society by types is not the achievement of a great artist: it is the feat of a social historian. An aesthetic presentation of conditions must necessarily emanate from generating forces, for then a society becomes the focus of all peoples and all times, and is a perpetual interpretation of life. This latter method eliminates the necessity of types and makes inevitable the individual character who, being an outgrowth of the causes of his environment, represents all types while retaining his own personal traits.

A character of this kind need not be "taken for granted" or considered from his "own point of view." He is immediately self-evident because, even in his limited personality, he

epitomizes the whole of life. Shakespeare and Goethe have given us such characters, and so have Balzac, George Moore and Conrad. But Turgenev was not a profound artist: he worked only in two dimensions, and consequently failed in the expression of that eternal truth which lies at the very root of human instinct. The same critic quoted in the preceeding paragraph also says of Turgenev's characters: "The reader on closing the book exclaims, 'Had these people been actually alive they would not have spoken and acted otherwise'." This is very true, for Turgenev was able to make plausible anything he touched. But not until we can say of a character: "This person *is* actually alive, and his words and deeds are the factors of his reality," has an author passed the supreme test of literary art.

Although mention has been made of the serious purpose which animated Turgenev, it must not be thought that he was obviously reformative or that he deliberately prostituted his talents to an ethical code. He was victimized by a sense of national tragedy, by an inborn Slavonic melancholy; and a deep racial impulse guided his efforts toward arousing the world to a consciousness of his countrymen's needs. But he was never the special pleader. He approached his task always with the literary temperament. In *A Sportsman's Sketches* he paints the conditions of the serfs and exposes the depressive dominance of the owners without once stepping outside the bounds of art. Yet the sympathy and vividness he puts into his pages are more telling than the "lessons" we would receive from an entire library of books like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And in *Rudin* we are made to feel keenly the tragedy of those ineffectual dreamers and talkers who appeared in Russia during the 'Forties. But withal *Rudin* is a novel which inspires to thought rather than to thinking, for it is philosophic only in the narrow sense. It is not the picture of an epoch, but the ethical transcription of an epoch viewed through the glasses of personal criticism.

A House of Gentlefolk swings from *Rudin* to the other extreme. Here a sentimental idea predominates. Unrequited love is the theme; and, so forcible are Turgenev's artificial means, that the melancholy tragedy of Lisa brought forth a stream of tears which flows to this day. Russia's heart was wrung, but its aesthetic nature was not moved. In this book Turgenev strove deliberately for effects. The final scene is a device which, in the hands of a lesser artist, would have proved tawdry and banal. Even as it is, we are able, once we shake ourselves free of the sentiment, to recognize the commonplaceness of this bit of literary "contrast." Turgenev has moulded the incidents in accordance with a preconception; but, so beautifully has he clothed them in emotion, we almost overlook the fact that they did not develop by themselves. *A House of Gentlefolk* is the highest type of melodrama skilfully disguised as truth, for, although not one of its passages is sentimental, an entire nation became sentimental while reading it. There can be no better way of determining the difference between Turgenev and Balzac than by comparing this book with *Eugénie Grandet.* Lisa, a type rather than a personality, is weighted down with imposed sorrow; Eugénie is the victim of that tragedy which issues from the fountain-head of character.

Lavretsky, in *A House of Gentlefolk,* is a national development of Rudin, a step forward in the psychological evolution of the Russian reformer. We see action emerging from the womb of thought. Despite the emotional appeal of Lisa's love affair, Turgenev's object was to represent a new set of conditions with the trials and tribulations that accompanied them. In *On the Eve* the spirit of reform is about to take definite shape. Just as Elena has evolved from Natalya in *Rudin* and from Lisa in *A House of Gentlefolk,* so has Insarov developed from Rudin and Lavretsky. The "idea" of modern Russian runs through these books. Later, in *Fathers and Children,* we have a conflict of principles—the

old against the new. This conflict, which so delighted Turgenev and which he could present with the utmost skill, making it an intimate part of the story itself, occupies the same place in his works that the conflict of motives occupies in the works of Balzac.

Smoke was little more than a brilliant and embittered attack on high Russian society, and reflected the disillusionment of an experience through which Turgenev had recently passed. He wrote angrily, though with his usual mastery of style; and so occupied was he with the object of the novel that the characters were in some cases vicious exaggerations. Even his usual restrained language became venemous. His hatred of the Russian aristocracy was evident on every page. Hitherto he had carefully disguised his arguments for and against a cause. The reader was left free to draw his own conclusions. But now Turgenev chose to force a decision by projecting himself so unmistakably into his theme that his moral point of view was as clear as if he had stated it in so many words. In *The Torrents of Spring* the personal element again intruded. He was still bitter, and his art, powerful though it was, failed to dominate his emotions.

Turgenev's last important novel was *Virgin Soil,* and in it are revealed all his defects. The artist has almost succumbed to the didactician, and the characters have little in common with reality. Furthermore, it was longer and more meticulous than was customary with Turgenev. Zola no doubt had a hand in this book: it was written about 1875, shortly after the Rougon-Macquart series began to appear. The purpose of the novel was plain, and its climax was primarily moral. Turgenev sought to show the inevitable disintegration of certain conditions in Russian society, and, in order to achieve his aim, he sketched his characters objectively, going so far as to eliminate those qualities which did not meet with his purpose. Thus he drew a sharp line between the good and the bad in accordance with the lesson

he wished to make clear. He saw those virtues which were a part of his ethical equipment as ideal qualities unrelated to their efficacy; and he regarded vice as the *reason* for suffering, not as an outgrowth of causes. He was laudatory and recriminatory according to a personal ethic.

As a general rule, however, Turgenev was not obvious in the dissemination of his doctrines. He was obsessed first by a problem which he wished to state, but in his presentation of it the artist in him arose to the surface, and he at once converted the idea into poetic imagery. While not eliminating the purpose which actuated his writings, he clothed it in such a way that one absorbed it almost unconsciously. He spoke always in terms of life, and often his indelible passages sow in us the germ of a political or social idea. He builds his books by remarkably pictorialized scenes; and so closely does he knit them together by his characters that, in the end, a beautiful and charming pattern springs into being. This pattern is his form; and so delicately balanced, so deftly and sensitively colored is it, that we are completely captivated. Every line and spot is in place; every proportionment is exact; and the whole is a fluent, smooth, and finished design. Yet, when we look back upon it and try to visualize the reason for its power, we immediately select some episode or scene and reconstruct it without relation to the others.

A melody in music has the same effect on us. We follow its perfect sequence and feel the charm of its design; but later a few detached phrases only will haunt us. With polyphony it is different, for we experience it as a whole, and our memories retain it, if at all, in its entirety. It is interwoven subjectively as well as in its surface details. But no Turgenev novel which I have read retains its volumnear integrity in retrospect. Turgenev, in his own words, gives color to the theory that he regarded literature pictorially rather than structurally; and a reason for his attitude is to be found in the fact that there were certain phases of writing which he

could accomplish better than others. His powers were not equally developed.

The literary method followed by Turgenev furnishes us with ample evidence that he was not primarily interested in three-dimentional form but in two-dimentional proportion. We have it on good testimony that he first wrote a long draft of a novel and then submitted it to a process of condensation, ruthlessly eliminating all passages which did not further the succinct and single ground-plan of his poetic design. This compression would have turned a subjective structure into a chaotic mass of literary timber, for, when characters and events generate themselves after nature's methods, there is no detail, however small, which does not have its place in the human edifice, and which does not uphold and carry on the whole subsequent evolution. In the highest type of art the form grows logically from a seed-idea; every step gives birth to further divagations and inter-relations, just as in the development of a theme in music. And when a literary work progresses according to this internal consistency of motives, no detail can be rejected without rejecting the whole form, any more than an episode can be excluded from the life of an individual without altering the entire trend of his future. Only when form is artificially superimposed upon the material can a work of art withstand condensation; and Turgenev's ability to improve his narrative by compression and erasure points to his objective method of expression.

Turgenev has said that he disliked Balzac; and M. Vogüé explains this antipathy by remarking that "the pupil does not always like his master." But was Turgenev a pupil of Balzac? It is true that he attempted, in a small way, to follow the same documentary lines in Russia that Balzac adhered to in France. But similarity ends at this point. Balzac's fundamental conception of life, as well as his manner of writing, was the reverse of Turgenev's. The one was a great composer of living masses; the other, a recorder of these

masses' rhythms. The one was indifferent to richness and refinements of texture; the other was a dictional voluptuary, striving constantly for harmonic effects. Balzac was polyphonic, direct, inclusive, and essentially masculine; whereas Turgenev was a melodist—or at most an homophonist—indirect, selective and sensitively feminine. His instinctive admiration was not for Balzac but for those more perfect and superficial workmen—Merimée and Flaubert.

Turgenev's debt to Gogol, on the other hand, cannot be denied. Gogol handed down to his successor a point of view which has persisted more or less in all modern Russian literature. His realism was purified in Turgenev, however. The latter was more of an artist, and while he retained Gogol's pessimism and doctrinism, he invested them with beauty. No artist can take a path other than the one blazed for him, and, as a result, the limitations of pioneers remain the limitations of the after-builders. Turgenev could not create without referring to his historical context. Had he been born in France or Germany the result, no doubt, would have been different, for his technical equipment was of a high order. Had, for instance, *A Sportsman's Sketches* evolved from *Confession d'un Jeune Homme du Siècle* and *La Mare au Diable,* or from *Der Oberhof* and *Leiden und Freuden eines Schulmeisters,* instead of from Gogol's *Evenings on the Farm near the Dikanka,* it would probably have been a permanent contribution to the short-story. Even with all its temperamental and national influences, the book floats high on the poetic tide. But because Turgenev could not escape his heritage he failed to achieve those serene and implacable heights where nature is revealed in all its majesty of indifference, and where we become conscious of the eternal order of existence.

Turgenev's inability to embody in his writings the entirety of life is explained by the fact that he was from first to last a Russian, held a slave to Russian thought and ideals. He was not the "universal citizen" like Balzac and Goethe: his

genius was not sufficiently powerful to burn down the boundaries of race. Pessimism and a sympathetic love for humanity tinctured his thought and directed his attitude. He analyzed and judged, but he rarely cast himself into the turbulence of actual experience. His own conception of the life about which he wrote constantly dominated the wonder which might have arisen from that life itself. He was ever concerned with a statement of personal ideas; and it was only by his supreme gifts as a writer that he escaped being classified as a didactician. We are never caught and sucked into the eddies of his story, because he himself was never submerged in them. The reader stands with him on the bank and looks on at the rushing current, with its lights and shadows and its interplay of colors.

The plots of Turgenev's stories were consciously planned: they were not preordained by the interaction of character and conditions, although they underwent a rigid arrangement until they were perfectly proportioned. Moreover, the characters themselves seem to be reproduced from keen observation and set adrift upon the exigencies of the narrative. Not one of them appears to be created without prejudice, without sympathy or rancor, without a knowledge of where they would end. And because a representative, and not generative, process was followed, the persons in Turgenev's novels are never living entities in the sense that Balzac characters were. They did not *determine* the form of the book; they merely coordinated its sequential shapes. But so deft was Turgenev that they attain to a high degree of plausibility, as distinguished from an absolute and convincing reality. The stories also are arranged with such a fine sense of values that, while they do not recreate life in its eternal and philosophic aspects, they nevertheless illumine it with a brilliancy and power which has rarely been surpassed.

Russian literature, unlike that of the other European nations, is without traditions. Its development has been beset

by difficulties which made any uniform or regular progress impossible. It has had to struggle constantly against the Government, and many of its most promising men have been banished in the midst of their labors. Consequently it has been unable to take those steps through which every art must pass in order to arrive at full expression. But in methods Russia has kept almost abreast of the movements in other countries. Turgenev continued the work of Pushkin and Gogol, and brought to a close the early realism of the modern revolt. Denied a fertile background, he was unable to endow his work with the qualities we find in Balzac, who was a product of one of the richest eras in history. Turgenev, however, combining the literary inheritances of Russia with the adopted glories of France, outstripped all his compatriots; and for some time to come he will be the towering figure in the art of his country. It was he who, closing the cycle of realism, made possible the new school of naturalism, of which Dostoevsky and Tolstoi were the leaders.

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Ravel and Debussy

By Paul Rosenfeld

Ravel and Debussy are of one lineage. They both issue from what is deeply, graciously temperate in the genius of France. Across the span of a century and a half, they touch hands with the men who first expressed that silver temperance in tone, with Rameau and Couperin and the other clavecinists. Undiverted by the changes of revolutionary times, they continue, in a form conditioned by the modern feeling for color, for tonal complexity, for supple and undulant rhythm, the high tradition of the elder music.

The eighteenth-century masters wrote gavottes, rigadoons, chaconnes, expressed themselves in courtly dances and other set and severe forms. Ravel and Debussy compose in forms that approximate, it may be, the natural course of emotion. And yet, the genius that animates either music is one. It is as if these two groups of artists, born a hundred and fifty years apart, had contemplated the pageant of their respective ages from a single point of view. The new music, like the old, is the work of men reverent of the art of life. It is the work of men who crave above all things, in all things restraint, who insist on poise and good sense, and who bring their regard for the social values to the making of their art. Indeed, the reaction of Debussy from Wagnerism was purely the reaction of a profoundly socialized and aristocratic sensibility outraged by overemphasis and unrestraint. The men throughout the ages of whom he is typical do not forget the world and its decencies and its demands. They have not, perhaps, the world-consuming, world-annihilating mysticism of a Bach. And yet, they do not eschew the large, the grave, the poignant. The range of human passion is present in their music. But it is shadowed forth rather than stated. Many of them have been deeply melancholy. But they have taken counsel with themselves, and have said, with Baudelaire

"Sois sage, ô ma douleur, et
tiens-toi plus tranquille."

All expression is done in a low, aristocratic tone, in grisaille. Most often, it achieves itself through a silvery grace. It is normal for these men to be profound through grace, to be amusing and yet artistically upright. It is normal for them to articulate nicely. Over them there flame always the commandments of clarity, precision, delicacy. Indeed, so repeatedly have temperaments of this character appeared in France, not only in music, but in letters, from the time of the Pleiàde to that of André Gide and

Henri de Régnier, that it is difficult not to hold theirs the centrally, essentially French tradition.

Ravel and Debussy inherit the spirit of not only French classicism. In one essential, their art is the continuation of the music that came to a climax in the works of Haydn and Mozart. For it restores a creative role to the auditor. The music of Haydn and Mozart defers to its hearers. It seeks to enlist their activity. It relies upon their contribution to its significance. The music itself carries only a portion of the composer's intention. It carries enough of it only to ignite the imagination of the audience. To that body it reserves the joy of fathoming the intention, of completing the idea the composer adumbrated. Haydn and Mozart did not wish the listener to assume a passive attitude. For they had a great love of their fellows. And therefore they were eager for their collaboration, had confidence that they could comprehend all that the music intimated, regarded them as equals in the business of creation. But in the music written after them, the hearer found a passive role more and more completely forced upon him. The composers, to varying extents, arrogated to themselves the full activity, realized their intentions as fully as possible, and demanded only an audience upon which they could impose themselves. Schumann alone continued to solicit the listener's contribution. Wagner and Strauss dispensed with it completely, Wagner substituting the intellectual game of the *leit-motif* system for the creative exercise, Strauss the game of a literary programme. The art of Debussy and Ravel returns to the earlier strategy. It makes an effort to excite the imagination, that vital force which William Blake identified with the Saviour Himself, rather than to hallucinate and subject and crush it, and leave it no function. Their work strives continually to lure it into energetic participation. Because Ravel and Debussy have such an incitement steadily in view, their music is the most economic of music, economic like the art of Japan. It is the music of the quintessential line, the quintessential note, the quintessential movement and direction. Instead of insisting, it pricks and quickens. It instigates, begins, leaves off and then continues once more, and stimulates into action the hearer's innate love of aim and comprehension, of an order and a meaning in things. Its quivering, subtle movement, its brief sharp delicate phrases, are like the thrusting open of so many doors into the interior of the soul, the thrusting open of doors giving on long vistas, on obscured memories, on buried emotions. It is like the unsealing of springs long sealed, suffering them to flow again in the night. And for a glowing instant, it transforms the auditor from a passive receiver into an artist.

There is much that Ravel and Debussy have in common besides a single descent and heritage. They have each been profoundly influenced by Russian music. They have each made wide discoveries of the field of harmony. They each feel kinship with outlying and exotic modes. Both are profoundly sensitive to the art-life of the Paris about them. Both, like so many other French musicians, have been kindled by the color of Spain. And yet, for all they share, their work is dissimilar. It is not, as so many critics would have us believe, an art and its counterfeit. The music of Ravel demonstrates a sensibility distinct from Debussy's, equally fine, delicious, lucent, and, in certain respects, even more deeply engaging.

That Ravel has succeeded at all in manifesting what is peculiar to him, is compelling proof of the strength of his genius. For he is ten years Debussy's junior, and were he less positive an individuality, he could never have realized himself. There would have come upon him the blight that has overtaken many of the younger Parisian composers less determinate than he, and made, like himself, of one stuff with Debussy. He would have permitted the art of the older and established man to impose upon him, and deformed his proper sensibility in attempting to model it upon the other's. But Debussy did not swerve or hamper Ravel any more than did his master, Gabriel Fauré. He was too charged with his own direction. From the very commencement of his career, from the time when he wrote the hesitating but still very personal "Pavane pour une Infante défunte," he had maintained himself against his great collateral, as then he maintained himself against what was false and epicene in the artistic example of his teacher. Within their common limits, he has realized himself as completely as Debussy has done. Their music is the new and double blossoming of the classical music of France. From the common soil, they each stretch out toward a different human perfection, and, just because of all they have in common, contrast the more with one another.

The intelligence that fashioned the music of Debussy was one completely conscious of itself, flooded with light in its most secret places set foursquare in the whirling universe. Few artists have been as sure of their intention as Debussy has ever been. Before this body of work, that is so clearly defined and lucid, so completely organized, so perfect, one thinks perforce of a world created out of the flying chaos beneath him by a god removed from matter. We know precisely of what stuff the soul of Debussy is made, what its pilgrimage was, in what adventures it sought itself. We know precisely wherein it saw its visage reflected, in water "stilled at even," in the angry gleam of sunset on wet leaves, in wild and headlong gypsy rhythms, in moonfire, shimmering stuffs and flashing spray, in rain fallen upon flowering parterres, in the melancholy march of clouds, the golden pomp and ritual of the church, the pools and gardens and pavilions reared for its delight by the delicate Chinese soul, in earth's thousand scents and shells and colors. For Debussy has set those adventures before us in their fullness. Before he spoke, he had dwelt with his experience till he had plumbed it fully, till he saw clearly into it and around it and behind it, and only then, after he had mastered it completely, did he set it before us. And so we perceive it in its truest, most essential, most eternal aspect. The designs are the very curve of the ecstasy. They are sheerly delimited. The phrases are magically charged with significance. There is no matter in a composition of Debussy's that does not live, quiveringly, the life of the whole. The notes seem to bud out of one another, to follow each other out of some inner necessity, to have an original timbre, to fix a matter never known before, that can never exist again. Every moment of Debussy's composition is logical and yet new. Few artists have more justly said what they desired to say. It is because of the faultlessness of its articulation that this music is imperishable.

Ravel's art, too, is flawlessly chased. But its virtue does not lie in

its formal excellence. It lies rather in the quality of the life that informs it. For Ravel's temper is darker, more instinctive, more passionate than Debussy's. Ravel has been vouchsafed a high grace. He has been permitted to remain, in his manhood, the child that once we all were. In him, the powerful and spontaneous flow of emotion from out the depths of being has never been dammed. And it is his warmth and naturalness and freedom that floods his art with miraculous light. Gracious and urbane as this music is, proper to the world of modern things and modern adventures and modern people, it still, in its every accent, in its dewy freshness and tenderness, in its mingled wistfulness and wonder, in every moment of its eventful and colored course, reflects the childlike clearness and singleness of the animating spirit, and its sense of the immanent. Life has remained a "radiance and a dream" for Maurice Ravel. The man who shaped not only the deliberately infantine *Ma Mere l'Oye,* but things as quiveringly simple and wonderful as *Oiseaux tristes,* as *Sainte,* as *Le Gibet,* as the passacaglia of the *Trio,* or the vocal interlude in *Daphnis et Chloe,* who speaks with the lucidity and infallibility of instinct that gives the *Sonatine* its abiding charm, has a power to feel that we have lost. The blinding, the hideous imprisonments and burials of the "visionary gleam," with which so many of us have been forced to purchase existence, have never been forced upon Ravel. He can still see the world "herrlich wie am ersten Tag." And yet, this music was fashioned in no ivory tower. It is deeply, honestly sweet, tender, pathetic. Ravel has felt the surge and beat of life. It is only that thanks to his purity of instinct, he has felt its values, recognized its sadness and simplicity and perennial wonder. And he has taken it into him, and brought it forth again in just proportion. It is this sensitiveness to the warmth of life, the rich apperception, that he has transmuted into art, that, more than his polyphonic style, more than all the dissimilarities of technique, distinguishes his work from Debussy's. For it seems to advance toward us radiant with the freshness of life. More fully than Debussy's music since "Pelleas" has been, it is eloquent of "tears in mortal things." And we turn to it, gratefully, from the myriad colors of the other, as we turn to all things into which the pulse and glow of human life has passed.

It has passed into all his work. The "icy" Ravel, the artist "a qui l'absence de sensibilité fait encore une personalité" never existed, save in the imaginations of those puzzled by a music that attains its effect though reticence and chastity and limpidity. Even *Histoires Naturelles* and the opera-bouffe *L'Heure espagnole,* the works in which he gave his wit and irony play, are proof of the pervading emotion. For they are an expression of it made indirectly, the Heine-like effort of one eager to deliver himself from the tyranny of sentiment. The history of Ravel's art is not, like that of Scriàbine's, the history of the bourgeoning and assertion of a sovereign quality. For his proper sensibility was always pure and always dominant. It is as fresh and subtle in the *Quartet,* that was written as early as 1903, as it is in the more recent *Gaspard de la Nuit.* The sole difference between the later Ravel and the earlier is a certain added confidence and daring, the plenitude of power. The deeper exploration of musical means has afforded his per-

sonality freer play, has unbound him. The gesture of the hand has grown lighter and more commanding, the instruments have become more obedient. And so he can write piano-poems like *Scarbo,* that arouse the full dynamic of the piano, and seem to bridge the way to the music of Leo Ornstein. Or he can set all that is spicy and elfin and aerial in the timbres of the orchestra dancing capriciously, as in *Valses nobles et sentimenales.* Or he can unchain the orchestra of *Daphnis* in the flaming dionysiac rhythms of the scherzo and finale. But the later style is not a new and separate one. It is only the earlier become more virile, more magistral. And, no matter to what maturity Ravel may attain in the works he has promised us, the piano concerto, the setting of Hauptmann's *Versunkene Glocke,* the oratorio *Saint François d'Assise,* it will be only a development, not an improvement, of his pristine artistry. His work can only continue to be as flawless as the *Sonatine,* as *Oiseaux tristes,* as *Sainte.* When he wrote them, he was already completely self-possessed, a perfect artist.

For all its novelty and disconcerting boldness of procedure, his music is essentially traditional. It is closer to the absolutist ideal than Debussy's, for instance. But it is so not because he writes sonatas and minuets and pantoums and passacaglie, disports himself unconstrainedly in the severest forms. Nor is it because his orchestration, for all his color-chemistry, is more conservative than the other's, combining timbres rather than isolating them. It is rather because his form is less idiological. The form of Debussy's works, except, perhaps, that of his Quartet and that of the deliberately archaizised sonatas is, one would surmise, consciously conditioned. It is moulded, to a large extent, upon a mental image, a mental process. His music is, in reality, programme music at its most successful. Ravel's form, on the contrary, does not so much plot an idea, an image, as stand symbolic of it. It is instinctive form. It has become incarnate, not in the mind, but in the unconscious, and appears as pure and abstract design. The process is characteristic of Ravel's spiritual position. For he is closer to the bourn of life, more immediately an orifice for the dark, flowing, germinating region where the dynamics of the human soul lie lodged. And that makes his art more magical than Debussy's. It taps a vaster region, channels more vital emotions. Ravel has but to touch a note, and we unclose. He has but to let an instrument sing a certain phrase, and things buried in the heart rise out of the dark, like the nymph in his piano poem, dripping with stars. His music, like the softly unfolding chord, the far glamorous fanfares, the human throats swollen with song, of the introduction of *Daphnis,* seems to thrust open doors into the unplumbed deeps of the soul, and summon forth from it the stuff to shape the dream. Little song written since Weber set his horns breathing, since Brahms transmuted the German forest into tone, is as witching. Over it, there might be set the invocation of Heine—

> "Steiget auf, ihr alten Träume!
> Oeffne dich, du Herzensthor!"

And, like the music that ushers in the last marvellous scene of *Daphnis,* it seems to waken us from the unreal world into the real, and show us the overarching blue once more.

"By Henry Handel Richardson"

The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney—you will irritate the hero if you pronounce his name with an accented second syllable—has just been issued in this country through the Henry Holt Company. It is by Henry Handel Richardson, with no other novels to his credit listed on the title page. Because of this publisher's oversight, we shall leave Richard Mahoney and his fortunes for a space, and go back nine years, to a long and remarkable first novel.

In 1908, in London, William Heinemann published *Maurice Guest,* by Henry Handel Richardson. The following year Duffield brought it out in this country. I do not know how entirely the book failed in England: I doubt if, in America, four hundred people have yet read *Maurice Guest.*

It is a book with an unusual history. Though it was immediately appreciated in England by a few discriminating critics and men of letters, it met with generally hostile or unintelligent criticism both there and here. It was not widely reviewed; it was usually dismissed either as "a novel of probable interest to musicians," or more rigidly as "the story of a young musician of no strength of character, overmastered by a morbid passion for a worthless Cleopatra, whose sufferings terminate in his suicide!" So far and no further has the Anglo-Saxon critical faculty advanced since the early days of *The Quarterly Review.* Its name has been kept alive here and in England only by a small group of people who have spoken of it in season and out—such a group as grew about Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* during the seven years following its ill-fated first edition of five hundred copies. But though *Maurice Guest* failed to gain an Anglo-Saxon audience, it is widely known on the continent. By 1912 its quarter-million word length had been translated into French and German. A later Russian translation has been made. In the New York Public Library the German translation is obtainable; no English copy is catalogued. The English edition may be had still; in this country the book is out of print; known after nine years only to a few.

And yet *Maurice Guest* is one of the very great novels. In its finish, its brilliancy; in its insight, its poignant transmutation into words of emotion, aspiration, love, degradation, failure, hate; in its scope, its constructive energy, its power; in its extraordinary massing of selective detail that builds under and through and over two years of diverse lives, it stands as one of the most remarkable first novels ever written. It is conceived on a huge scale; its material the formless matter of life, its theme the eternal conflict between matter and spirit, body and body, soul and soul. It is executed without sentimentality and without satire. Its integrity of artistic purpose would have availed nothing for accomplishment if it had not rested on an incredibly vivid, actual knowledge of life, if it had not been born of a vision into life that explains experience—a sensing of the shoreless waves that lie behind and beyond humanity and give it its only lasting beauty.

Slowly, imperceptibly at first, with the utmost subtleties of reserve, his background musical Leipzig of the 1890's with its Conservatorium and Gewandhaus, its little streets, its

cafés large and small, its ball-rooms, its ponds and pools covered with ice or fringed with spring, its houses and its secret rooms of houses, the author works through a labyrinth of intersecting lives and strips them bare of all their fancied beauties. It is the story of Maurice Guest, of Heinrich Krafft, of Eugen Schilsky, and of Louise Dufrayer. In a lesser but no less complete way it is the story of Ephie Cayhill, Madeleine Wade, Avery Hill. In addition there are a dozen minor characters, all drawn to finely proportioned scale, all of them working inevitably, as the Conservatorium and cafés of Leipzig, its streets and pools and parks work toward the ultimate revealing of Maurice and Krafft and Schilsky and Louise Dufrayer. It is the story of a boy's first, ideal, intense passion for a woman old to love, whose life is hung about with ragged remnants of involved old loves. It becomes the story of a love that loathes as Maurice slowly begins his stupid, innocent ravelling of the complicated loves of Louise and Krafft and Schilsky, and insanely tears away all the veils behind which human passions lurk. It ends in unconquerable passion that destroys.

As vividly as Maurice, Louise Dufrayer is vitalized. Here is a woman who lives wholly in her emotional life, drawn with a clarity of comprehension that disdains to spare her at any point, with an intimacy before which anything short of genius would have faltered. There are scenes that seem written in mingled brain stuff and blood, and others that hold the ethereal essenses of color, sound, scent, touch, and living speech.

By sheer force of its bigness the story moves resistlessly across its lavish background of music and ancient city, through idle talk, philosophizings on art and life and people, and seemingly inconsequent incident. It is only toward the end, when the choruses go off, and Maurice, Louise, and Krafft are left to play out the latter tragedy together that one realizes by what fine art, through what miraculous massing of all this lavish detail, he has come to know in fuller intimacy than unillumined life would give him, these people.

The Getting of Wisdom is Henry Handel Richardson's second book. It appeared in 1910. After *Maurice Guest* it reads like a mere study, some brief sketch in pencil for a colorful picture to follow, or perhaps the prologue to an unwritten book. It is of a girl in her early 'teens struggling to find her soul and save it alive at an Australian school for girls. It is another study of youth and environment, environment this time without loveliness. Instead of Leipzig and the Gewandhaus, the Ninth Symphony and life lived to rhythm, it is bleak Australia. There is the same poignant insight, the same remarkable gift for breathing the breath of life into places as well as people. But it is a minor book.

And so we come at last to *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney*. The English edition indicates what the American edition omits; that this is the first of a series of Australian novels: Book I of *Australia Felix*. Again a great and crowded canvas; again Australia—Australia of the 1850's and 1860's; again an inspired mass of selected detail that seems deliberately chosen to make the land and period live as vividly as the people of the book. It is Australia during its crude period of development, when the first world-rush to its gold fields began, and all sorts and conditions of adventurers, derelicts, and honest men

with painful pasts came together on this old-new continent. Here are Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Chinamen, Americans, ticket-of-leave men, Jews, Turks, and Lascars, all hurled together in a greedy rush after wealth without work and without payment. There is a "Proem" that might be called "Australia." In a shaft on the Gravel Pits a man had just been buried alive "in a grave that fitted him as the glove fits the hand." Above him stretched a desert of pale clay, stripped of timber and feverishly disembowelled in man's wanton search for gold. In the pre-golden era this scarred and wasted valley had been a lovely grass land threaded with a limpid river. Now clay and water lay together in glutinous filth, taking quiet and relentless toll of men's lives as they sought sullenly for yellow metal. It was the subtle revenge of the ancient, barbarian country on these lustful prisoners to the soil they ravished, working like dogged beasts in unquenchable hope of vast and sudden wealth. "Now she held them captive—without chains; and lying stretched in the sun like some primeval monster, her breasts freely bared, she watched with a malignant eye the efforts made by these puny mortals to tear their lips away."

To this land, sadly misrepresented to him by the English press of the period, Richard Mahoney, young Irish surgeon, came in what he called "the cesspool of 1852." He tried to dig for six months; then, with his last pinch of gold-dust he bought a barrow of merchandise, and established a general store, in the wood and canvas settlement that was Ballarat. Himself a hot-headed and mystical Irishman, he chooses by nice instinct a practical and merry little materialist for a wife, who promptly goes about her heaven-ordained task of setting him up properly in practice. *Maurice Guest* was a tale of temperament and youth, and passion; this is a story of discipline and mated marriage. Happy love is bondage also: this Mahoney discovers. But the materialism of the two combined—Polly and Australia—finally turn his Celtic soul to revolt. He is forty-five; if he is ever to throw up Ballarat and settle in England it is now or never. Polly's happiness is knitted up in this land; reduced to essentials—and Mahoney pares the problem to the bone—it means one soul's welfare against another's. One of them must yield. Of the two which was likely to make the best recovery? Mahoney answers promptly: "Polly!" and the move is forthwith made. After eighteen years under the Southern Cross the Celt in Mahoney must go adventuring again; the inner prisoner must be set free from this land where he had remained as alien as any Jew of old who wept beside the waters of Babylon. And when Mahoney and his wife sail through the Heads, bound for England, *The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney* and Book I of *Australia Felix* end abruptly.

Henry Handel Richardson cannot write of chance maids in Leipzig or Chinese peddlers in Ballarat without making them flow with life. Environment seems to offer almost as great temptation as people for the exercise of this gift, and in this latest book the author has strongly and deliberately yielded. From the proem to the end Australia's personality shares honors with Richard Mahoney's. Huge remainder of a huger continent, she lies stretched in the sun, in all her ugliness and beauty, taking her belated turn at man's brutal civilization of a new land; quiescent, but

more powerful over the men tearing at her heart than they over her for decades to come.

This is not a book that is likely to make its first wide appeal to the average reader. It is a book without a plot; concerned with a period, a land, and a group of people in whose commonplace lives nothing happens dramatically. There is uneventful marriage, birth, death; the getting of money and wisdom; relative happiness, and suffering stolidly endured. This and no more on the surface. But beneath, working subtly with the mind and soul stuff of men, moves a master's unfaltering hand, shaping these shadow bodies of men out of the dust of unlovely flesh and common incident into foreseen, unswerving design.

When *Maurice Guest* appeared nine years ago, no one had ever heard of Henry Handel Richardson. Until a year or two ago the pseudonym successfully masked the sex, and continues to mask the identity of the English woman who is the author of *Maurice Guest* and *Richard Mahoney.* But the pseudonym will serve. "By Henry Handel Richardson" should not much longer remain an unfamiliar phrase to readers. *Richard Mahoney* lies under the eyes of the reading world today, and whoever fails to read this and the other books of *Australia Felix* to follow will miss the joy of early recognition of a great and yet unknown master of fiction. But *Maurice Guest,* which should be known by now from end to end of the English-speaking world, and whose publication automatically placed its writer among the comparatively few English writers to be reckoned with, cannot be had except by way of fortunate find in second-hand bookshops. It is worth any pains of searching.

EDNA KENTON.

Notes on Books

PRIZES AND SURPRIZES

The easiest way to collect a lot of poor poems is to offer a prize for the best one. And the easiest way to see how poor they actually are is to turn to the prize-winning example. This is usually not so much the fault of either the poets or the judges of the contest as the instigators. Judges are fallible and noted for their lack of discrimination; poets are often human and may commit many an esthetic crime when a hundred dollar bill is flaunted before them. But after all the pathetic failures, the planners and perpetrators of such contests should know better. A recent, neatly-bound volume ("The Newark Anniversary Poems." Laurence J. Gomme), is an eloquent illustration. It is a collection of verse "inspired" by the 250th anniversary celebration of the founding of the city of Newark, N. J. Or, to be more exact, it is a collection of verse prompted not so much by the event itself, as by an announcement of the Committee of One Hundred that it was offering a series of prizes for poems about Newark. Newark evidently believed with the rest of America that the way to get anything, from an army to poetry, is to advertise for it. And its faith seems to have been justified—it got "results." Aside from the minor consideration of quality, it received over 900 poems and, as the preface proudly informs one, "forty-two states and five foreign countries participated in the competition." The geographical habitat of

the prize-winners furnishes a rather humorous commentary that may serve instead of a criticism of the poets. Out of the entire fourteen, just one celebrant of Newark was born in that city, and even he no longer lives there. The others hail from such affiliated centers as Pittsburgh, London, Brooklyn and Tuscaloosa. Of course no one would expect a native of San Francisco to indite a thrilling ode to a city he has never visited—even for fifty dollars; and, consequently, we have what everyone would expect. From the first prize, "Smithy of God," with its crude plagiarism of Vachel Lindsay's accent, idiom and stage directions, to the concluding "Broad Street" with its echoes of everybody, there is not one arresting idea, not one original passage, not one spontaneous or refreshing line. Did I say not one? I miscalculated. There are at least twelve. And they are all in a poem by Ezra Pound that surprises us as much as it must have astounded the committee that received it. The poem is entitled "To a City Sending Advertisements" and the beginning and end are as follows:

"But will you do all these things?
  You, with your promises,
You with your claims to life.
Will you see fine things perish?
Will you always take sides with the heavy;
Will you, having got the songs you ask for,
  Choose only the worst, the coarsest? . . .
Will you choose flattering tongues? . .
If your professors, mayors, judges? . . . ?
  Reader, we think not . . .
Some more loud-mouthed fellow, slamming a bigger drum,
Some fellow rhyming and roaring,
  Some more obsequious back,
Will receive their purple, be the town's bard,
Be ten days hailed immortal;
  But you will live or die
  By the silvery heel of Apollo."

Here Mr. Pound's lines take on the quality of criticism that is not only keen but clairvoyant.

Let us pass to less local and more commendable exhibits. First in the group of little books by little publishers is "The Shadowed Hour," by John Erskine (The Lyric Publishing Co.), a volume that is unassuming and deceptive. For, in these sixty small pages, we find a surprising range and a sudden, unexpected power. The variety is the book's greatest weakness, for a volume so small should have a definite unity, an integrated and almost direct appeal. As it is, the interest is scattered. Such a poem as "The Sons of Metaneira" only makes us wish that Prof. Erskine would leave the ornamenting of Greek myths to those redecorators who add little to the original and build no structures of their own. He should give us more of such vivid and creative works as "Satan" and "Ash-Wednesday." This last poem is one of the most notable contributions of the poetic year; it is thoughtful and yet full of color; scholarly without being scholastic; profound yet never pedagogic. To miss it is to fail to make the acquaintance of a deep-thinking singer, one of the few poets in America who can philosophize and remain a poet.

In "Songs of Grief and Gladness," by Ezekail Leavitt (The Williams Co.), we have hints of what, in the original, may be a forceful and fiery speech. But the utterance is robbed of individuality in these clouded and generally commonplace translations. Beneath the inverted English and stock poeticisms, one feels a spirit torn

between the arrogance and martyrdom of the Jew, between rebellion and resignation. Many of the poems are bitter echoes of Heine's *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder*—but the poison never corrodes what is most racial in the poet; it simply strengthens his oriental passion and semitic pride.

"Present Day American Poetry," by H. Houston Peckham (Richard G. Badger) has in its ninety pages more self-contradictions than one would expect to find in a volume three times its size. Just as soon as Mr. Peckham has impressed one by his sane and sensitive perceptions in the opening essay, he launches into incredible judgments and amazing banalities in the following article on "The Foremost Poet of Our Day," the supreme *maestro* being no less an immortal than Alfred Noyes! Again, after a pertinent paper on "Wanted: A New Spirit in Literary Criticism," he takes up a dozen pages in an attempt to prove "The Return of Objectivism in Poetry"—evidently blind to the obvious fact that never since the book of Job was written has literature been so introspective, so personal, so frankly egotistic.

"Songs for Courage," gathered by Zoe Beckley and Joseph Gollomb (Barse and Hopkins), is dedicated, appropriately enough, to John Masefield, and its motto seems to be that portion of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" that begins

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough."

The little book is full of a strong and unsweetened tonic; an excellent antidote to those doses of cloying optimism that are beginning to surfeit even our marshmallow-munching *litterateurs*. The variety of authors and sources is astonishing. Here are contributions that range all the way from *The Masses* to the New York *Journal*, from Nietzsche to Robert W. Service, from Buddha and Ralph Waldo Emerson to Algernon C. Swinburne and Herbert Kaufman; from Walt Whitman to Walt Mason! If all of these cannot spread the contagion of courage, the reader may consider himself immune.

L. U.

THE BELGIAN RENASCENCE

Until 1890 Belgian literature did not exist for the outside world. Before 1880 it virtually had no existence at all. It is the product of a movement, a renascence, in many ways parallel with that of Ireland though largely, like the Flemish art of the fifteenth century, a result of commercial prosperity. It is an extremely luxuriant literary life that G. Turquet-Milnes sketches in "Some Modern Belgian Writers" (Robert M. McBride and Co.), virtually no traces of which, aside from Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, and Lemonnier, have reached this country. One man and one magazine, Max Waller and *La Jeune Belgique* brought the movement to a head; an entire literature so to say emanated from that single spring, that one group which included not only the three writers named above but also George Eekhoud, Rodenbach, the brothers Destrée, and van Lerberghe, all of whom, and certain others, are admirably discussed in this little book.

TOLSTOY'S DIARY

Tolstoy's was perhaps the most introspective mind of modern times. It is a sort of paradox, therefore, that his journal is not one of the great journals. The single volume just issued by A. A. Knopf ("The Journal of Leo Tolstoy, 1895-1899") is, of course, intensely interesting, and a book that everybody will want to read. But it is plain that Tolstoy did not take it very seriously. Why?

Because the mood of the journal-writer was habitual with him and found expression in all his writings? The great journals, whatever their intention, have been life-works; they have been the fruit of many inhibitions. . . . Tolstoy's journal is exclusively religious, to judge from this present volume at least, of his old age; the artist, the psychologist, the poet scarcely appear in its pages. One of its interesting features, however, is the large number of passages after which he has written "unclear and probably untrue," so tentative and obscure much of his thinking evidently was. How beautiful many of these pages are, on the other hand, scarcely needs to be said. They belong to the ripe, autumnal period of "Resurrection."

A THEATER FOR POETRY

The revival of poetry in America, or perhaps we ought to say the first birth, is an established fact, of which there is some new evidence almost every day. The latest is the Poetry Theater League, the aim of which is to restore poetry from the printed page to its ancient place as the mother of the drama, offering opportunities to have it staged with costumes, scenery, and music and interpreted by artist-reciters. This is its main purpose, which is to be actively carried out at once, the first New York programme of the League, consisting of poems and poetic plays, being announced for November. But aside from this, the League undertakes a number of other offices for the advancement of poetry. It will organize poetry societies in universities and settlements, and it will arrange lectures and readings for the poets themselves and otherwise help to bring poets and poetry forward. The League has taken rooms at 366 Fifth Avenue, New York.

INTERESTING PUBLISHERS

From our paragraph on Young Publishers last month we omitted the most interesting of all, the firm of Boni and Liveright, whose "Modern Library" is by far the happiest enterprise in recent publishing. This collection of modern classics, attractively issued at sixty cents (although cloth would be a hundred times better than limp leather) is already too well known to need any praise of ours, and the new issue of eighteen more September titles, including books by Nietzsche, Anatole France, Schnitzler, Dunsany, W. D. Howells, and others, promises well for the future. But now Messrs. Boni and Liveright announce that they are to conduct a general publishing business, and their statement is so interesting that we feel we ought to mention it: "Our aim," they say, "is to publish only new books with a permanent value—books which will be as vital in twenty-five years as they are today. Our standard of accepting a manuscript will be based wholly on its enduring merit, and we will issue no transient or merely popular work. In short, we have set for ourselves a definite literary ideal; and intend to make our imprint stand for something genuinely worth while to the discriminating book-lover. We know we will never get rich—but that is not primarily our ambition. We believe that there is a sufficient number of the better-class readers in America who will co-operate with us to such an extent that we will not altogether fail." There are a few, but certainly very few, publishers who take this position, which we like to think is characteristic of the younger generation. Publishers who do take it are so much the friends of everything THE SEVEN ARTS stands for that we think it only just to make this statement.

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